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THE

British Orpheus;

BEING A

SELECTION

OF

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY

SONGS AND AIRS,

adapted for the

VOICE, VIOLIN, GERMAN FLUTE, FLAGELET, &c.

ARRANGED IN THE FOLLOWING CLASSES.

AMATORY,	BACCHANALIAN,
MORAL,	HUMOUROUS,
RURAL,	SEA,
ELEGIAC,	PATRIOTIC,

with

JIGS, DANCES, WALTZES, &c.

interspersed.

Stourport,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE NICHOLSON.

Sold in London, by

SHERWOOD, NEELY & JONES.

Billings
Feb. 6, 1906

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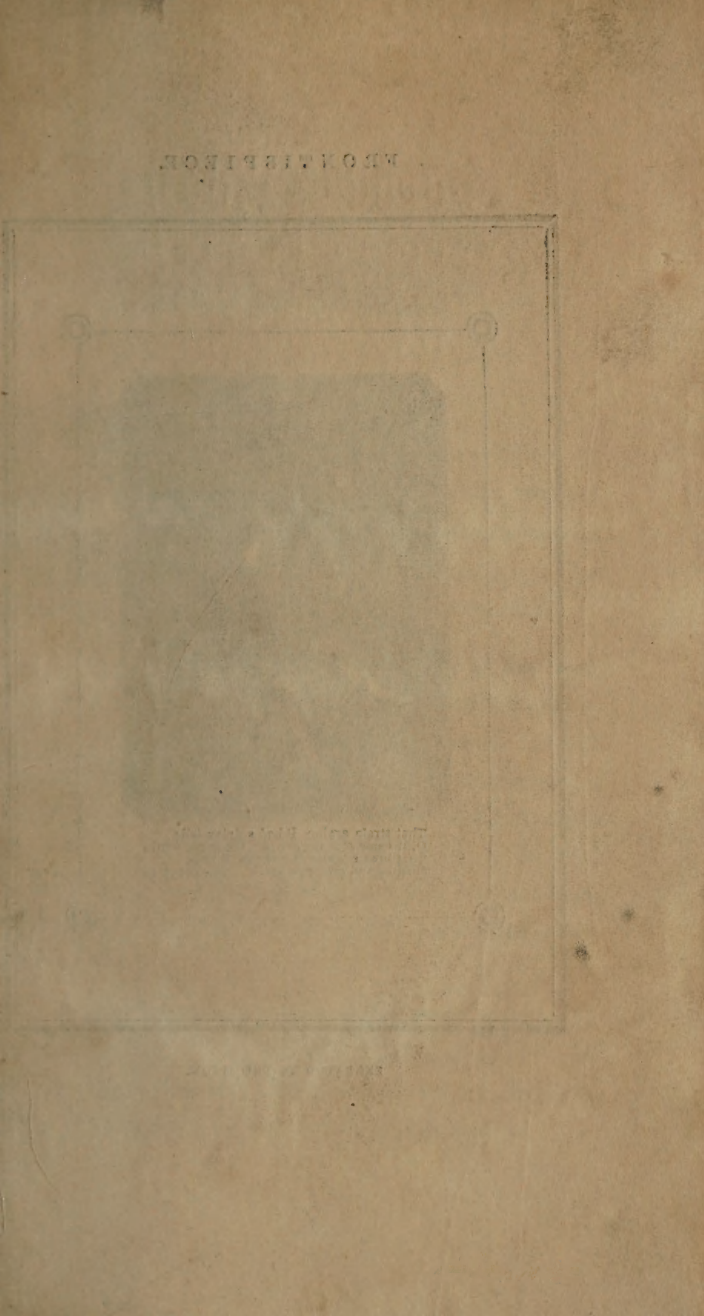

FRONTISPIECE.

That strain again; It had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Shakespeare.

BOSTON
PUBLIC

ENGRAVED BY THOMPSON.

NO publisher has a right to calculate on the approbation of the public, who has nothing to offer, either for its amusement or information, superior to the productions of his predecessors in the same department.

The pretentions of the present editor rest on his work being more select, more enlarged, and possessing greater variety than has hitherto appeared in one volume. It will be said, "There are other essential requisites demanded; a compiler is, of all kinds of literary characters, the most responsible; for, as the whole field of science lies before him, blooming with the ingenuity of others, it is reasonable to expect that he will present us with what is excellent of its kind."

Of the discrimination or taste, which may appear in the present selection, the public will decide; the editor can only say that he has endeavoured to cull, from a large pile of musical compositions, the most delightful strains.

The right of property has been carefully respected; but if, notwithstanding, any piece has been taken which is within the protection of an individual, the editor intreats his indulgence, and promises to withdraw any such piece, in a subsequent edition; a small number having been printed, at present, in order that he may avail himself of the suggestions of the candid, and benefit by the censures of the learned and wise.

George Nicholson.

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WITHOUT WORDS.

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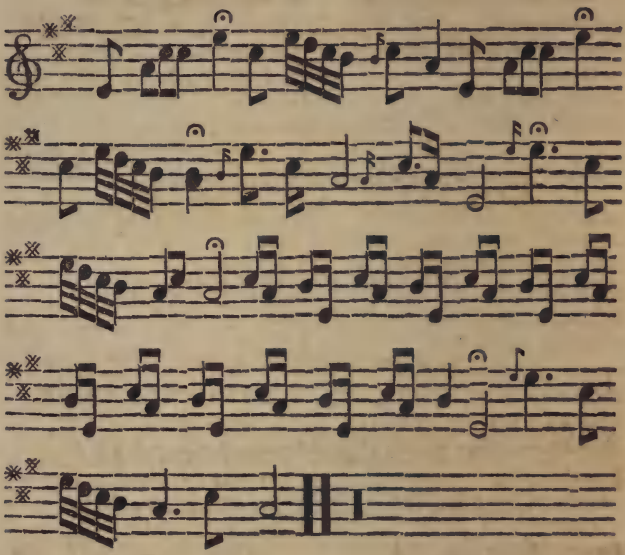
LE RANS DES VACHES.



The foregoing is an exquisite air, used in the valley of Montmorency. It is neither the Rans de Vaches given by Rousseau, in his Musical Dictionary, nor that of which M. de la Borde speaks in his book on music, but it is one which M. Viotti, heard and learnt from the shepherds in Switzerland. "I have written the music," says he, "without marking any rhythm, or measure: this being a case in which the melody ought to be unconfined. Measure would but derange it's effect. These sounds are prolonged in the space through which they pass, and the time they take to fly from one mountain to another, must be determined. It is not rhythm and a measured cadence, that will give truth for the execution of this piece; it requires feeling and sentiment."

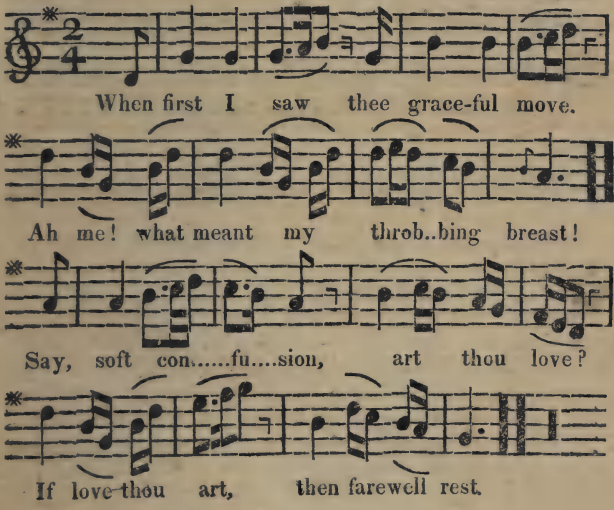
THE

British Orpheus.

LOVE SONGS.

WHEN FIRST I SAW.

SLOW. The Music by Signor Pasquali.



II.

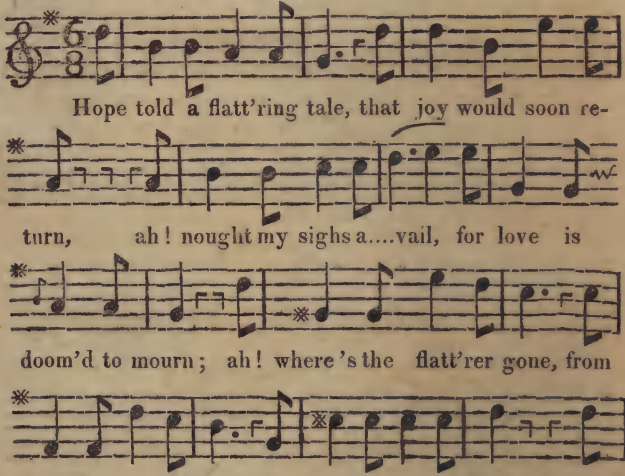
Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
tho' hopeless of a warm return,
yet kill me not with cold despair,
but let me live and let me burn.

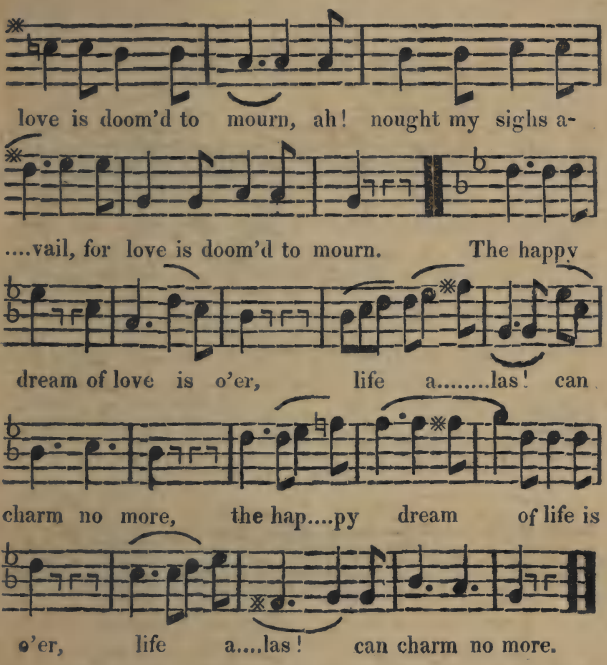
III.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
those gentle smiles did first create:
and, though you cannot love again,
in pity, oh! forbear to hate.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

SLOW. The Words from Artaxerxes. The Music by Dr. Arne.

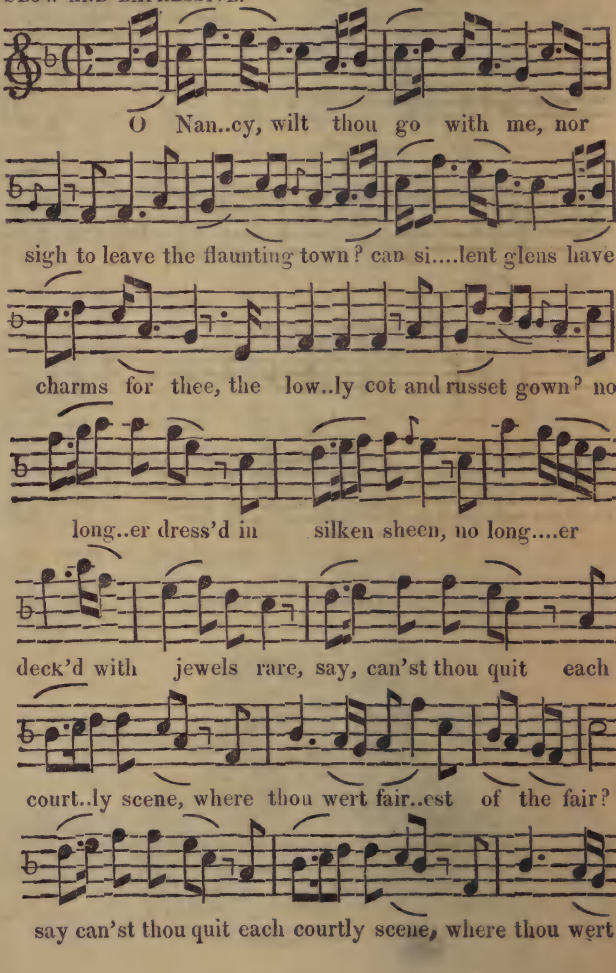


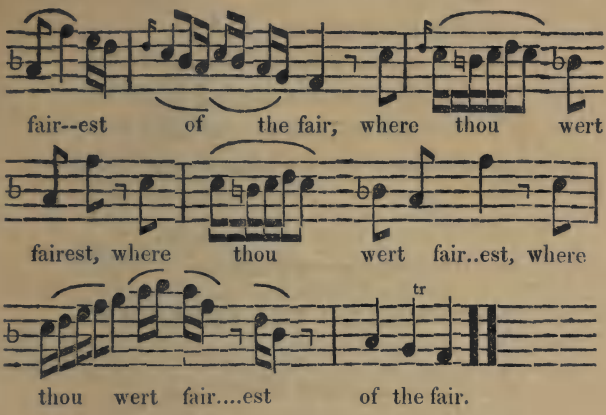

love is doom'd to mourn, ah! nought my sighs a-
....vail, for love is doom'd to mourn. The happy
dream of love is o'er, life a.....las! can
charm no more, the hap....py dream of life is
o'er, life a....las! can charm no more.

O NANCY.

The Words by Dr. Percy. The Music by Carter.

SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.





II.

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
wilt thou not cast a look behind?
say, canst thou face the parching ray,
nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mein
extremes of hardship learn to bear;
nor sad regret each courtly scene,
where thou were fairest of the fair?
O Nancy! can'st thou love so true,
through perils keen with me to go;
or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
to share with him the pang of woe?

III.

Say, should disease or pain befall,
wilt thou assume the nurse's care;
nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
wilt thou receive his parting breath?
wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
and cheer with smiles the bed of death?
and wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
nor then regret those scenes so gay,
where thou wert fairest of the fair?

AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

I.

Yes, Henry, yes, with thee I 'll go,
where'er thy footsteps point the way;
with thee a cot will bliss bestow,
and silent glens can charms display.
If thee, in russet gown, I please,
russet is more than silk to me;
each courtly scene I 'll quit with ease,
nor think of any joy but thee

II.

Yes, Henry, yes, with thee I 'll go,
nor sigh for any pleasure past;
whether in sultry heats I glow,
or shiver in the northern blast,
supported by thy friendly arm,
fatigue and toil were light to me;
my soul no dangers can alarm,
blest, through the world to follow thee.

III.

And should the ill which most I dread,
should pain and grief thy peace molest,

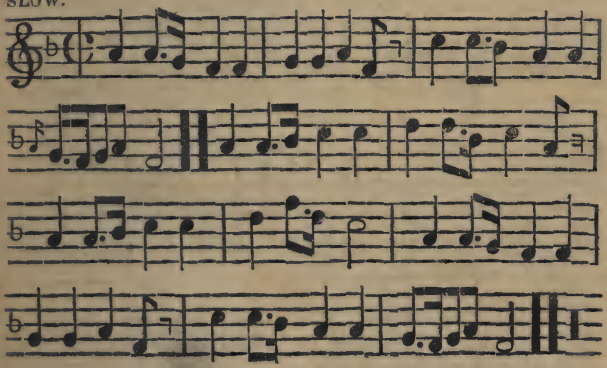
this arm should prop thy drooping head,
my voice should sooth thy cares to rest;
no nurse, untaught by fondest love,
could like thy Nancy watchful be,
while every tender care should prove
how much my joys depend on thee.

IV.

But ah! my Henry, should'st thou die,
my sorrows would refuse control,
for neither moan nor watery eye
could tell the anguish of my soul;
when, Henry, thou resign'st thy breath,
close to thy grave my tomb should be,
happy, e'en in the arms of death,
could still thy Nancy follow thee.

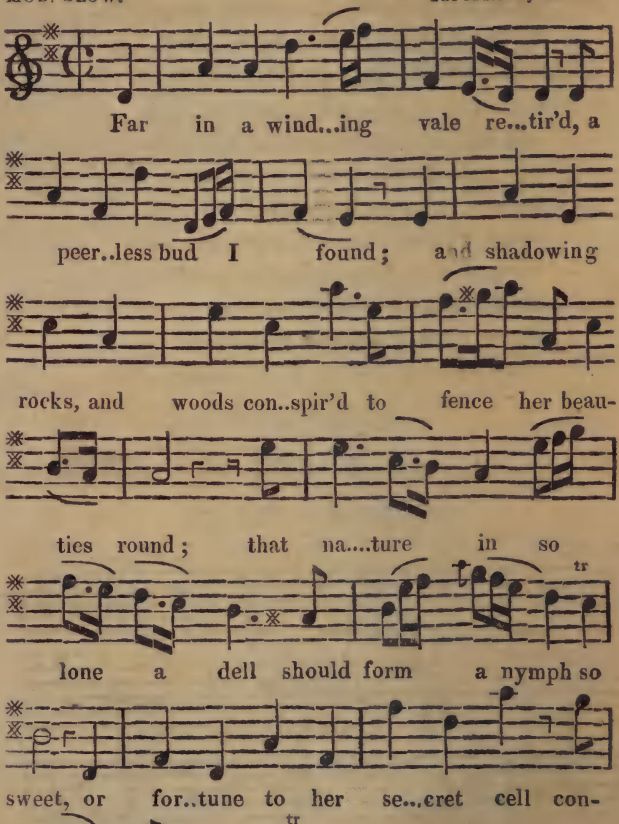
ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.

SLOW.



FAR IN A WINDING VALE.

MOD. SLOW. The Music by Harris.



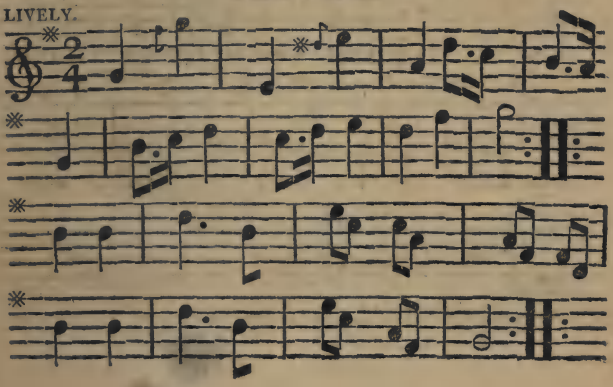
II.

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
but she would ne'er incline;
"Prove to your equals true," she cried,
"as I will prove to mine.
'T is Strephon on the mountain's brow,
has won my right good will;
to him I gave the plighted vow,
with him I'll climb the hill."

III.

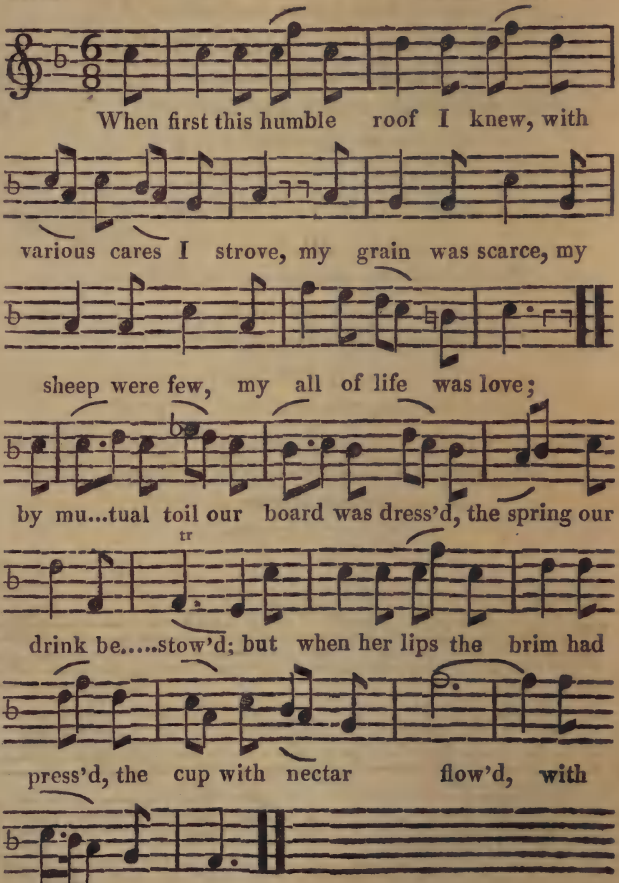
Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
to her alone, I gave my youth,
and vow'd my future care.
And when this vow shall faithless prove,
or I those charms forego,
the stream which saw our tender love,
that stream shall cease to flow.

THE TANK.



WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF.

SLOW. The Music by Jackson.



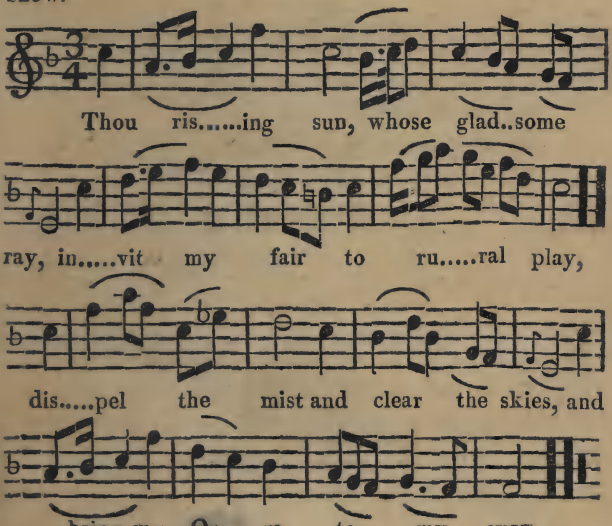
II.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
no other guest came nigh;
in them was given, tho' gold was spar'd,
what gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
but as the means to prove,
that from the castle to the cot
the all of life is love.

THE LAPLAND LOVER.

The Words from the Spectator, No. 366. The Music by C. Smith, jun.

SLOW.



II.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's top-most bough,
aloft in air, that quiv'ring plays,
and round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
what wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
the trees which hide my promised fair?

IV.

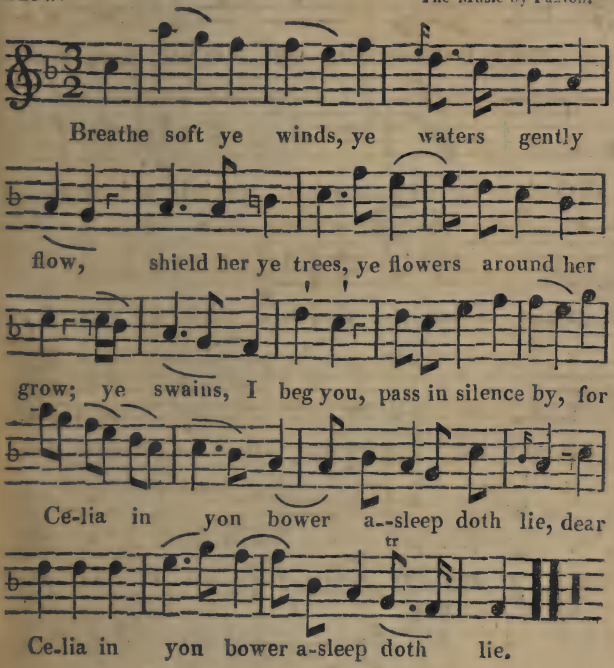
Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks! ye swans! a moment stay,
and waft a lover on his way.

V.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
apace the wasting summer flies;
nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

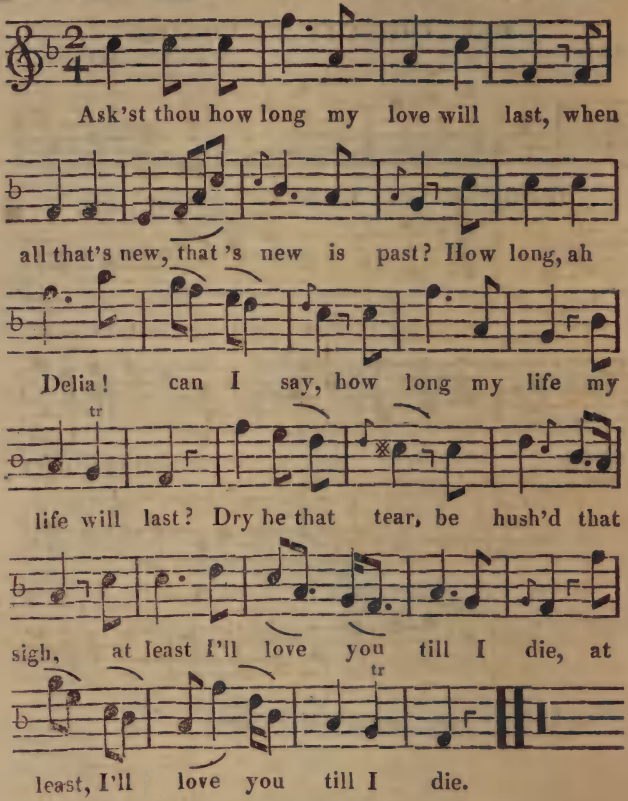
BREATHE SOFT YE WINDS.

SLOW. The Music by Paxton.



ASK'ST THOU HOW LONG.

The Words by Sheridan. The Music by Holder.

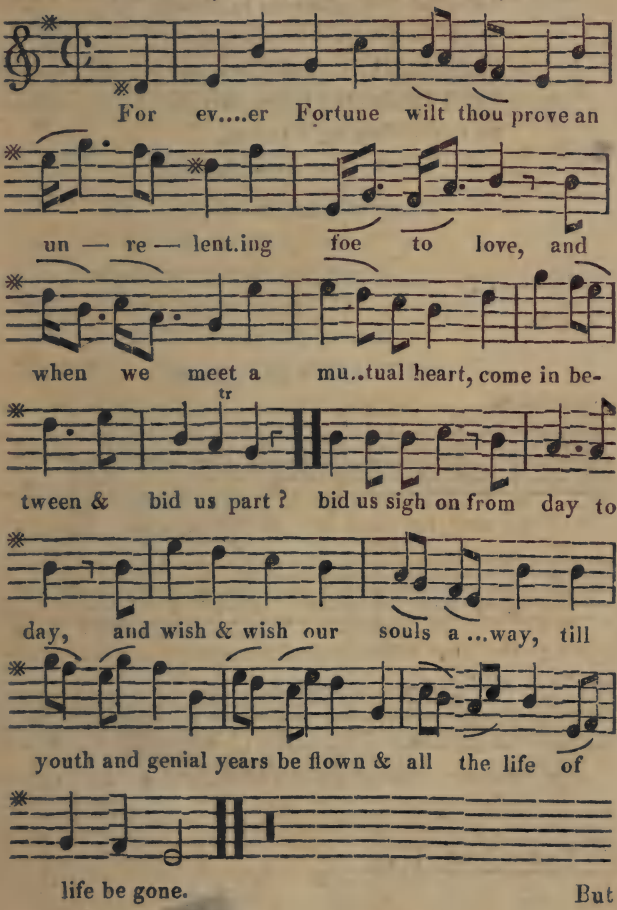


II.

And does that thought affect thee too?
the thought of Damon's death?
that he who only lives for you,
must yield his faithful breath,
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
nor let us lose our heaven here.

FOR EVER FORTUNE.

SLOW. The Words by James Thomson. The Music by Jackson.



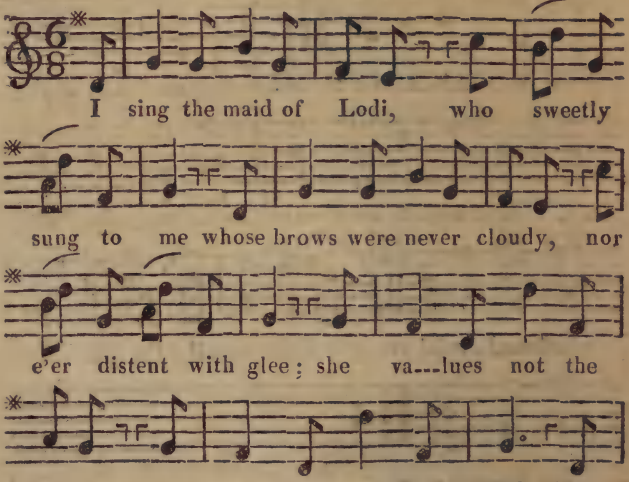
But

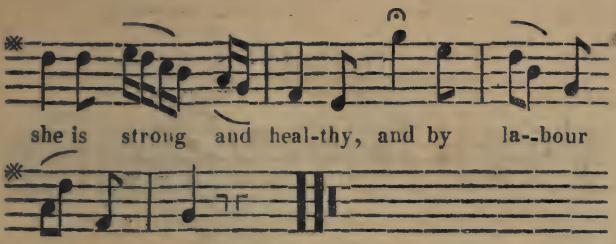
II.

But busy, busy still art thou,
to bind the loveless, joyless vow,
the heart from pleasure to delude,
to tie the gentle with the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
and I absolve thy future care;
all other blessings I resign,
make but the dear Amanda mine.

THE MAID OF LODI.

MOD. SLOW. The Music by Shield.





II.

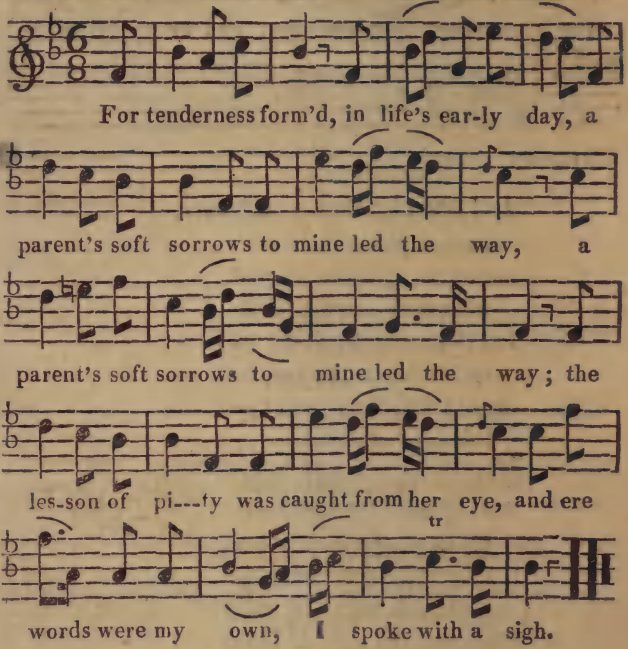
And when her day-work's over,
around a cheerful fire
she sings or rests contented,
what more can man desire?
Let those who squander millions
review her happy lot,
they 'll find their proud pavilions
inferior to her cot.

III.

Among the mild Madonas
her features you may find,
but not the fam'd Corregios
could ever paint her mind.
Then sing the maid of Lodi,
who sweetly sung to me;
and when this maid is married,
still happier may she be.

TENDERNESS.

SLOW. The Words by Burgoyne. The Music by Pasiello.



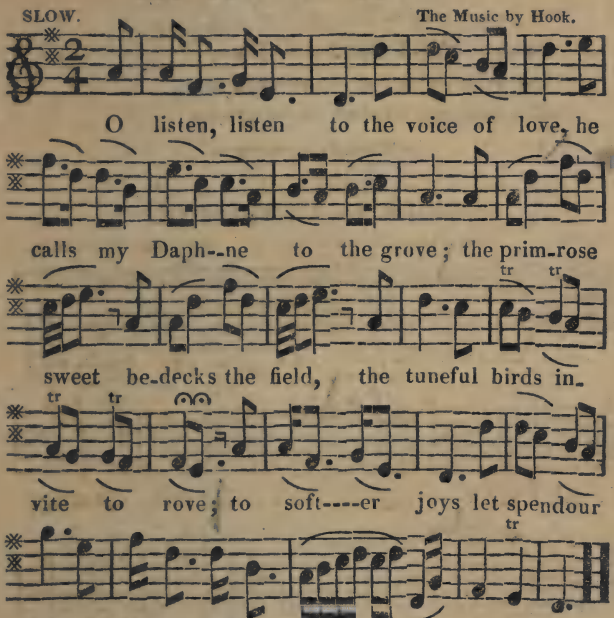
II.

The nightingale plundered,—the mate-widow'd dove,—
the warbled complaint from the suffering grove,—
to youth, as it ripened, gave sentiment new;
the object still changing, the sympathy true.

III.

Soft embers of passion! still rest in the glow!
a warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
or, if, too indulgent the blessing I claim,
let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.



II.

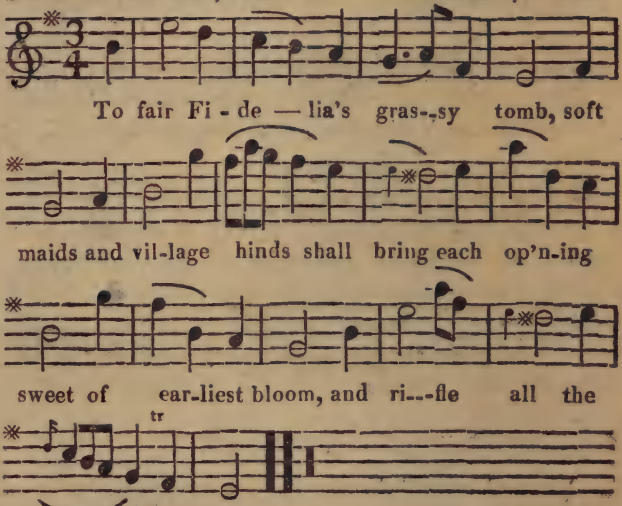
Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne fondly let us stray,
where whispering love breathes forth his tale,
and shepherds sing their artless lay:
O listen, listen to the voice of love,
he calls my Daphne to the grove. Come,

III.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
and leave the town's tumultuous noise;
the happy swains all cheerful sing,
and echo still repeat their joys;
then listen, listen to the voice of love,
he calls my Daphne to the grove.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SLOW. The Words by Collins. The Music by Dr. Arne.



II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
to vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
but shepherd lads assemble here,
and melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
no goblins lead their nightly crew;
the female fays shall haunt the green,
and dress thy grave with pearly dew.

IV.

The red breast oft at evening hours
shall kindly lend his little aid;
with hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
to deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

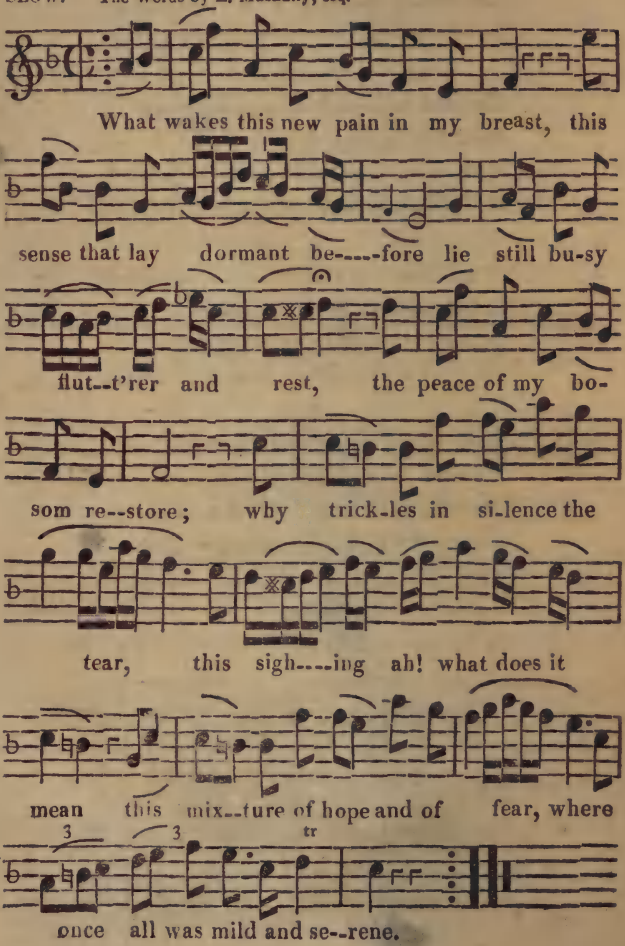
When howling winds, and beating rain,
in tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
or midst the chace on every plain,
the tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
for thee the tear be duly shed:
belov'd, till life can charm no more;
and mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

WHAT WAKES THIS NEW PAIN.

SLOW. The Words by L. Macnally, esq.

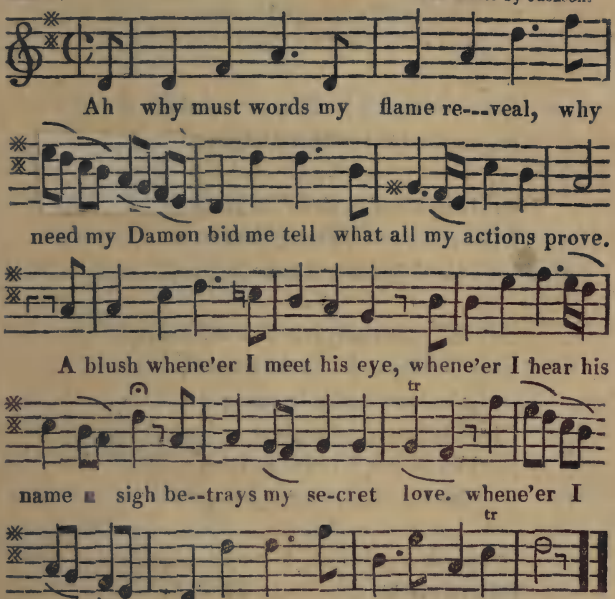


II.

Some pleasingly anxious alarm,
now warms and then freezes my heart,
some soft irresistible charm,
alternate gives pleasure and smart.
What wakes, &c.

THE CONFESSION.

SLOW. The Music by Jackson.



II.

In all their sports upon the plain,
my eyes still fix'd on him remain,
and him alone approve;
the rest unheeded dance or play,
from all he steals my praise away,
and can he doubt my love?

III.

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess,
the joys which all my soul possess,
and every care remove;
still, still too short appears his stay,
the moments fly too quick away,
too quick for my fond love.

IV.

Does any speak in Damon's praise?
so pleas'd am I with all he says,
I every word approve;
but is he blam'd, altho' in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast.
alas! because I love.

V.

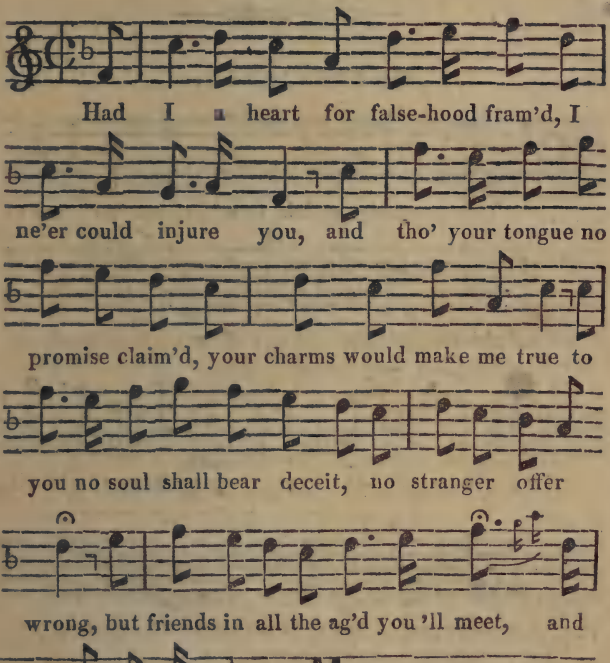
But oh! what tortures tear my heart,
when I suspect his looks impart,
the least desire to rove;
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
yet him to hate I strive in vain,
for ah! that hate is love.

VI.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
my passion these will prove;

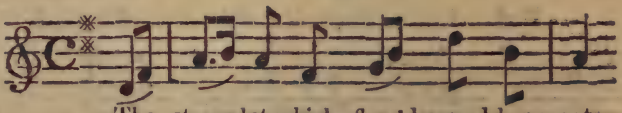
words oft deceive and spring from art,
the true expression of my heart,
to Damon must be love.

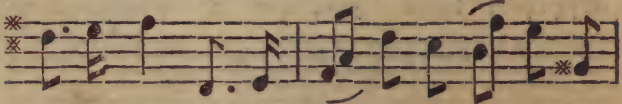
BEAUTY.

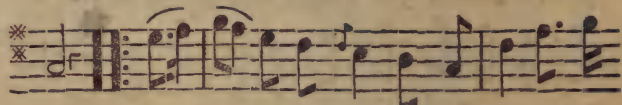


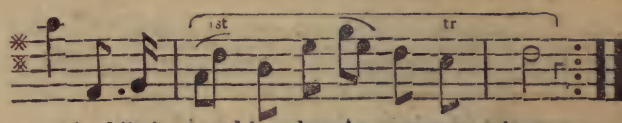
But when they learn that you have blest
another with your heart,
they 'll bid aspiring passion rest,
and act a brother's part;
then, lady, fear not here deceit,
nor fear to suffer wrong;
for friends in all the ag'd you 'll meet,
and brothers in the young.

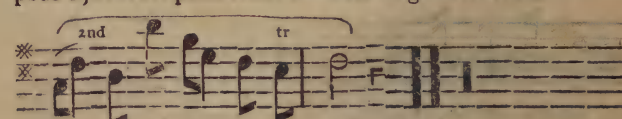
THE STREAMLET.







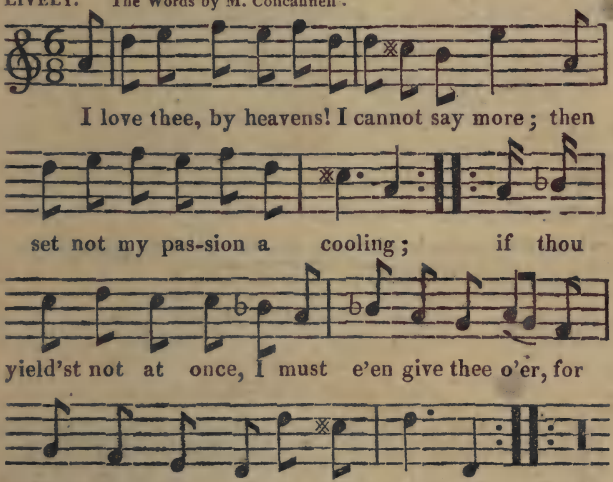




Believe me, the fond silver tide,
knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;
for, silently swelling with pride,
it reflected her back to the skies.

BLUNT SINCERITY.

LIVELY. The Words by M. Concannen.



II.

What my love wants in words it shall make up in deeds,
then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
a performance you wot well, a promise exceeds,
and a word to the wise is enough, child.

III.

I know how to love and to make that love known,
but I hate all protesting and arguing: had

had a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
if she made many words to a bargain.

IV.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
whate'er my fond eyes have been saying:
prithee be thou so too, seek for no better term,
but e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

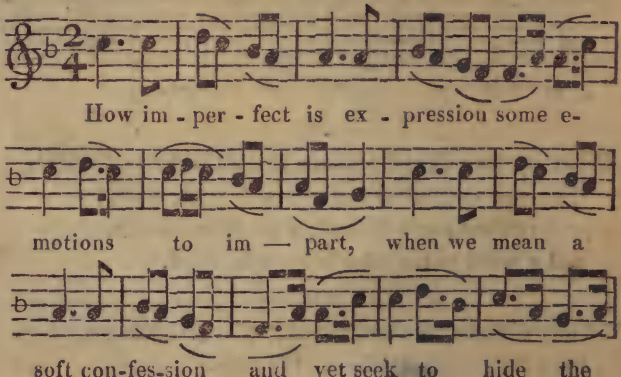
V.

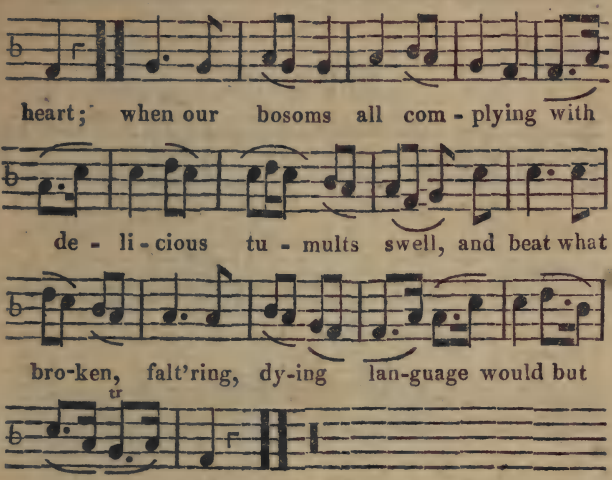
I cannot forbear love, like a chancery-suit,
the age of a patriarch depending;
then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
give it, one way or other, an ending.

VI.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
like the grace of fanatical sinners,
where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
before men sit down to their dinners.

EXPRESSION.

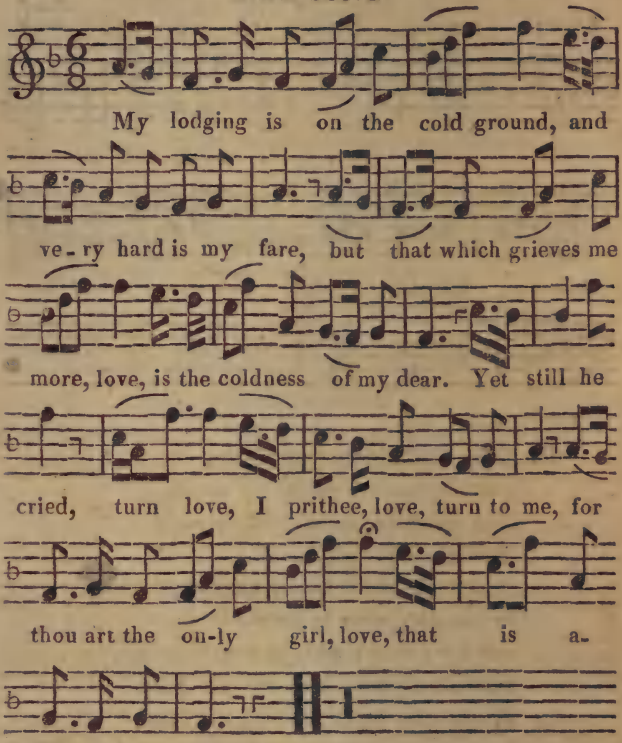




II. Deep confusion's rosy terror,
quite expressive paints my cheek.
Ask no more, behold your error;
blushes eloquently speak.
What tho' silent be my anguish,
or breath'd only to the air?
mark my eyes; and, as they languish,
read what your's have written there.

III. O that you could once conceive me!
once my heart's strong feelings view!
love has nought more fond, believe me,
friendship nothing half so true.
How imperfect is expression
some emotions to impart!
when we mean a soft confession,
and yet seek to hide the heart.

MAD SONG.



II.

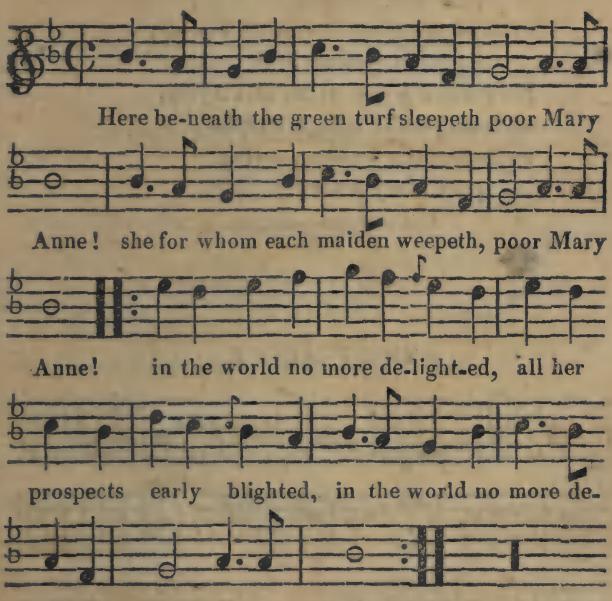
With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,
I 'll marry thee with a rush ring;
thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
so merrily I shall sing.
Yet still, &c.

But

III:

But if you will harden your heart, love,
and be deaf to my pitiful moan,
oh! I must endure the smart, love,
and tumble in straw all alone.
Yet still, &c.

POOR MARY ANNE.



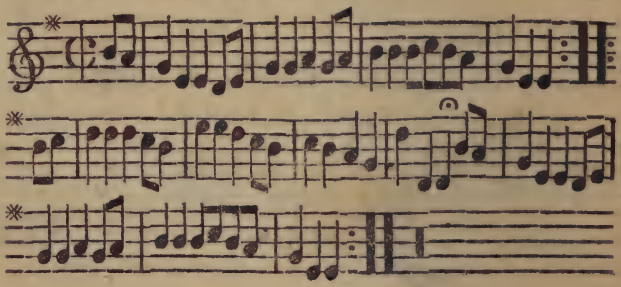
II.

Pale her cheek, where health and pleasure
poor Mary Anne!
once bestow'd their choicest treasure,
poor Mary Anne!
By that brook her lover seeking,
oft she wander'd, without speaking,
ah! too sure her heart was breaking,
poor Mary Anne!

III.

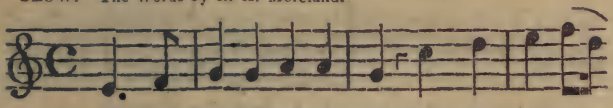
As the lily bent by showers,
poor Mary Anne!
droop'd the pride of nature's flowers,
poor Mary Anne!
Now beneath yon green turf laying,
oft from yonder village straying,
we lament this maiden; saying,
poor Mary Anne!

THE PEACOCK.



RURAL HAPPINESS.

SLOW. The Words by R. A. Moreland.

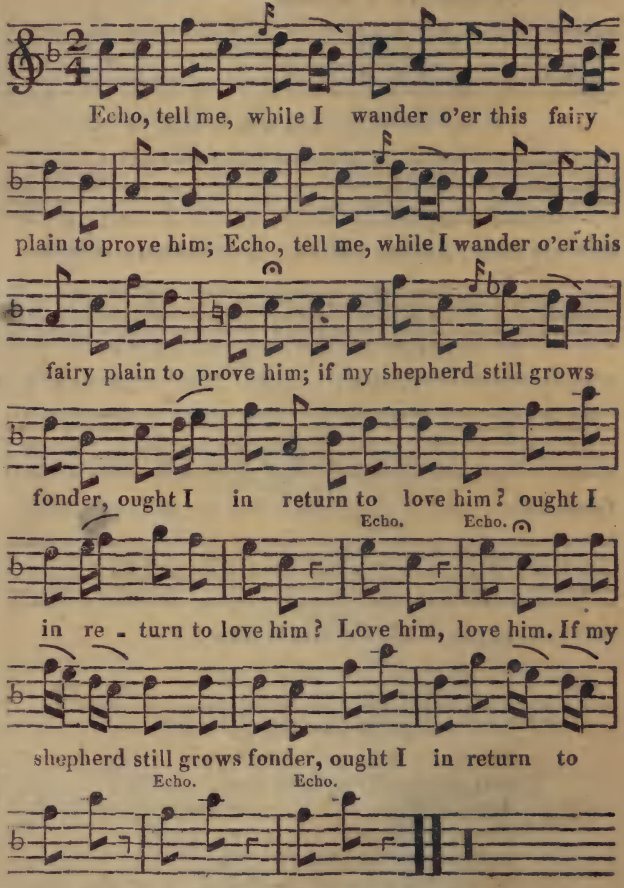


II.

Linger yet, ye moments stay,
why so rapid is your wing?
whither would ye haste away?
stay and hear my Rosa sing;
Love and you still bless my cot,
Fortune's frowns are for our good,
may we live by Pride forgot,
in our cottage near the wood.

ECHO SONG.

SLOW. The Words by Addison. The Music by Hook.



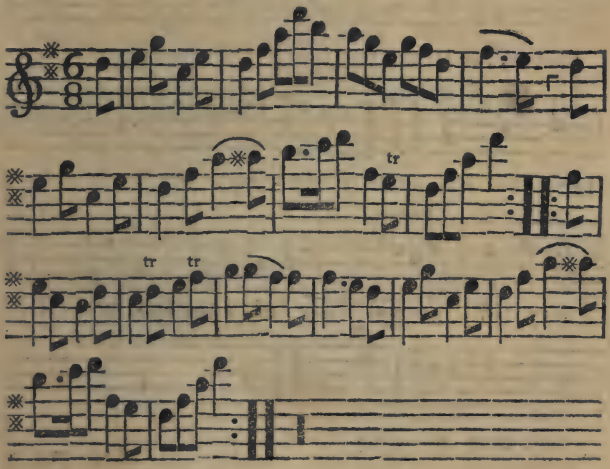
II.

If he loves, as is the fashion,
should I churlishly forsake him?
on in pity to his passion,
fondly to my bosom take him?
Echo. Take him, take him.

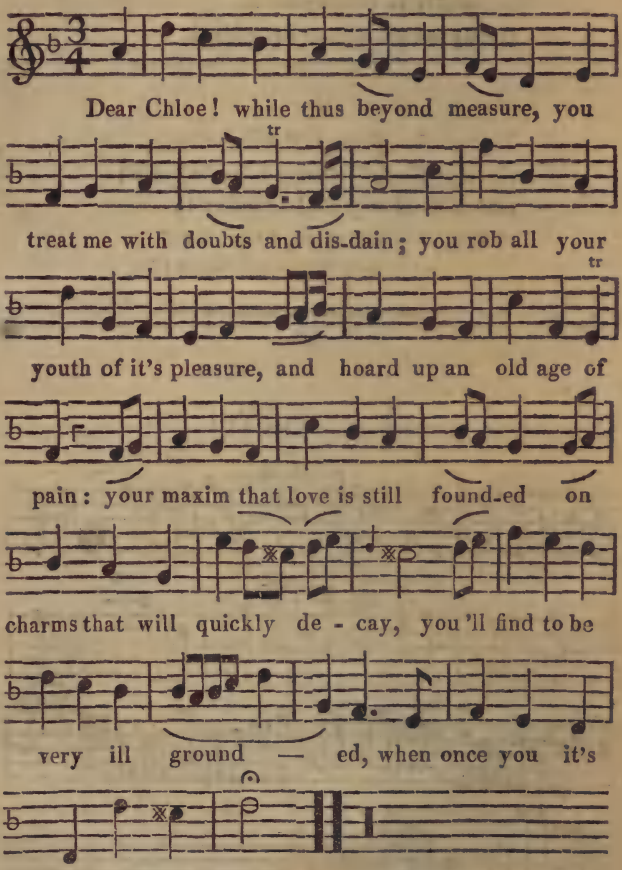
II.

Thy advice, then, I 'll adhere to,
since in Cupid's chains I 've led him;
and with Henry shall not fear to
marry, if you answer, 'wed him.'
Echo. Wed him, wed him.

AIR BY PLEYEL.



OLD DARBY AND JOAN.



The

II.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
your kindness will vastly improve;
soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
fruition 's the sunshine of love:
and tho' the bright beams of your eyes
should be clouded, that now are so gay;
and darkness obscure all the skies,
we ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
you oft have regarded with wonder;
he 's dropsical, she is sore eyed,
yet they 're ever uneasy asunder:
together they totter about,
or sit in the sun at the door;
and at night, when old Darby's pot 's out,
his Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

IV.

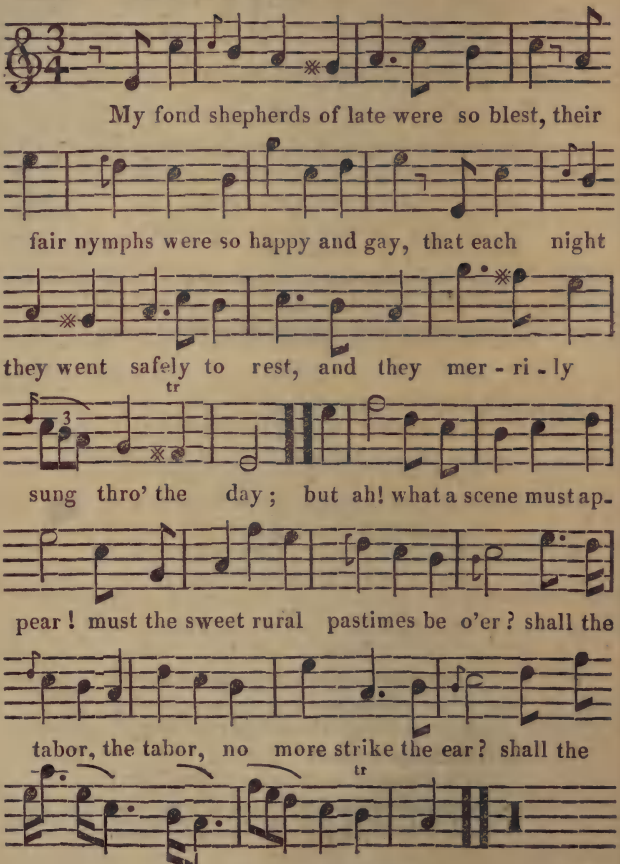
No beauty nor wit they possess,
their several failings to smother;
then what are the charms, can you guess,
that make them so fond of each other?
't is the pleasing remembrance of youth,
the eadearments that love did bestow;
the thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
the best of all blessings below:

V.

Those traces for ever will last,
which sickness nor time can remove;
for when youth and beauty are pass'd,
and age brings the winter of love,
a friendship insensibly grows,
by reviews of such raptures as these;
the current of fondness still flows,
which decripit old age cannot freeze.

MY FOND SHEPHERDS.

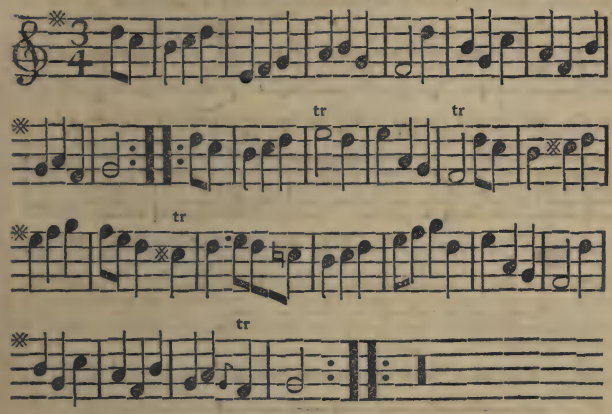
SLOW. The Words by R. Rolt



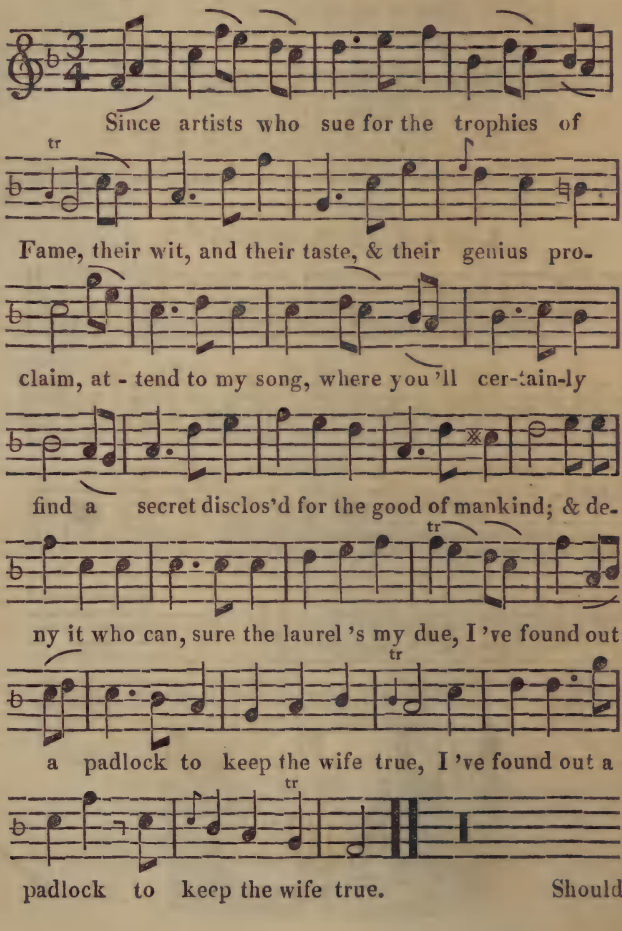
II.

Must the flocks from the pastures be led?
must the herds go wild straying abroad?
shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed?
and the ships be all moor'd in each road?
must the arts be all scatter'd around?
and shall commerce grow sick of the tide?
must religion expire on the ground,
and shall virtue sink down by her side?

LADY OWEN'S DELIGHT.



THE ENGLISH PADLOCK.



II.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,
with the ardours of youth all her passions inflame,
should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
and languishing lovers still sigh and admire,
yet fearless you 'll trust her, tho' thousands may sue,
when I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

III.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains,
with his bars and his bolts, his confinement and chains,
how fatally weak must this artifice prove;
can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?
Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu;
restraint 's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

IV.

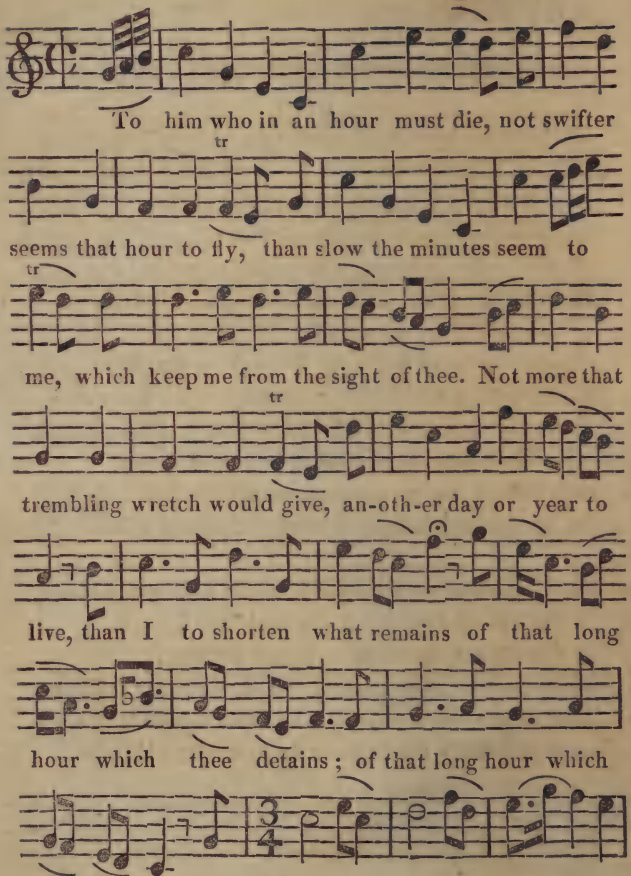
Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
all complying and kind you must give her her way;
while her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,
't is reason secures you the treasures of love;
and, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,
for the fair one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

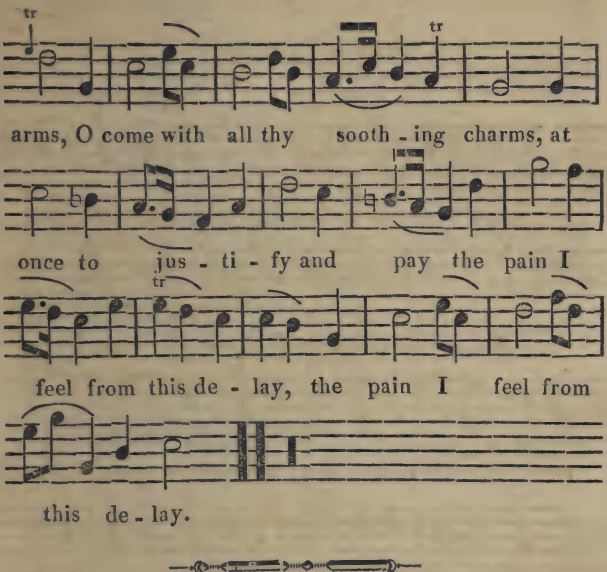
V.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,
let the husband be lost in the lover and friend,
let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
't is the charm of indulgence which binds the soft sex.
They ne'er can prove false while this maxim 's in view,
good humour 's the padlock to keep the wife true.

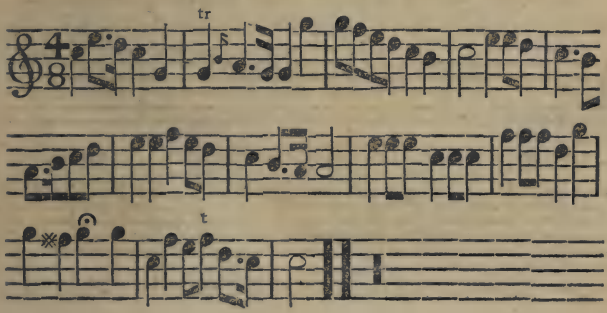
ABSENCE.

The Music by Jackson.



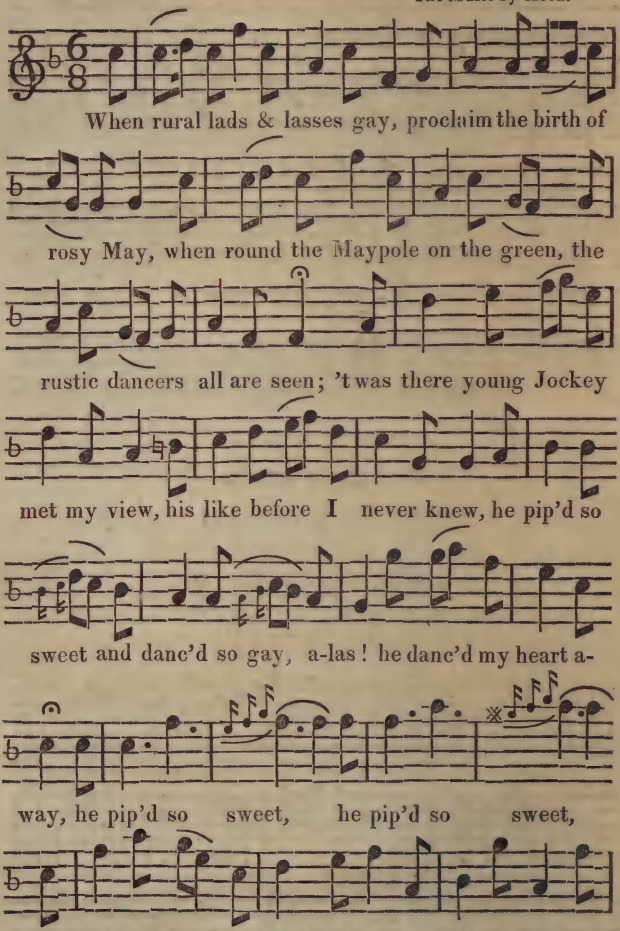


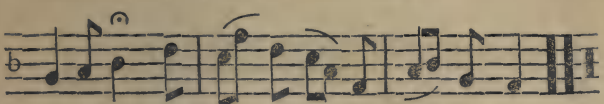
AIR BY MILGROVE.



YOUNG JOCKEY.

The Music by Hook.





heart away, a - las! he stole my heart away.

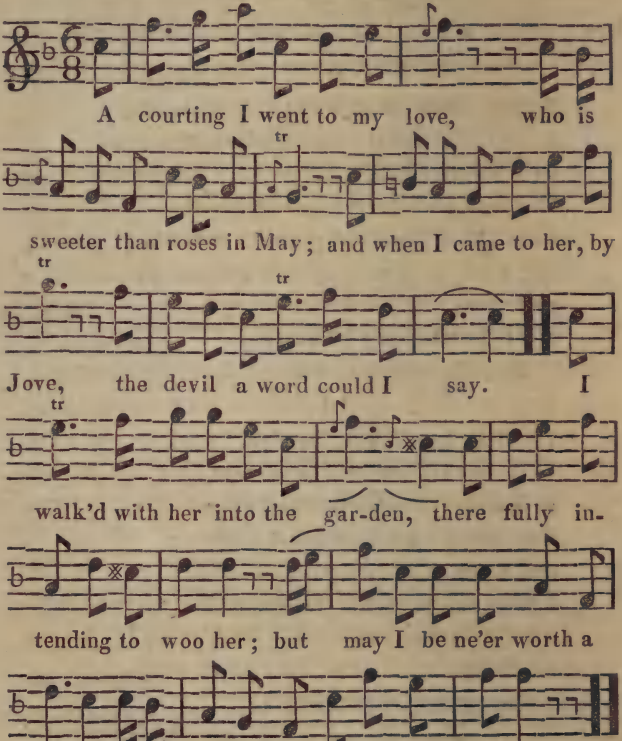
II.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,
he plac'd him next me on the ground,
with harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
he shone more bright than all the rest,
he talk'd of love and press'd my hand;
ah! who could such a youth withstand!
well pleas'd I heard what he 'd to say,
alas! he talk'd my heart away.
He pip'd so sweet, &c.

III.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,
while rapture sparkled in his eye,
so winning was his face and air,
they might the coldest heart ensnare;
and when he ask'd me for his bride,
I promised soon, and soon comply'd:
what nymph on earth could say him nay?
his charms would steal their hearts away.
He pip'd so sweet, &c.

HUMPHRY GUBBIN'S COURTSHIP.



II.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
while my heart was as light as a feather;
yet nothing I said, I protest,
but—Madam, 't is very fine weather.

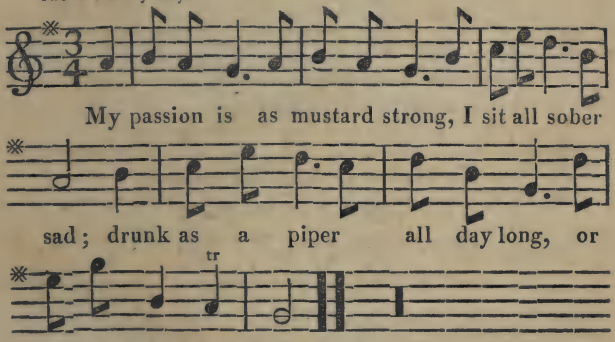
To an arbour I did her attend,
she ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
for I was afraid to come nigh her.

III.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
for I thought in some talk we must enter:
'Why, sir,' she me answer'd, and grinn'd,
'have you just sent your wits for a venture?'
Then I follow'd her into the house,
there I vow'd I my passion would try,
but there I was still as a mouse:—
oh! what a dull booby was I!

A NEW SONG OF SIMILIES.

The Words by Gay.



II.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet cann't forget her;
for though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

III.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
if Molly were but kind;
cool as a cucumber could see
the rest of womankind.

IV.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
and eye her o'er and o'er;
lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
sleek as a mouse before.

V.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
and soft as silk my skin,
my cheeks as fat as butter grown,
but as a groat now thin.

VI.

I, melancholy as a cat,
am kept awake to weep;
but she, insensible of that,
sound as a top can sleep.

VII.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
she laughs to see me pale;
and merry as a grig is grown,
and brisk as bottled ale.

VIII.

The god of love, at her approach,
is busy as a bee;
hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
are smit, and sigh like me.

IX.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
the fine men crowd about her;
but soon as dead as a door-nail
shall I be, if without her.

X.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
my heart would soon be free from cares,
and lighter than a feather.

XI.

As fine as five-pence is her mein,
no drum was ever tighter:
her glance is as a razor keen,
and not the sun is brighter.

XII.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
methinks I feel them yet;
brown as a berry is her hair,
her eyes as black as jet.

XIII.

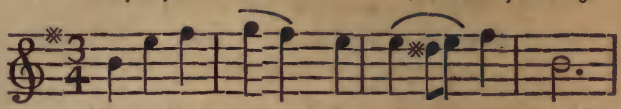
As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
her pretty hand invites;
sharp as a needle are her words,
her wit like pepper bites.

XIV.

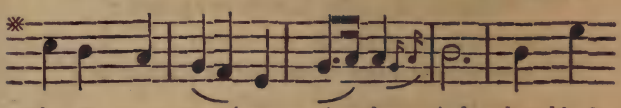
Full as an egg was I with glee,
and happy as a king:
good lack! how all men envied me;
she lov'd like any thing.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

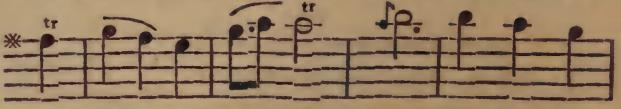
The Words by Gay. The Music by Leveridge.



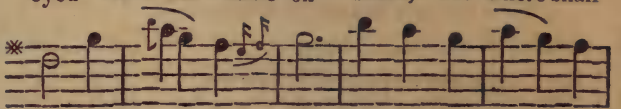
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd,



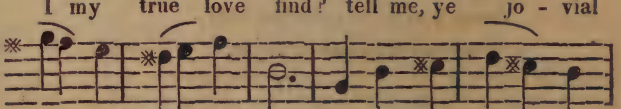
the streamers wav - ing in the wind, when black-



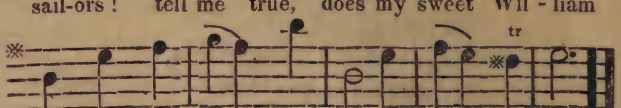
eyed Su - san came on board, 'O! where shall



I my true love find? tell me, ye jo - vial



sail-ors! tell me true, does my sweet Wil - liam



does my sweet Wil - liam sail a - mong your crew?'

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
rock'd with the billows to and fro',
soon as her well-known voice he heard,

he sigh'd and cast his eyes below.
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
and, quick as light'ning, on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(if chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
and drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain of the british fleet
might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
my vows shall ever true remain;
let me kiss off that falling tear;
we only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
the faithful compass that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen say,
who tempt with doubt thy constant mind;
they 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
in every port a mistress find:
yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
for thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
thy skin is ivory so white:
thus every beauteous object that I view,
wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

VII.

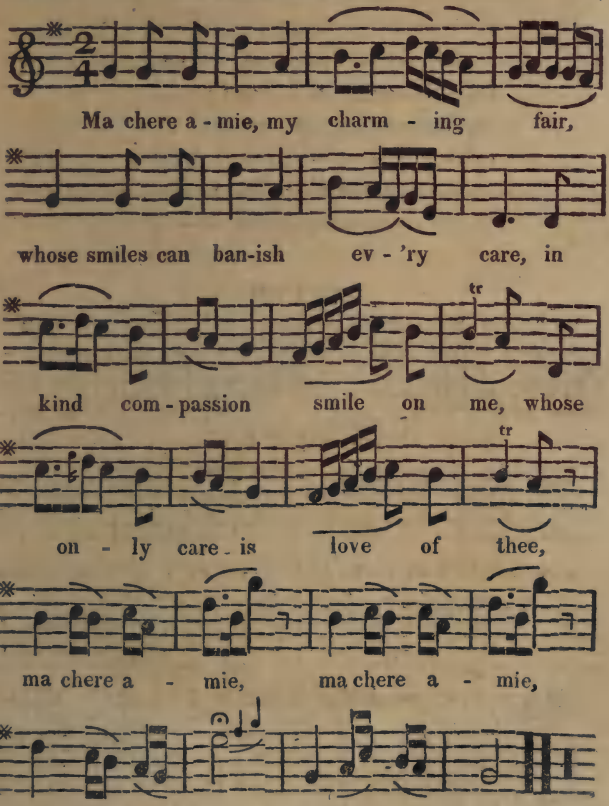
Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
let not my pretty Susan mourn;
tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
the sails their swelling bosoms spread;
no longer must she stay aboard;
they kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
adieu! she cried, and waved her lily hand.

FRIENDSHIP.

LIVELY. The Words by M. Concannen.



II.

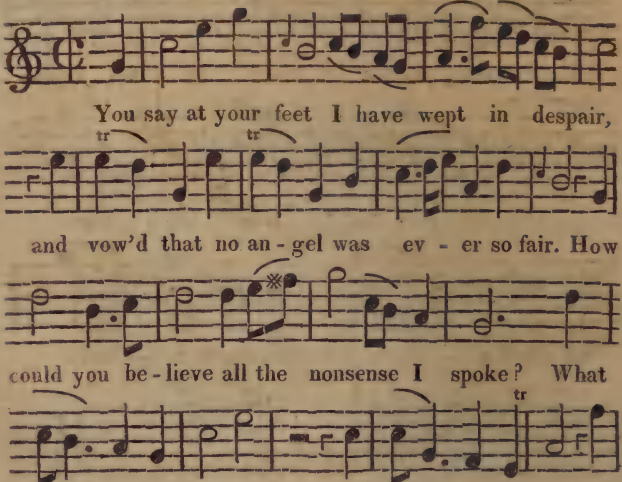
Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
my bosom caught the tender flame;
may friendship in thy bosom be
converted into love for me:
Ma chere amie, &c.

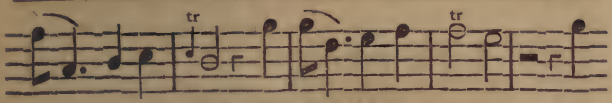
III.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one!
let pity soften my decree!
I droop, dear maid! I die for thee!
Ma chere amie, &c.

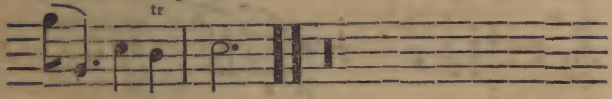
TRUTH.

The Words by Moses Mendez. The Music by Dr. Boyce.





meant it in joke, what know we of angels? I

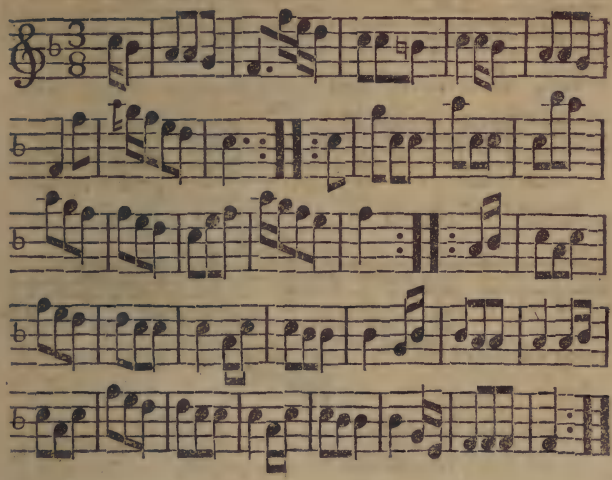


meant it in joke.

II.

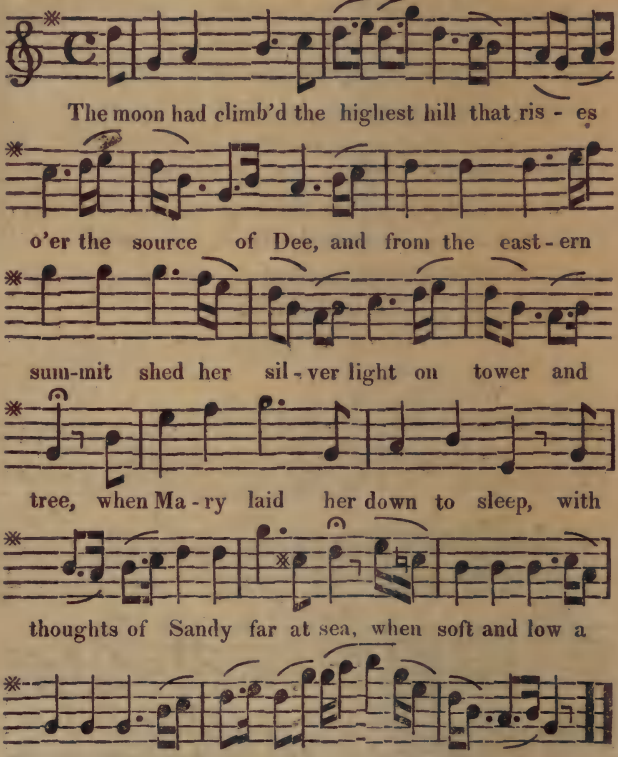
I next stand indited for swearing to love,
and that nothing but death should my passion remove:
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth: a calendar year:
and not yet contented! Have conscience, my dear.

WALTZ.



MARY'S DREAM.

SLOW. The Music by Relfe.



II.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
her head, to ask who there might be,

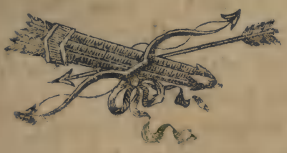
and saw young Sandy shivering stand,
with palid cheek and hollow eye.
'O, Mary, dear! cold is my clay,
it lies beneath a stormy sea;
far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
so, Mary, weep no more for me!

III.

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
we toss'd upon the raging main,
and long we strove our bark to save,
but all our striving was in vain:
e'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
my heart was fill'd with love for thee.
The storm is past and I at rest;
so, Mary, weep no more for me!

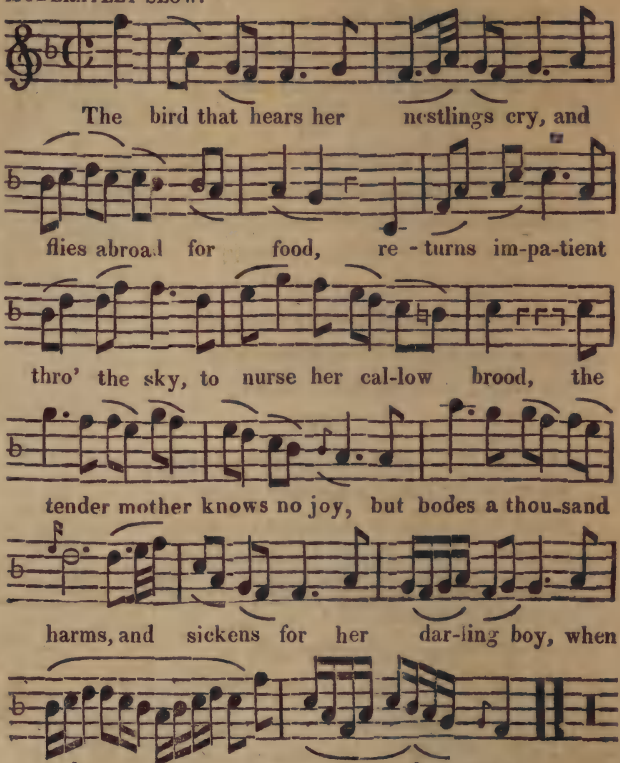
IV.

'O! maiden dear! thyself prepare;
we soon shall meet upon that shore
where love is free from doubt or care,
and thou and I shall part no more.'
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled!
no more of Sandy could she see;
but soft the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary! weep no more for me.'



AFFECTION.

MODERATELY SLOW.



II.

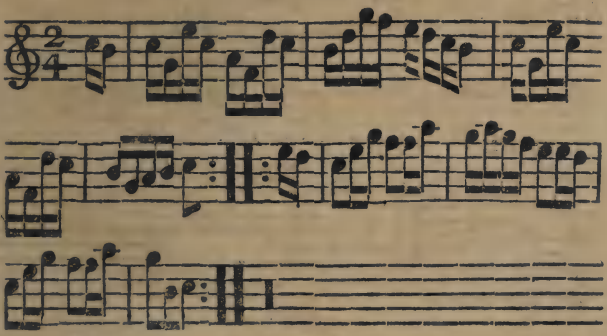
Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
my faithful bosom fires;
now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
the queen of my desires!

The powers of verse too languid prove,
all similies are vain,
to shew how ardently I love,
or to relieve my pain.

III.

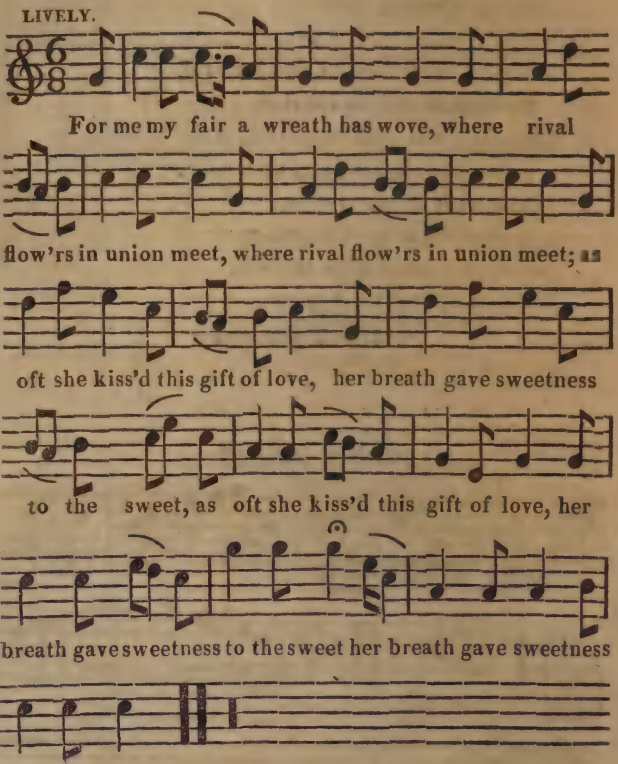
The saint, with fervent zeal inspir'd,
for heaven and joys divine,
the saint is not with rapture fir'd
more pure, more warm than mine.
I take what liberty I dare;
't were impious to say more:
convey my longings to the fair,
the nymph whom I adore.

CARO DOLCE.



MADRIGAL.

The Words by Garrick. The Music by Giardini.

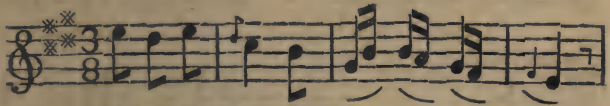


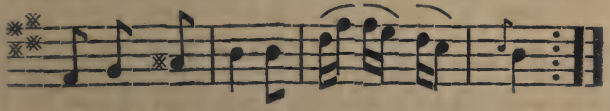
II.

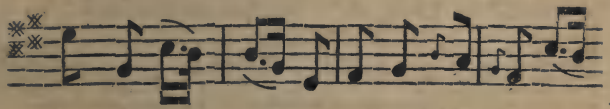
A bee within a damask rose,
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

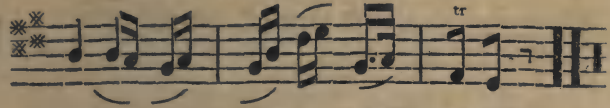
THE ADIEU.

The Words from the Turkish. The Music by J. W. Holder.









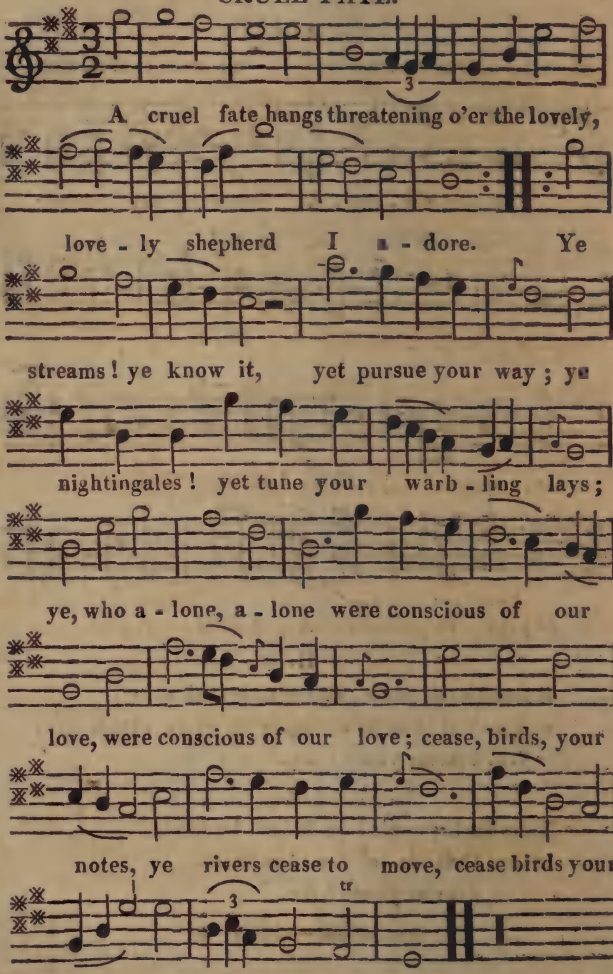
II.

Return once more, and gladden my heart,
and may'st thou be as happy as Flora wishes thee.
Go, dearest youth! &c.

III.

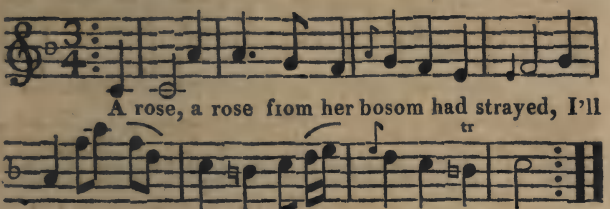
Then shall poor Flora indeed be blest,
by her Orlando loved and caressed.
Go, dearest youth! &c.

CRUEL FATE.


A cruel fate hangs threatening o'er the lovely,
love - ly shepherd I a - dore. Ye
streams! ye know it, yet pursue your way; ye
nightingales! yet tune your warb - ling lays;
ye, who a - lone, a - lone were conscious of our
love, were conscious of our love; cease, birds, your
notes, ye rivers cease to move, cease birds your
notes, ye rivers cease to move!

THE MANSION OF PEACE.

The Words by a Lady. Music by Webbe.

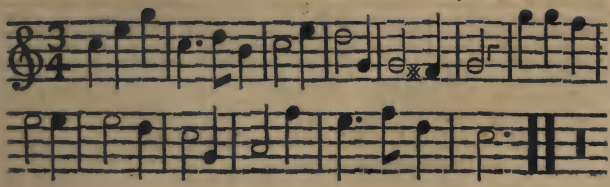


II.

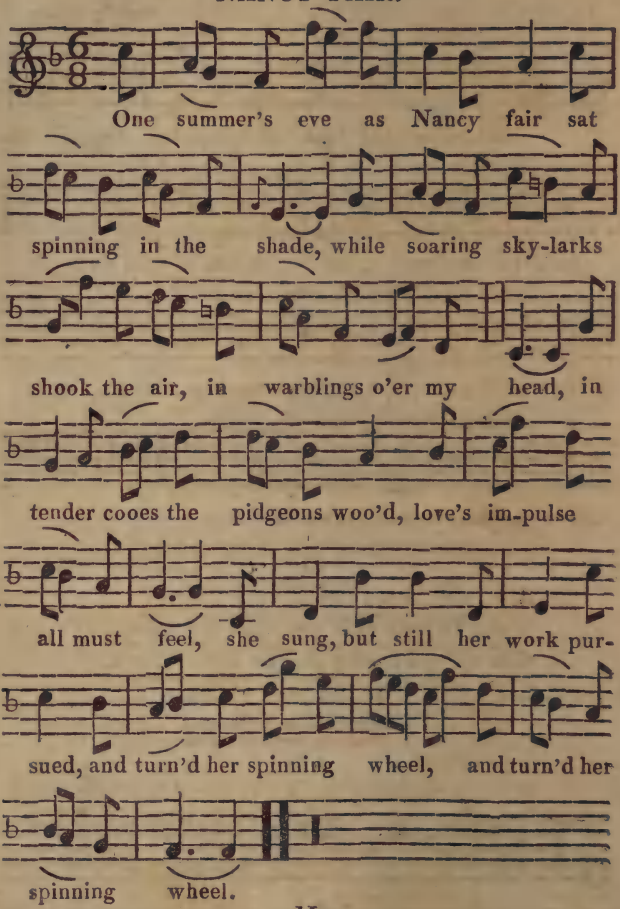
Alas, silly rose! had'st thou known,
'twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
thou ne'er from thy station had'st flown,
her bosom 's the Mansion of Peace.

AIR.

By Rev. R. Harrison.



NANCY FAIR.



II.

While thus I work with rock and reel,
so life by time is spun;

and as runs round my spinning-wheel,
the world turns up and down.
Some rich to-day, to morrow, low,
while I no changes feel,
but get my bread by sweat of brow,
and turn my spinning-wheel.

III.

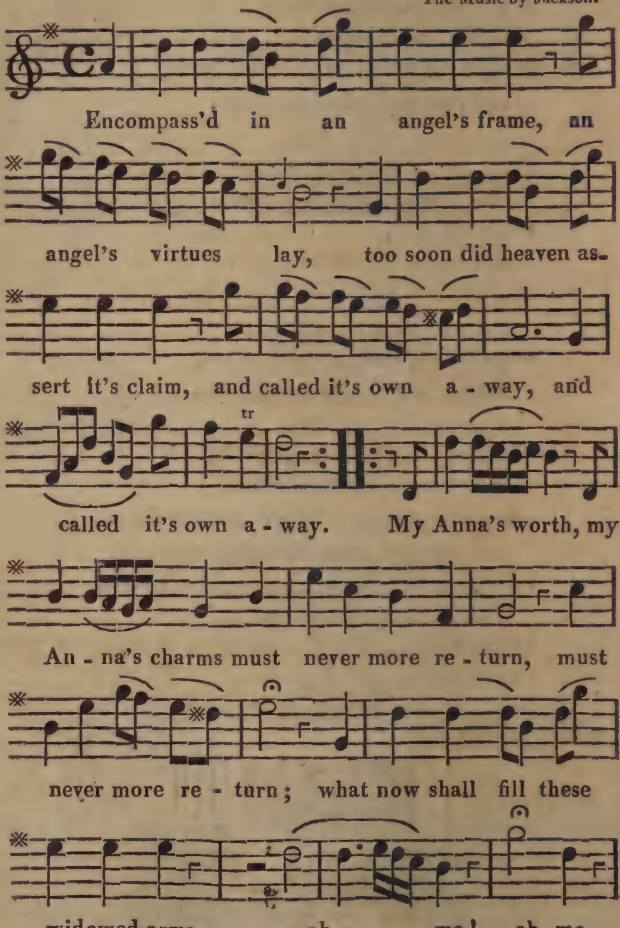
From me let men and women too
this home-spun lesson learn,
not mind what other people do,
but eat the bread they earn;
if none were fed, were that to be,
but who deserved a meal,
some ladies, then, as well as me,
would turn the spinning-wheel.

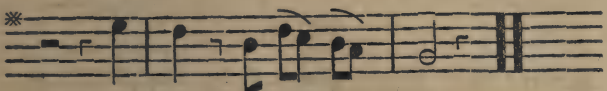
IV.

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
thus sung her witless strain,
when o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
and brought home Nancy's swain;
come, cries the dame, Nance, here's thy spouse;
away with rock and reel,
blithe Nancy, with the charming news,
o'erset her spinning-wheel.

ANNA.

The Music by Jackson.



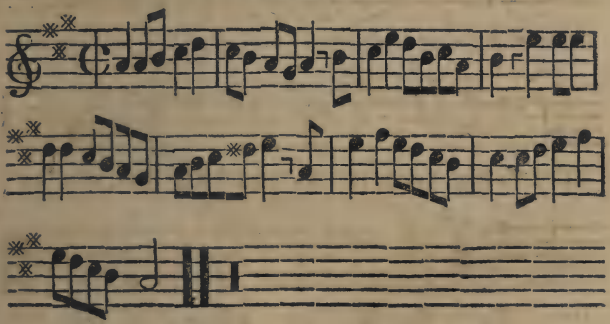


ah me my Anna's urn.

II.

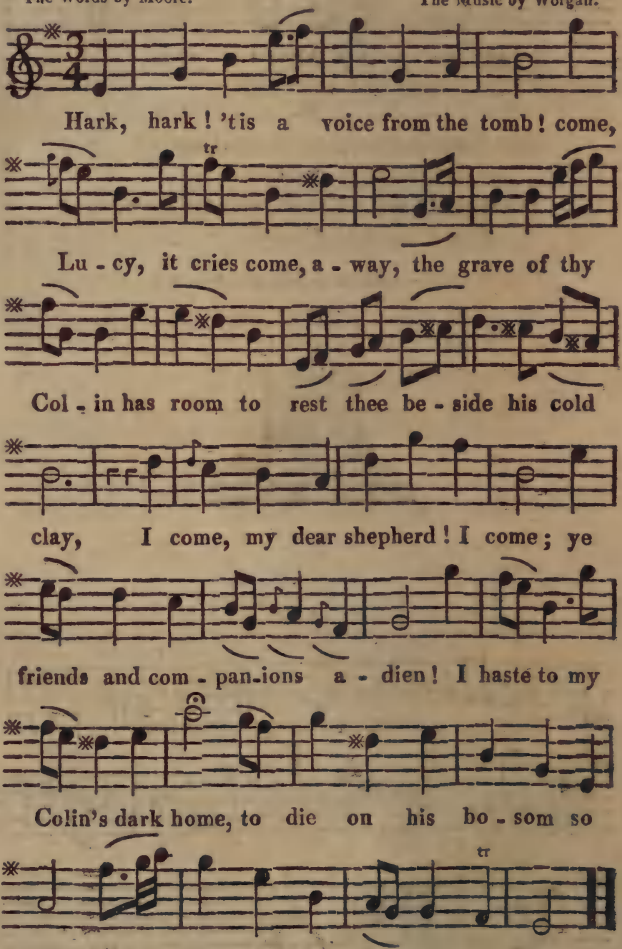
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
must never more return ;
what now shall fill these widow'd arms,
ah me ! my Anna's urn.

AIR.



LUCY.

The Words by Moore. The Music by Worgan.



II.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
when Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;
and forth to the green turf she sprung,
where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
her bosom embraced the cold ground,
while stormy winds over her blew,
and night ravens croak'd all around.

III.

'How long, my lov'd Colin!' she cried,
how long must thy Lucy complain?
how long shall the grave my love hide?
how long e're it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
with thee o'er the world would she fly;
for thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
for thee would she lie down and die.

IV.

Alas! what avails it how dear
thy Lucy was once to her swain!
her face as the lilly so fair,
and eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
that face and those eyes charm no more,
and Lucy forgot and alone,
to death shall her Colin deplore.'

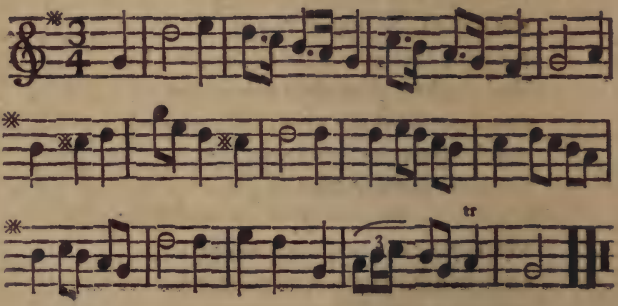
V.

While thus she lay, sunk in despair,
and mourn'd to the echoes around,
inflam'd all at once was the air,
and thunder shook dreadful the ground;

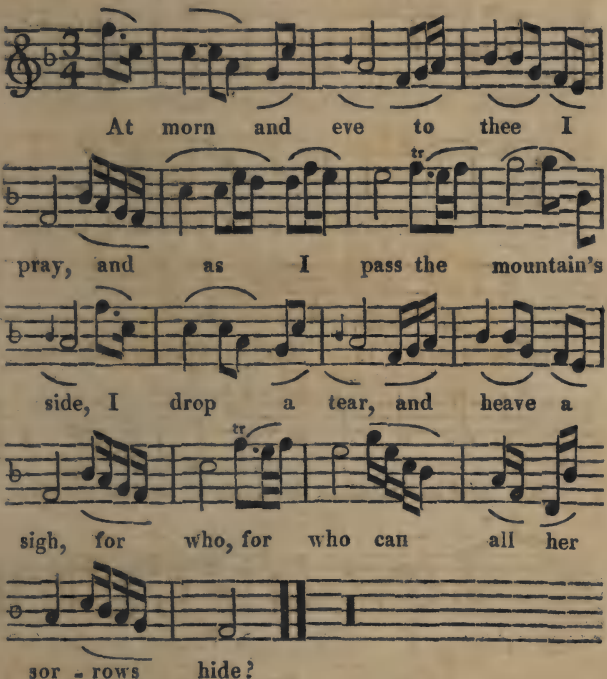
'I hear the kind call and obey;
O! Colin, receive me,' she cried:
then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
she lay on his tombstone and died.

AIR.

By J. Leach.



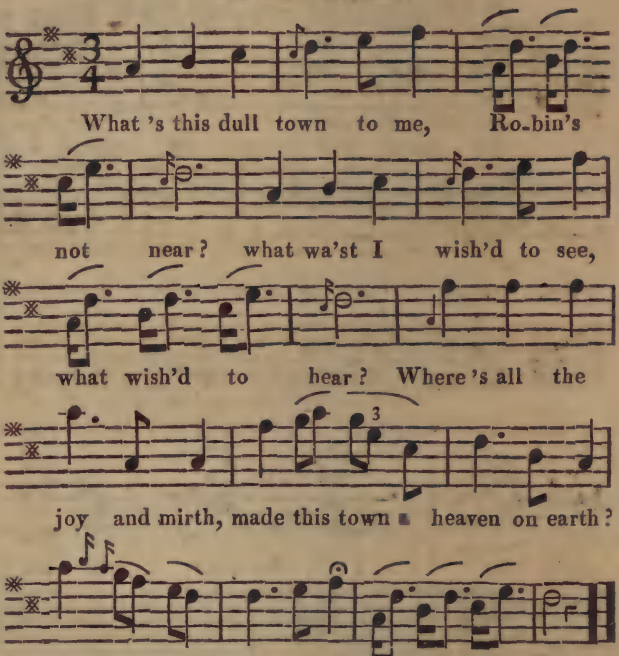
MARIA'S EVENING SERVICE.



II.

Oh! shower thy choicest blessings down;
Upon a hapless, cheerless maid,
Who wanders here, and quite forlorn,
Would fain return from whence she 's stray'd.

ROBIN ADAIR.

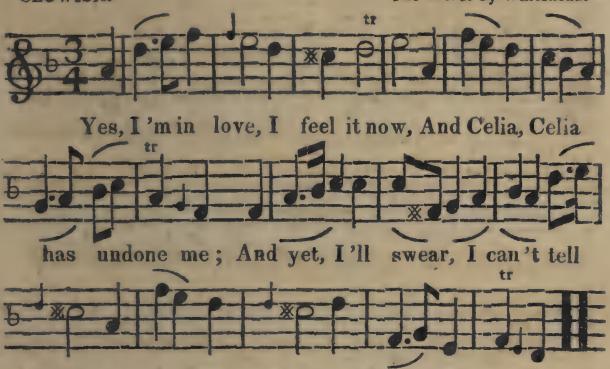


II.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

EPIGRAM.

SLOWISH. The Words by Whitehead.



II.

'T is not her face that love creates,
for there no graces revel;
t' is not her shape, for there the fates
have rather been uncivil.

III.

'T is not her air, for sure in that
there 's nothing more than common;
and all her sense is only chat,
like any other woman.

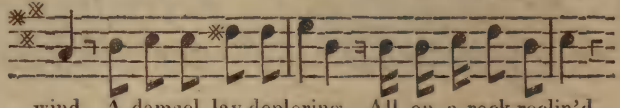
IV.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,
t' was both, perhaps, or neither;
in short, 't was that provoking charm
of Celia all together.

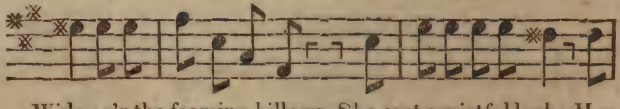
THE DEPLORING DAMSEL.

The Words by Gay. The Music by Jackson.

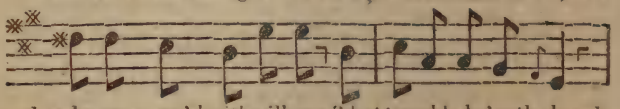
'T was when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of



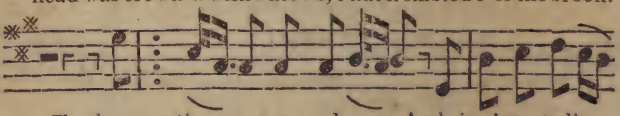
wind, A damsel lay deploring, All on a rock reclin'd.



Wide oe'r the foaming billows She cast a wistful look; Her

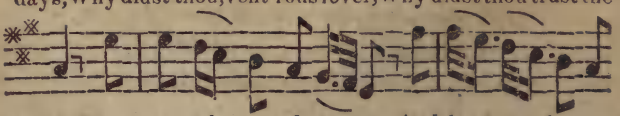


head was crown'd with willows, That trembled o'er the brook.

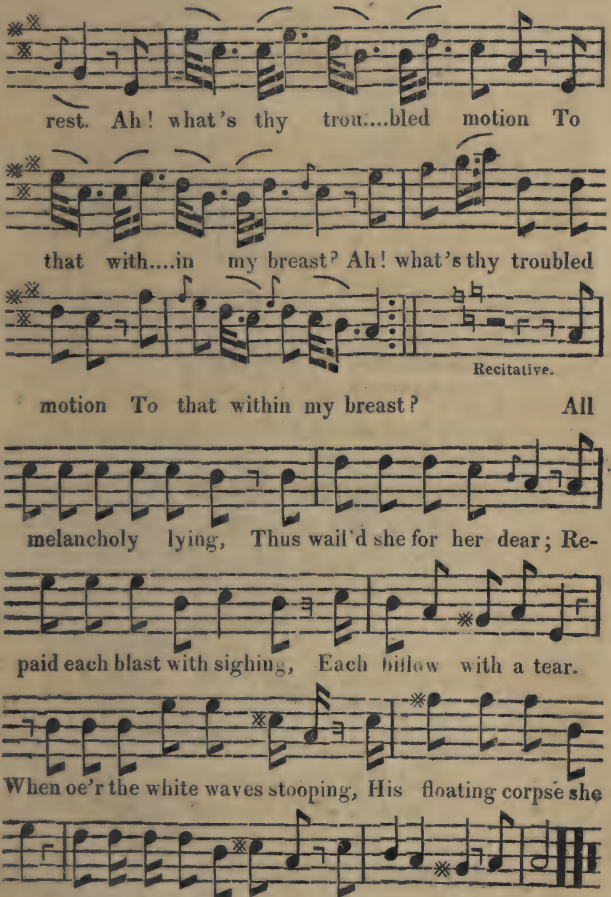


Twelve months are gone and over, And nine long tedious

days, Why didst thou, vent'rous lover, Why didst thou trust the



seas? Cease, cease thou cruel ocean, And let my lover


rest. Ah! what's thy trou....bled motion To
that with....in my breast? Ah! what's thy troubled
Recitative.
motion To that within my breast? All
melancholy lying, Thus wail'd she for her dear; Re-
paid each blast with sighing, Each billow with a tear.
When oe'r the white waves stooping, His floating corpse she
spied; Then like a lily drooping, She bow'd her head and died.

III.

'The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
views tempests with despair;
but what 's the loss of treasure
to losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
where gold and diamonds grow,
you 'd find a richer maiden,
but none that loves you so.

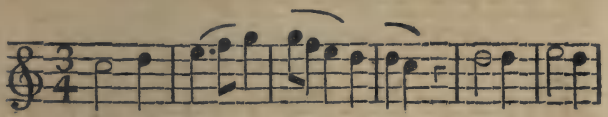
IV.

How can they say that nature
has nothing made in vain;
why, then, beneath the water,
do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
that lurk beneath the deep,
to wreck the wand'ring lover,
and leave the maid to weep.'

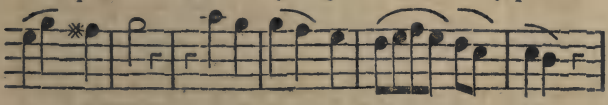
V.

Thus melancholy lying,
thus wail'd she for her dear,
repaid each blast with sighing,
each billow with a tear:
when oe'r the white waves stooping,
his floating corpse she spied;
then like a lily drooping,
she bow'd her head---and died.

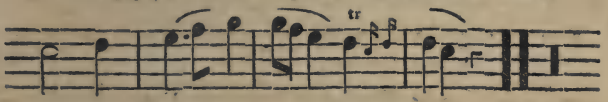
HOPE.



Hope! thou nurse of young desire, Fairy promis-



er of joy; Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,



Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy!

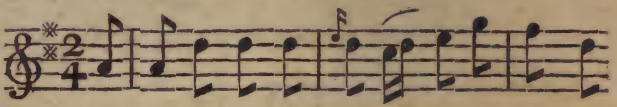
II.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
softest soother of the mind;
balmy cordial, prospect bright,
surest friend the wretched find!

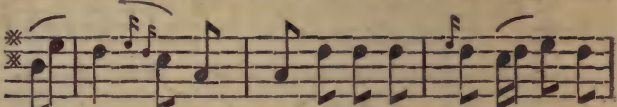
III.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
deal out pleasures unpossessed:
with thy dreams my fancy fill,
and in wishes make me blest.

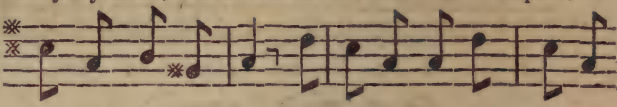
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.



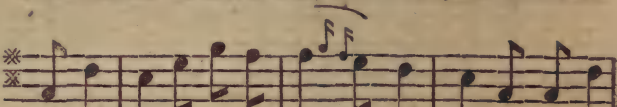
On Richmond hill there lives a lass, More bright than



Mayday morn, Whose charms all other maids surpass, A

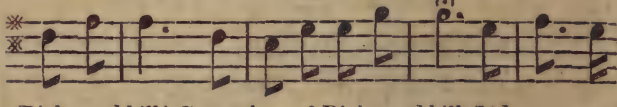


rose without a thorn. This lass so neat, with smiles so

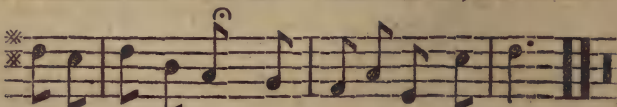


sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd crowns resign to

call her mine, Sweet lass of Richmond hill! Sweet lass of



Richmond hill! Sweet lass of Richmond hill, I'd crowns re-



sign, to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Richmond hill!

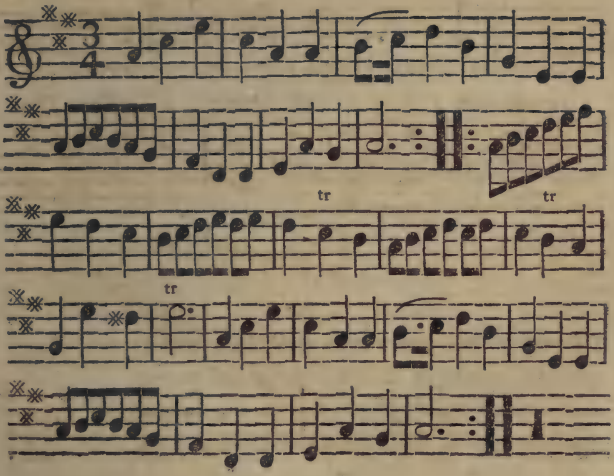
II.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
and wanton through the grove,
oh! whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.
This lass so neat, &c.

III.

How happy will that shepherd be,
who calls this nymph his own:
O may her choice be fixed on me,
mine 's fixed on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

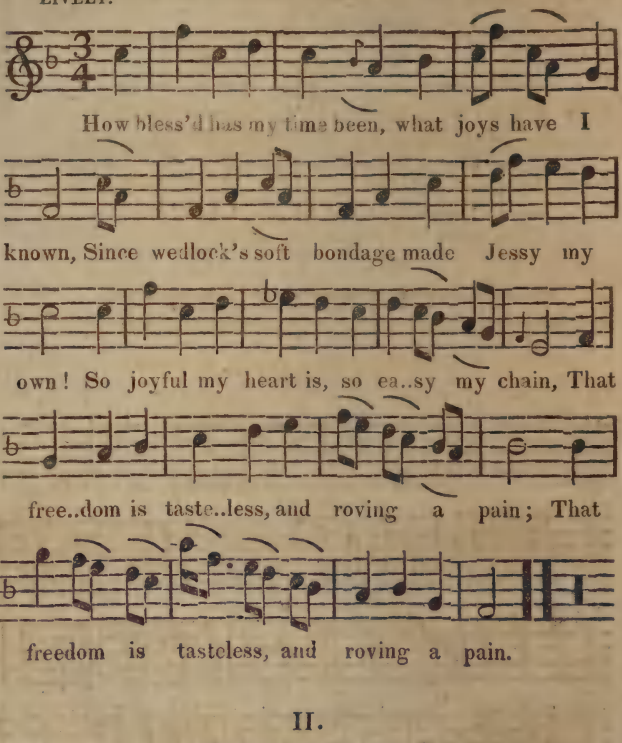
LLWYN ON.



CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

The Words by Moore.

LIVELY.



II.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
how pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
and borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

III.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
in revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
and meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

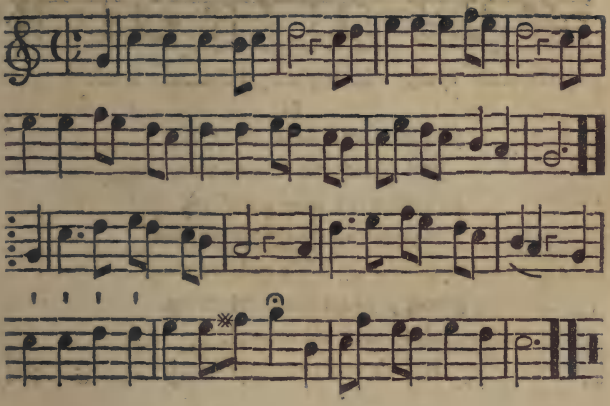
IV.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses it's hue,
her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
and gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

V.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
and cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
in search of true pleasure how vainly we roam!
to hold it for life, you must find it at home.

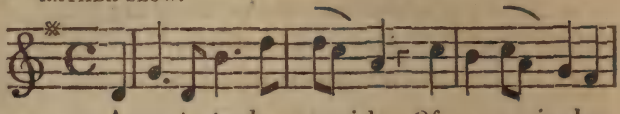
AIR FROM CORELLI.



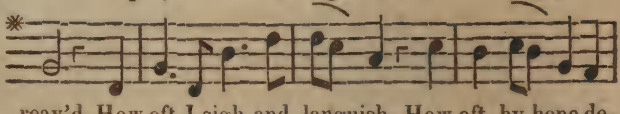
A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH.

The Music by Haydn.

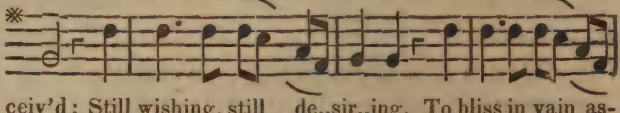
RATHER SLOW.



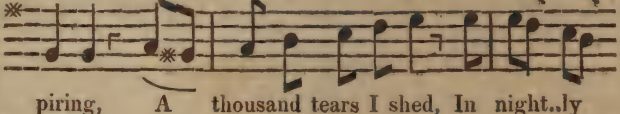
A prey to tender anguish, Of every joy be-



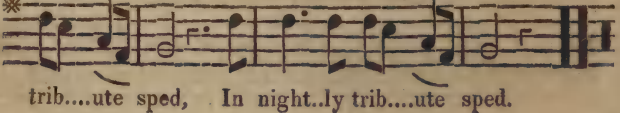
reav'd, How oft I sigh and languish, How oft by hope de-



ceiv'd; Still wishing, still de..sir..ing, To bliss in vain as-



piring, A thousand tears I shed, In night..ly



trib....ute sped, In night..ly trib....ute sped.

II.

And love and fame betraying,
and friends no longer true,
no smiles my face arraying,
no heart so fraught with woe,
so pass'd my life's sad morning,
young joys no more returning,
alas! now all around,
is dark and cheerless found.

III.

Ah! why did nature give me,
a heart so soft and true,
a heart to pain and grieve me,
at ills that others rue,
at other ills thus wailing,
and inward griefs assailing,
with double anguish fraught,
to throb each pulse is taught.

IV.

Ere long perchance my sorrow,
shall find it's welcome close,
nor distant far the morrow,
that brings the wish'd repose,
when death with kind embracing,
each bitter anguish chasing,
shall mark my peaceful doom,
beneath the silent tomb.

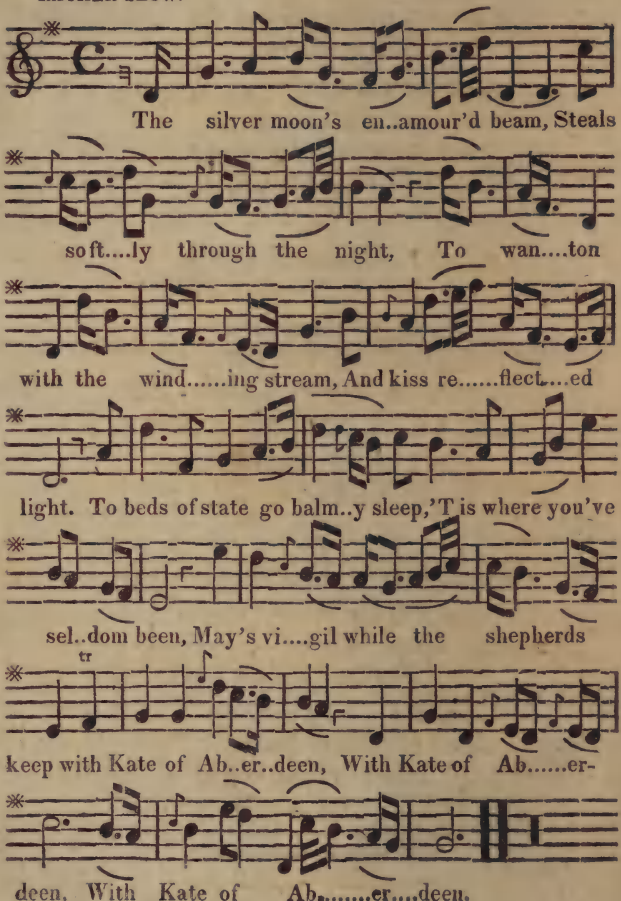
V.

Then cease my heart to languish,
and cease to flow my tears,
tho' nought be here but anguish,
the grave shall end my cares;
on earth's soft lap reposing,
life's idle pageant closing,
no more shall grief assail,
nor sorrow longer wail.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The Words by Cunningham. The Music by Battishill.

RATHER SLOW.



II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
in rosy chaplets gay,
till morn unbar her golden gate,
and give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
the promised May, when seen,
not half so fragrant, half so fair,
as Kate of Aberdeen.

III.

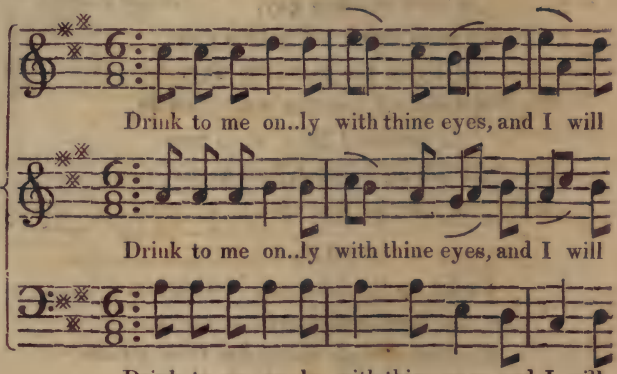
Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
we 'll rouse the nodding grove;
the nested birds shall raise their throats,
and hail the maid I love:
and see---the matin lark mistakes,
he quits the tufted green:
fond bird! 't is not the morning breaks,
't is Kate of Aberdeen.

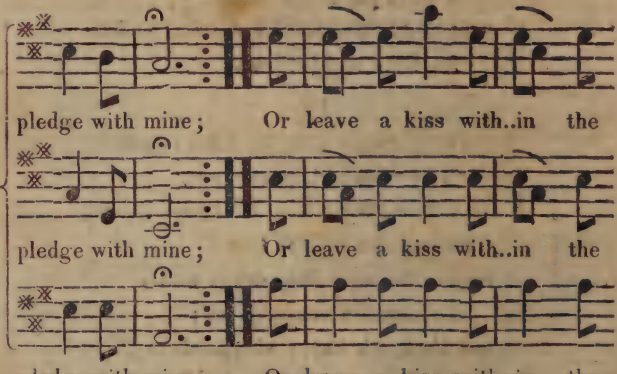
IV.

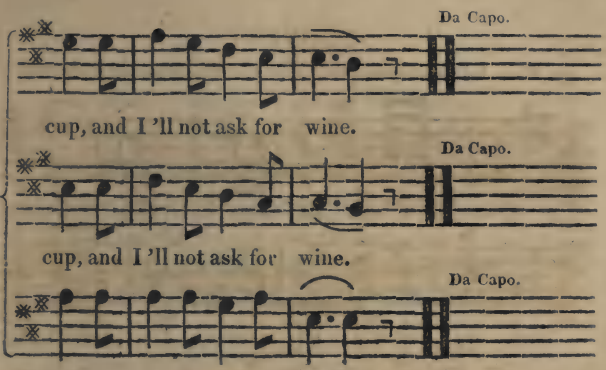
Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
where midnight fairies rove,
like them, the jocund dance we 'll lead,
or tune the reed to love:
for see the rosy May draws nigh;
she claims a virgin-queen;
and hark, the happy shepherds cry,
't is Kate of Aberdeen!

GLEE.

The Words by Ben Jonson.







II.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
doth ask a drink divine;
but might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

III.

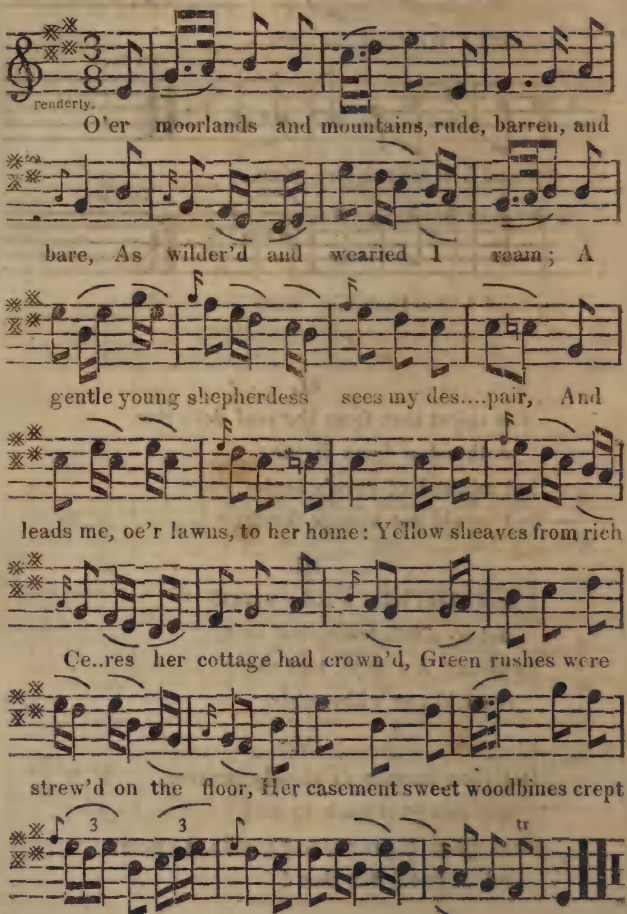
I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
not so much honouring thee,
as giving it a hope, that there
it could not withered be:

IV.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
and sent'st it back to me;
since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
not of itself, but thee!

CONTENT.

The Words by Cunningham. The Music by W. Goodwin.



II.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast;
fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:
while thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
love slily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,
(ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
'I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
'But take me, fond shepherd--- I'm thine.'

III.

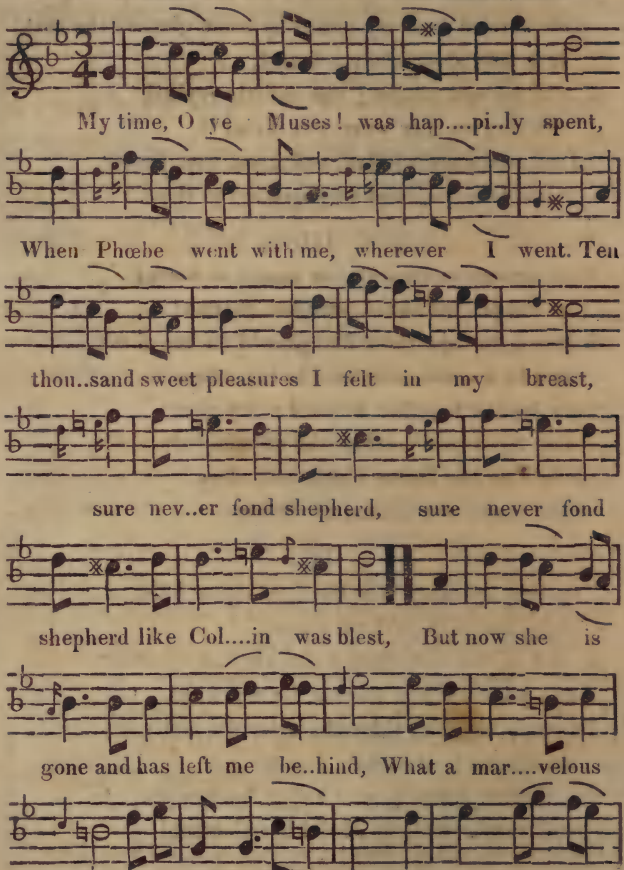
Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
so simple yet sweet were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
and lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
and if, by yon prattler, the stream,
reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
her image still softens my dream.

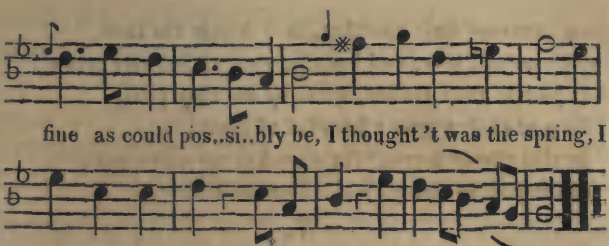
IV.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
delighted with pastoral views,
or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
and point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
the damsel's of humble descent;
the cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
and shepherds have nam'd her Content!

PHŒBE.

The Words by Byron. The Music by Dr. Croft.





II.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
to rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
my heart was as light as a feather all day:
but now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
so strangely uneasy as never was known;
my fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
and my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
and dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
't was pleasure to look at, 't was music to hear:
but now she is absent, I walk by its side,
and still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
'must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
'peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.'

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
and when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;

how pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
when spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
but now in their frolics, when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
'be still then,' I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad,
'to see you so merry, while I am so sad.'

V.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
and Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
'come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head:
but now, when he 's fawning, I, with a sour look,
cry, 'sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:
and I 'll give him another; for why should not Tray
be as dull as his master, when Phœbe 's away.

VI.

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen!
how fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
what a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
the corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made!
but since she has left me, though all are still there,
they none of them now so delightful appear:
't was naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes
made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood through,
the lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
and chirp went the grasshopper under our feet:
but now she is absent, though still they sing on,
the woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;

her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
and where is the violet's beautiful blue?
does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
that meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
ah, rivals! I see what it was that you drest,
and made yourselves fine for;—a place in her breast:
you put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
to be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

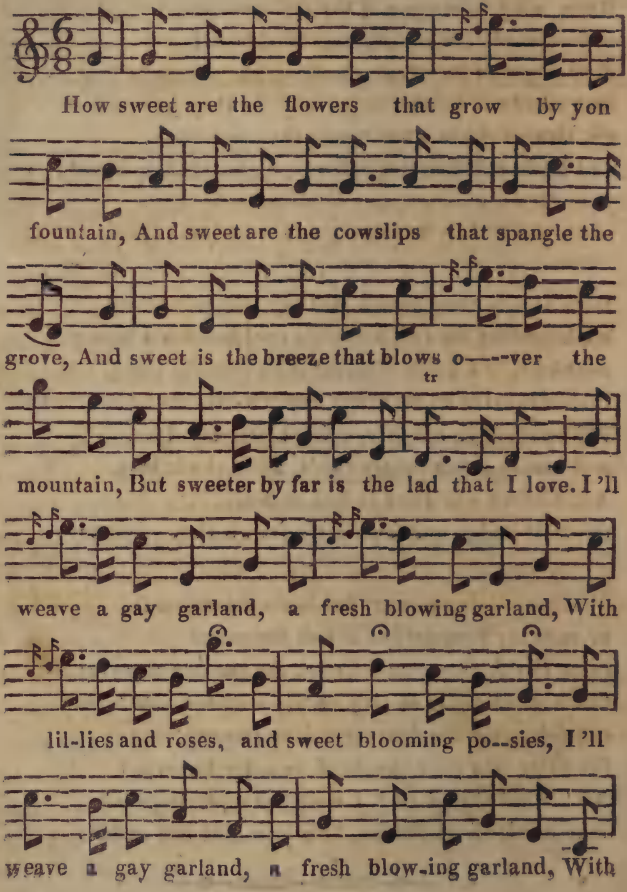
IX.

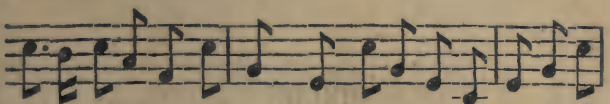
How slowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
while amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 't would melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
and rest so much longer for 't, when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

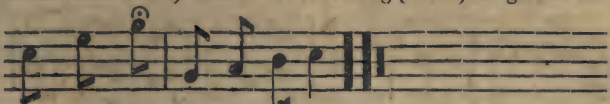
Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
to be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
but what swain is so silly to live without love?
no, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
for ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

THE LAD THAT I LOVE.





lil-lies and roses, and sweet blooming posies, To give to the

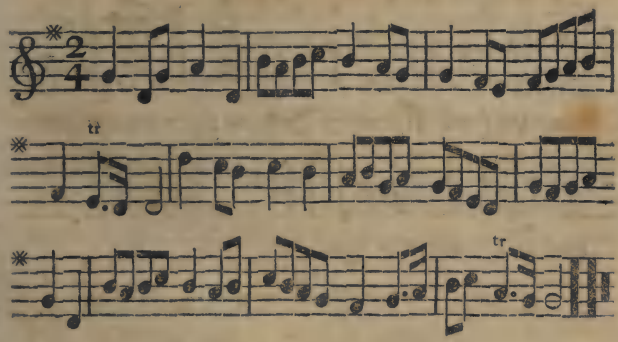


lad my heart tells me I love.

II.

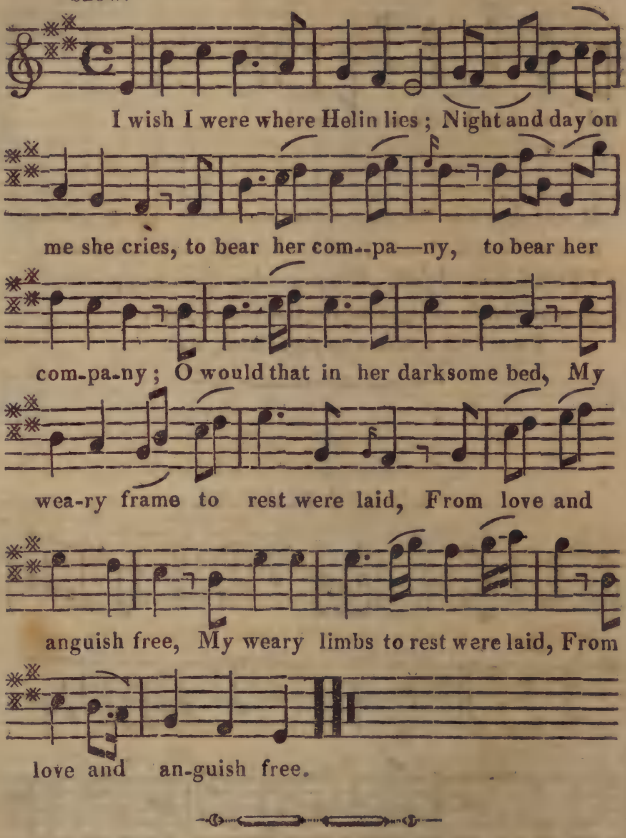
It was down in the vale where the sweet Torza gliding,
in murmuring stream ripples through the dark grove,
I own'd what I felt, all my passion confiding,
to ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.
Then I 'll weave a gay garland, &c.

ADESTE FIDELES.



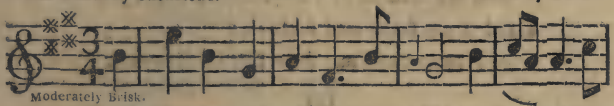
HELIN.

SLOW.

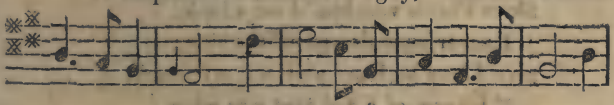

I wish I were where Helin lies ; Night and day on
me she cries, to bear her com--pa—ny, to bear her
com-pa-ny ; O would that in her darksome bed, My
wea-ry frame to rest were laid, From love and
anguish free, My weary limbs to rest were laid, From
love and an-guish free.

ABSENCE.

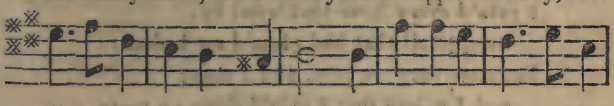
The Words by Shenstone. The Music by Arne.



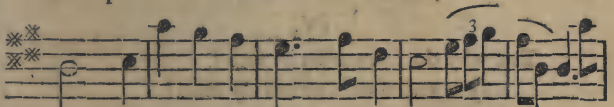
Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay, Whose flocks never



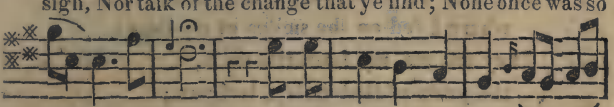
carelessly roam; Should Corydon's happen to stray, Oh!



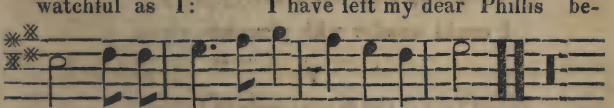
call the poor wanderers home. Allow me to muse and to



sigh, Nor talk of the change that ye find; None once was so



watchful as I: I have left my dear Phillis be-



hind, I have left my dear Phillis behind.

II.

Now I know what it is to have strove
with the torture of doubt and desire;

what it is, to admire and to love,
and to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
and the damps of each evening repel;
alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

III.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
may I lose both my pipe and my crook,
if I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
beyond all that had pleas'd me before:
but now they are past, and I sigh;
and I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

IV.

But why do I languish in vain?
why wander thus pensively here?
oh! why did I come from the plain,
where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
the pride of that valley, is flown;
alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

V.

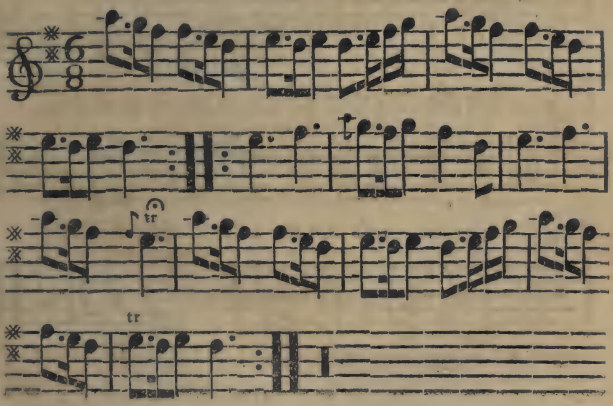
When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
what anguish I felt at my heart!
yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
my path I could hardly discern;
so sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

VI.

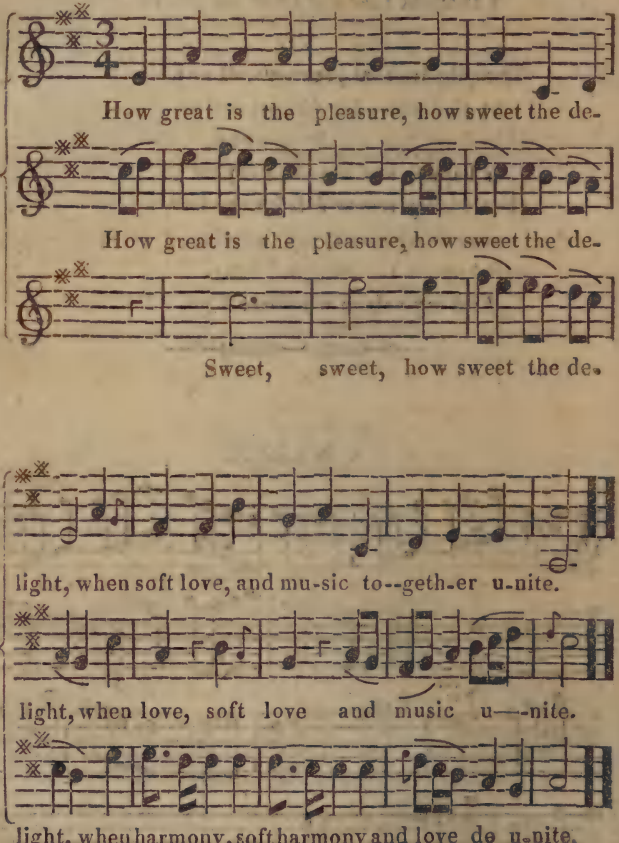
The pilgrim that journeys all day,
to visit some far distant shrine,
if he bear but a relique away,
is happy, nor heard to repine:
thus widely remov'd from the fair,
where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

A MARCH.

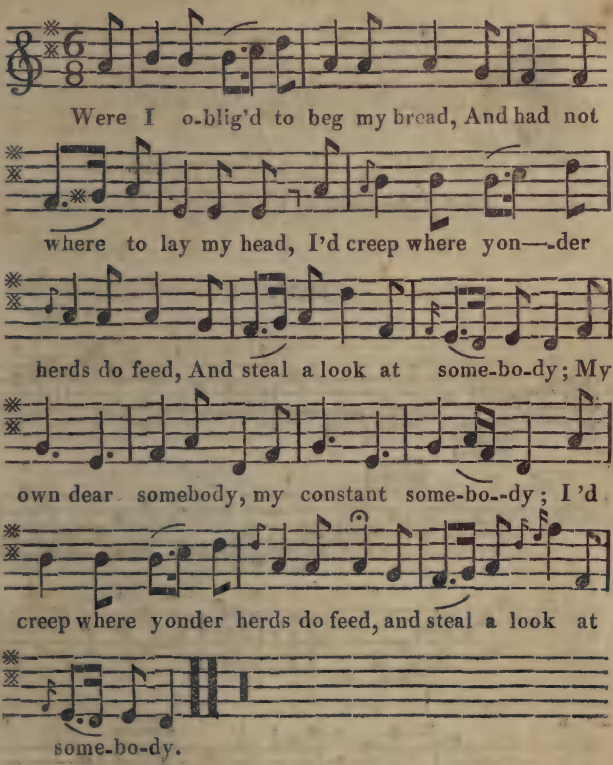


CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

The Music by Dr. Harrington.



SOMEBODY.



II.

When I 'm laid low, and am at rest,
and may be number'd with the blest,
oh! may thy artless, feeling breast,
throb with regard for somebody.

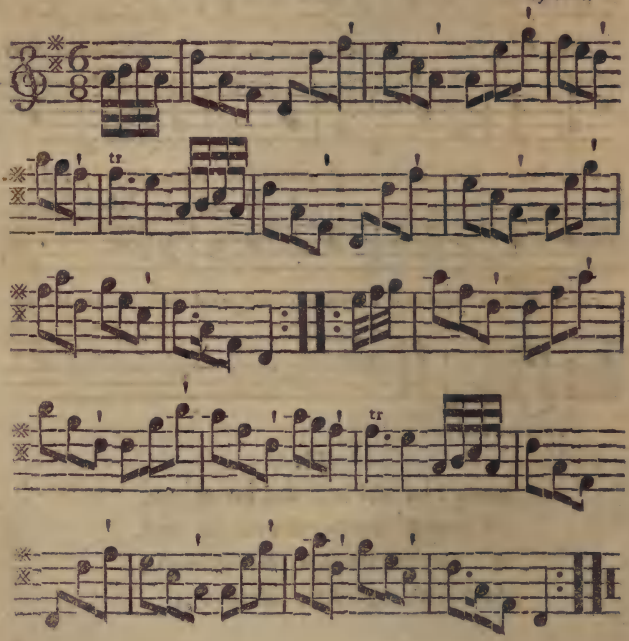
ah! will you drop the pitying tear,
and sigh for the lost somebody?

III.

But should I ever live to see
that form so much ador'd by me,
then thou 'lt reward my constancy,
and I 'll be blest with somebody:
then shall my tears be dried by thee,
and I 'll be blest with somebody.

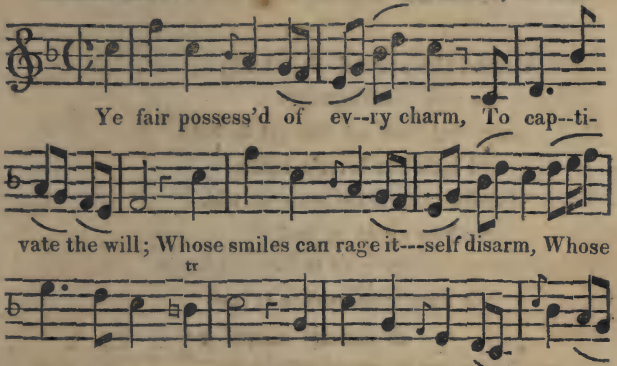
JIGG.

By Real.



THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

RATHER SLOW. The Music by Dr. Arne.



II.

Great is your power, but greater yet
mankind it might engage,
if, as ye all can make a net,
ye all could make a cage.

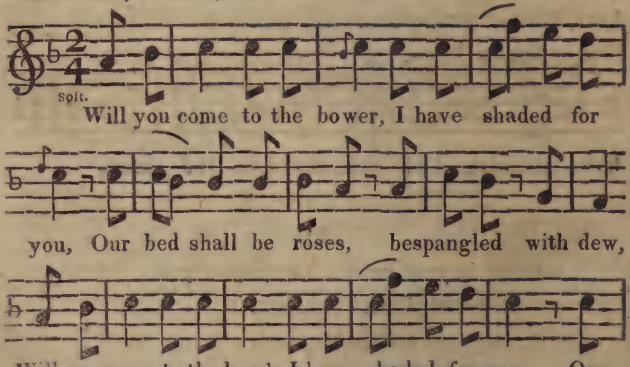
Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
for who 's to beauty blind?
but to what end a pris'ner make,
unless we 've strength to bind?

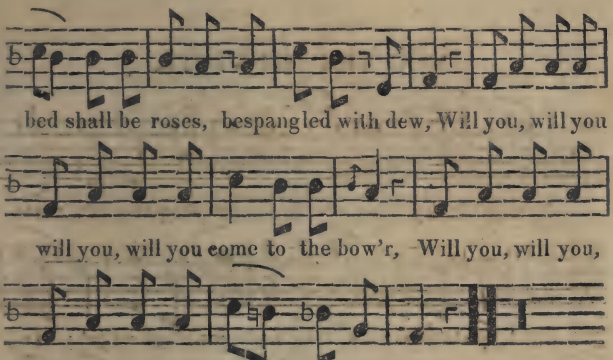
III.

Attend the counsel often told;
too often told in vain:
learn that best art, the art to hold,
and lock the lover's chain.
Gamesters to little purpose win,
who lose again as fast;
though beauty may the charm begin,
't is sweetness makes it last.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.

The Words by T. Moore, Esq.





II.

There under the bower, on soft roses you 'll lie,
with a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye,
will you, will you, will you, will you,
smile my belov'd?

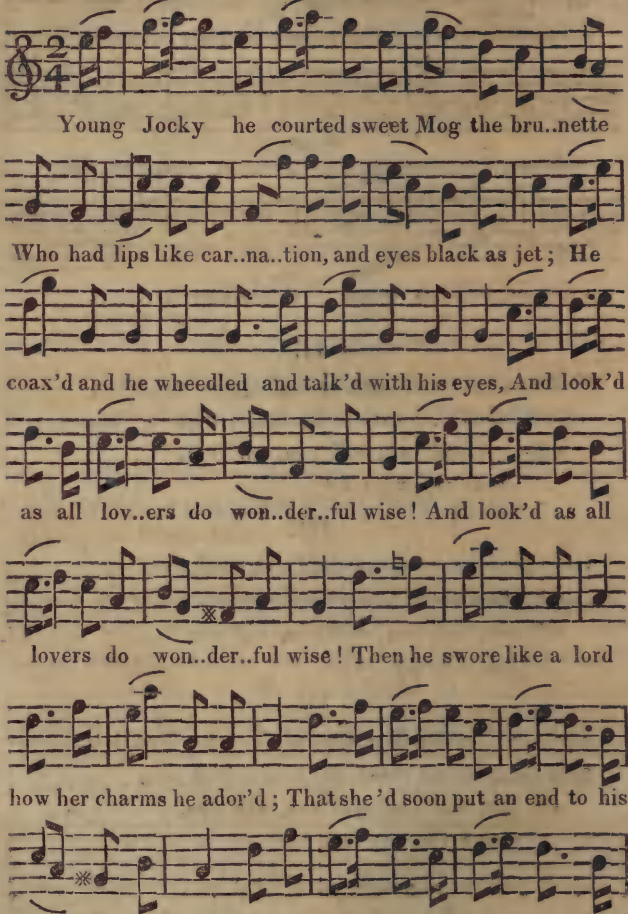
III.

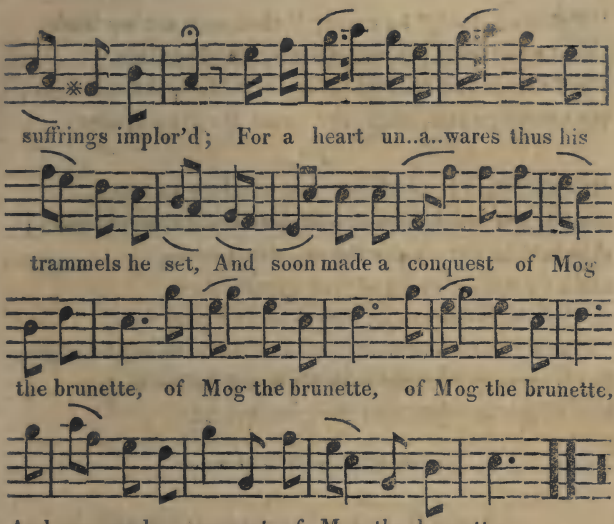
But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we 'll sip,
will you, will you, will you, will you
kiss me, my love?

IV.

And, oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,
from languishing roses, or kisses, from you,
will you, will you, will you, will you,
won't you, my love?

MOG THE BRUNETTE.





II.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
still kissing and fondling until they came there;
they call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,
and Jocky was happy, for Moggy was kind.
'T was now honey-moon, time expired too soon,
they revell'd in pleasure, night, morning, and noon;
he call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,
and the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the brunette.

III.

Then home they return'd; but return'd most unkind;
for Jocky rode on, and left Moggy behind;
surpris'd at this treatment, she call'd to her mate,
"why, Jocky! you 're alter'd most strangely of late!"

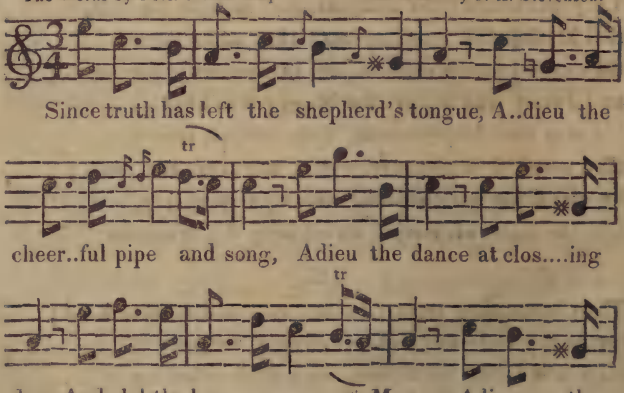
"Come on, fool," he cry'd, "thou now art my bride,
"and when folks are wed, they set fooling aside."
Hard names and foul words were the best she could get;
strange usage this, sure, for sweet Mog the brunette.

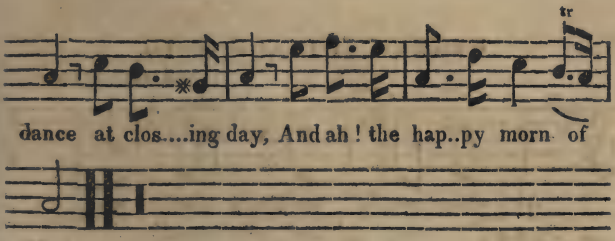
IV.

He took home poor Moggy new conduct to learn;
she brush'd up the house, and he thatch'd the old barn;
they laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
and now live as man and wife usually do;
as their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,
'twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon and night;
to his sorrow, he finds with his match he has met,
and wishes the devil had Mog the brunette.

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

The Words by Peter Pindar Esq. The Music by J. A. Stevenson.





II.

How oft he told me I was fair,
and wove the garland for my hair;
how oft for Marian cull'd the bower,
and fill'd my lap with every flower.

III.

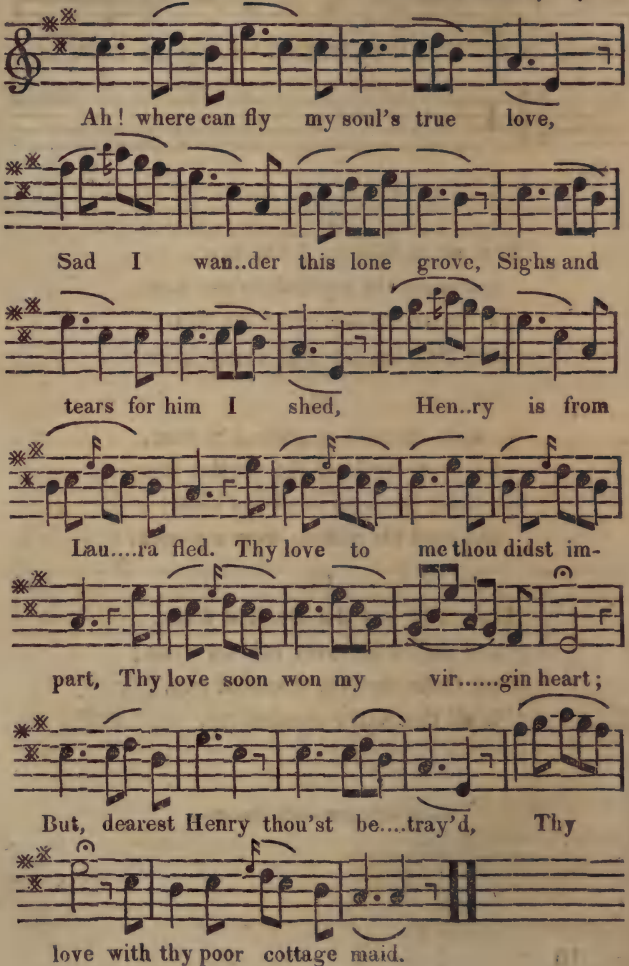
No more his gifts of guile I 'll wear,
but from my head the chaplet tear;
the crook he gave, in pieces break,
and rend his ribbons from my neck.

IV.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
and carv'd on every oak my name;
blush Colin that the wounded tree,
is all that will remember me.

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

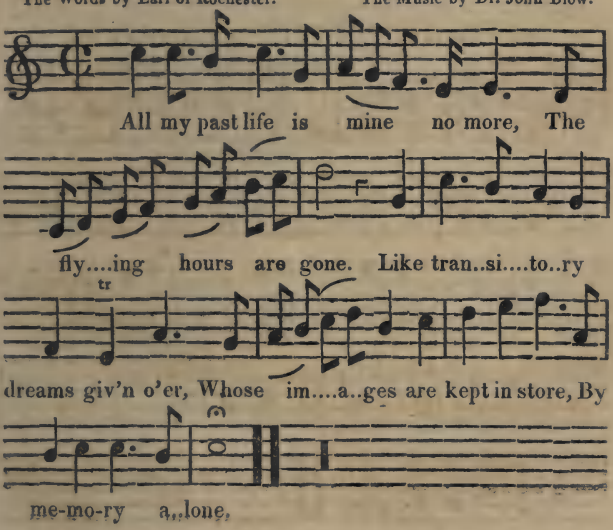
The Music by Pleyel.



Through the vale my grief appears,
sighing sad with pearly tears,
oft the image is my theme,
as I wander on the green:
see from my cheek the colour flies,
and love's sweet hope within me dies;
for, oh dear Henry, thou 'st betray'd
thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

ALL MY PAST LIFE.

The Words by Earl of Rochester. The Music by Dr. John Blow.



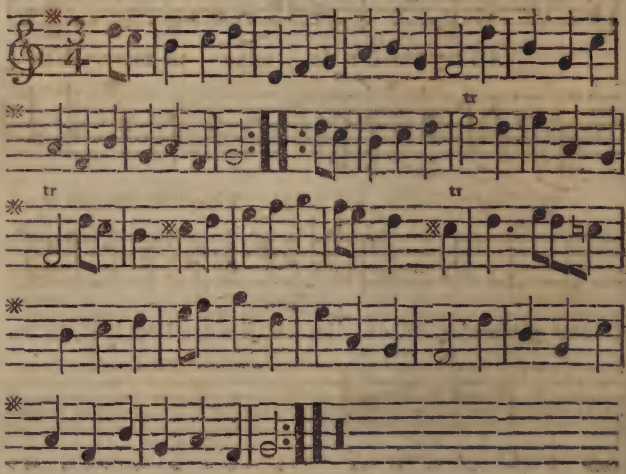
II.

Whatever is to come, is not;
how can it then be mine?
the present moment 's all my lot,
and that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.

III.

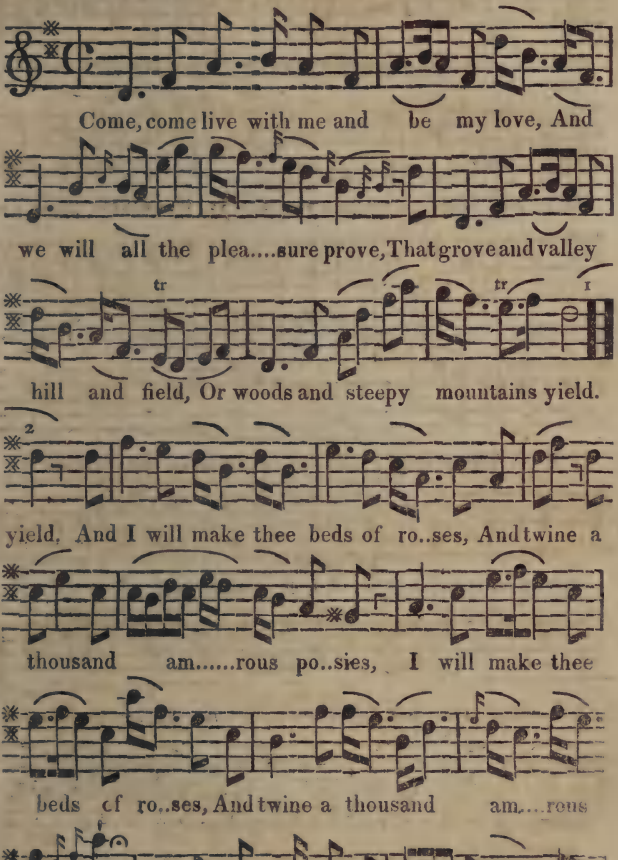
Then talk not of inconstancy,
false hearts and broken vows:
if I, by miracle, can be
this live-long minute true to thee,
't is all that Heav'n allows.

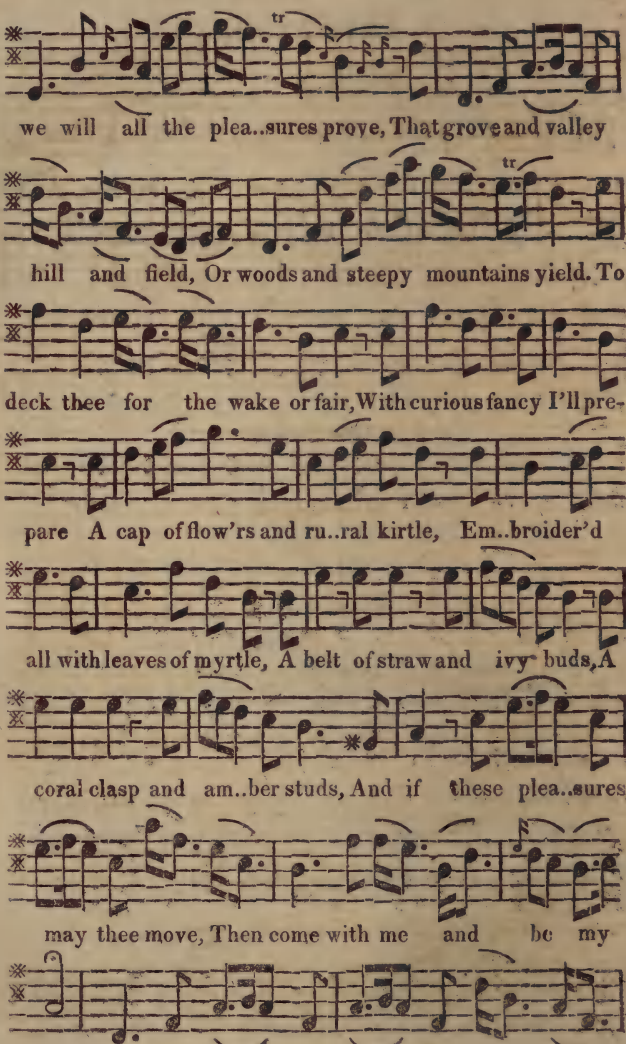
DIFFRRWCH ARGLWYDDES OWEN'S.

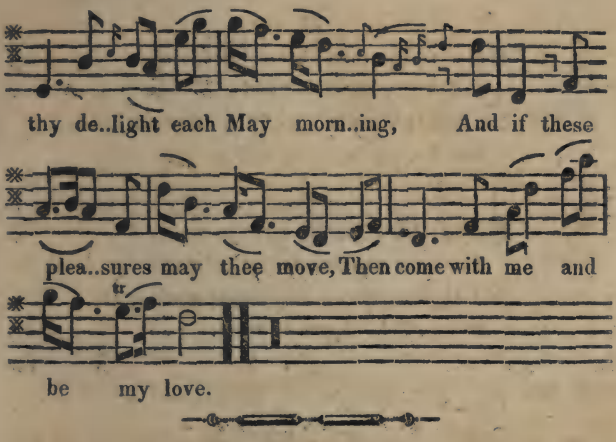


INVITATION.

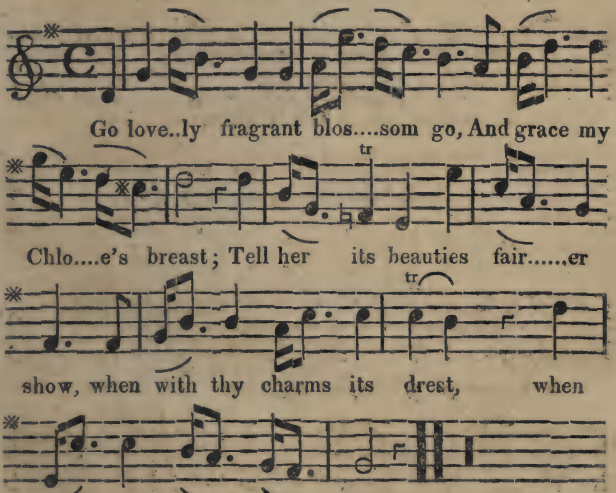
The Words by Marlow. The Music by Dr. Arne.




we will all the plea..sures prove, That grove and valley
hill and field, Or woods and steepy mountains yield. To
deck thee for the wake or fair, With curious fancy I'll pre-
pare A cap of flow'rs and ru..ral kirtle, Em..broider'd
all with leaves of myrtle, A belt of straw and ivy buds, A
coral clasp and am..ber studs, And if these plea..sures
may thee move, Then come with me and be my
love. Nymphs and swains shall dance and sing For


thy de..light each May morn..ing, And if these
plea..sures may thee move, Then come with me and
tr
be my love.

THE ROSE.


Go love..ly fragrant blos....som go, And grace my
tr
Chlo....e's breast; Tell her its beauties fair.....er
tr
show, when with thy charms its drest, when
with thy charms its drest.

II.

But near her face do not presume
to lift thy od'rous head;
her breath's more sweet than thy perfume
her lips more lovely red.

III.

But tell her plainly, tell the maid
tho' now she boasts her prime;
that all her charms like thine shall fade,
and feel th' effects of time.

IV.

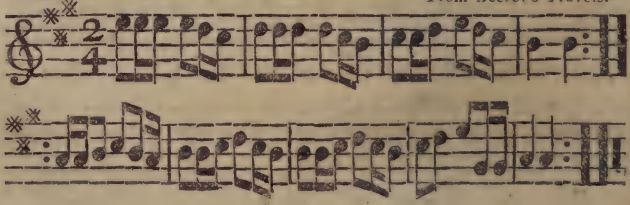
Then whisper softly in her ear,
that while her beauties stay;
't is best to bid adieu to fear,
and throw reserve away.

V.

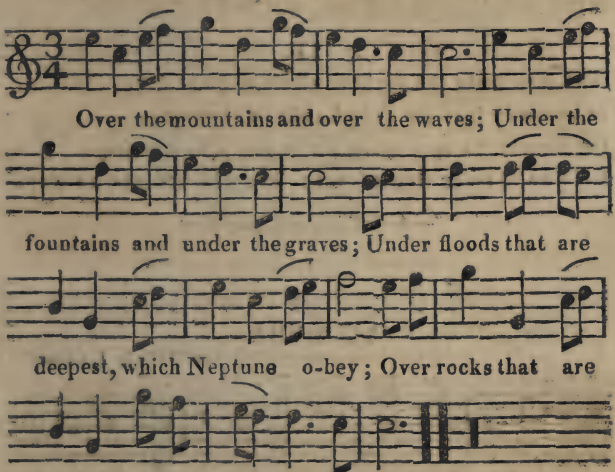
That roses which in deserts grow,
remote from ev'ry eye;
in useless beauty vainly blow,
and unregretted die.

LAPLANDISH AIR.

From Acerbi's Travels.



LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.



II.

Where there is no place for the glow-worm to lie;
where there is no space for receipt of a fly:
where the midge dare not venture, lest herself fast she lay;
if love come, he will enter, and soon find out his way.

III.

You may esteem a child for his might,
or you may deem him a coward from his flight;
but if she whom love doth honour, be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her, love will find out the way.

IV.

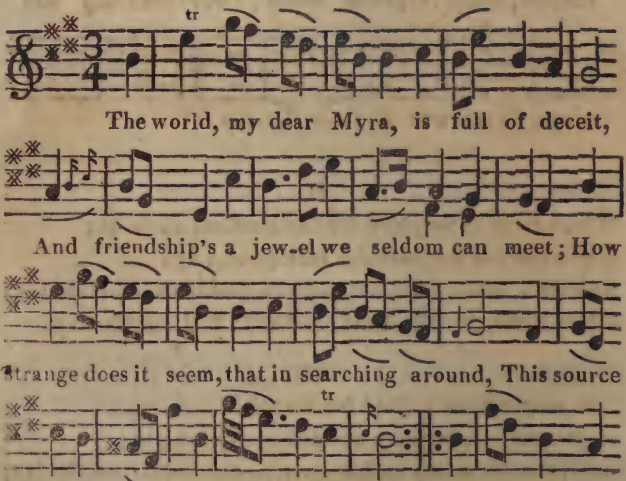
Some think to lose him, by having him confin'd;
and some e'en suppose him, poor thing! to be blind:
but if ne'er so close ye wall him, do the best that you may,
blind love, if so ye call him, will find out his way.

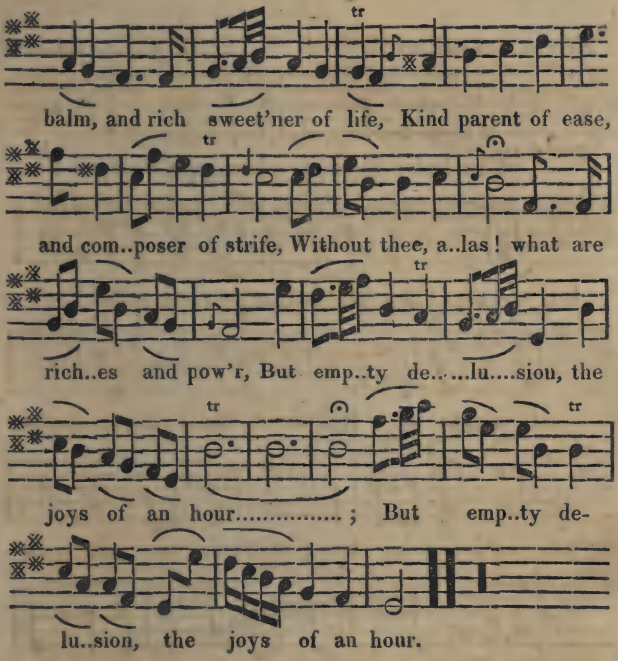
IV.

You may train the eagle to stoop to your fist;
or you may inveigle the phœnix of the east;
the lioness, ye may move her to give o'er her prey;
but you 'll ne'er stop a lover: love will find out his way.

TO MYRA.

The Music by J. Gerrard.





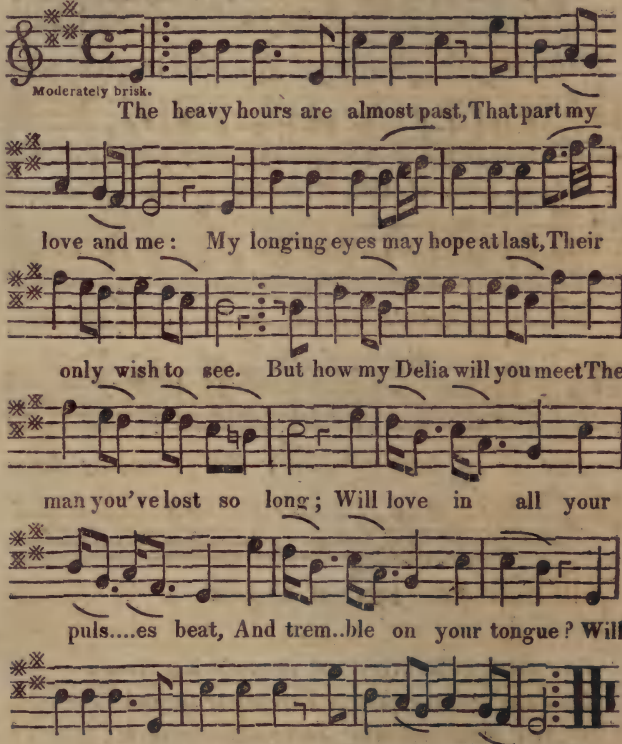
II.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend?
our joys, when extended, will always increase;
and griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

III.

When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
no longer to court you they eagerly press.

The Words by Lord Lyttelton. The Music by Jackson.



III.

Will you in every look declare,
your heart is still the same;
and heal each idly-anxious care,
our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
when shortly we shall meet;
and try what yet remains between
of loitering time to cheat.

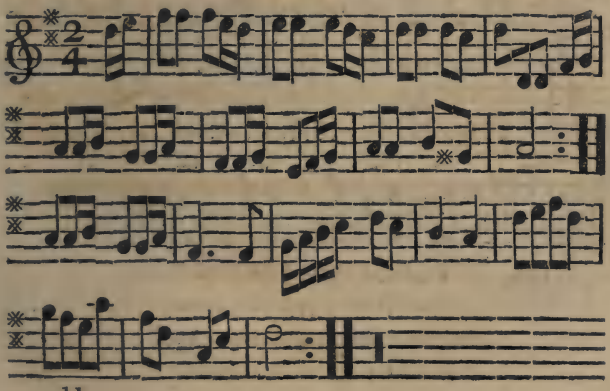
V.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
shall false and groundless prove;
if I am doom'd at length to find
you have forgot to love:

VI.

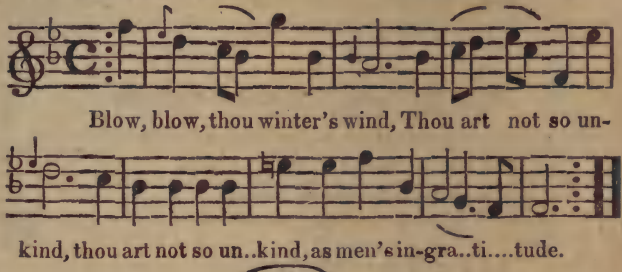
All I of Venus ask, is this;
no more to let us join:
but grant me here the flattering bliss,
to die and think you mine.

BLODAUR GRUG.



INGRATITUDE.

The Words by Shakespeare. The Music by Dr. Arne.

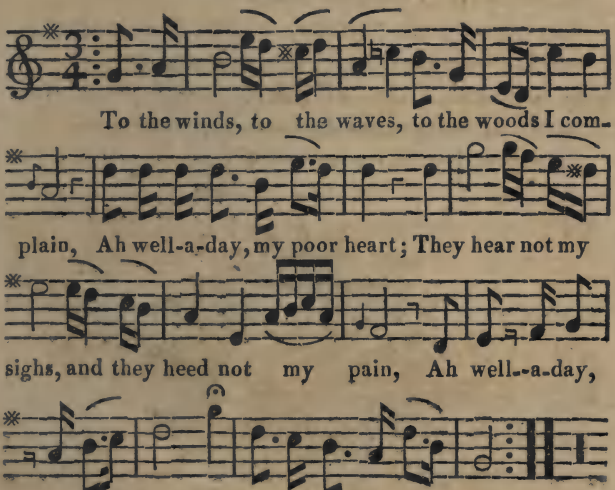


II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
thou dost not bite so nigh,

thou dost not bite so nigh,
as benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the waters warp,
thy sting is not so sharp,
thy sting is not so sharp,
as friend remember'd not:
thy sting is not so sharp,
as friend remember'd not,
as friend remember'd not.

AH WELL A DAY.



II.

The name of my Goddess I grave on each tree;
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!
't is I wound the bark, but love's arrows wound me,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!

III.

The heavens I view and their azure, bright skies,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!
my heaven exists in her still brighter eyes,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!

IV.

To the sun's morning splendour the poor Indian bows,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!
but I dare not worship where I pay my vows,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!

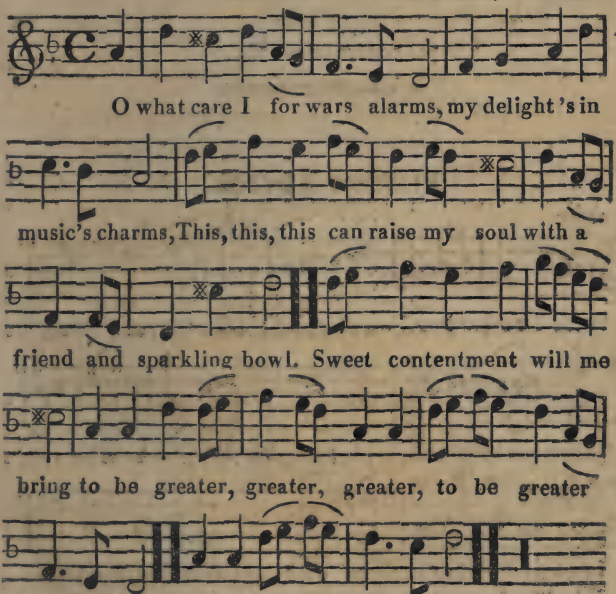
V.

His God each morn rises and he can adore,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!
but my Goddess to me must soon never rise more,
ah, well-a-day! my poor heart!

MORAL SONGS.

CONTENTMENT.

The Music by W. Tansur.

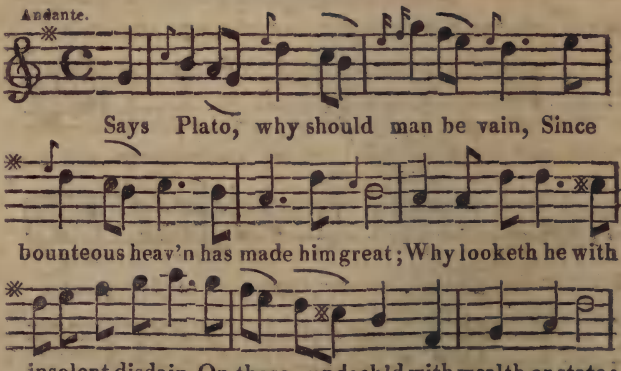


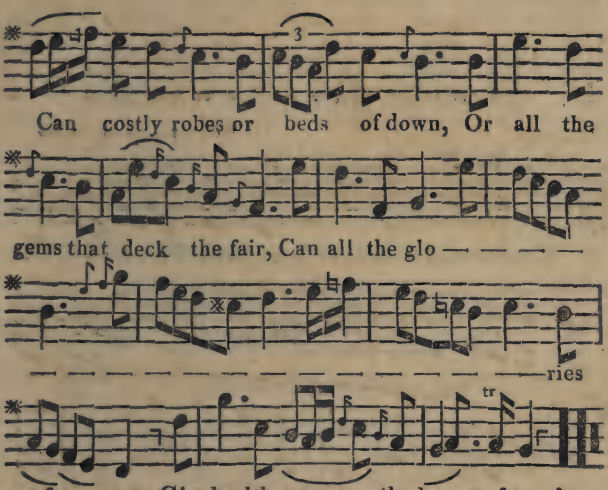
2 O what care I for things of state,
who looks high, or who looks great;
for who 's king I 'll ne'er contend,
while I 've music and a friend.
Sweet contentment, &c.

3 O what care I for miser's cares,
knavish plots, or monarch's tears;
envy ne'er shall urge my hate,
nor oppression make me great,
Sweet contentment, &c.

4 O what care I for fool or knave,
to their laws I 'll ne'er be slave
I 'll be constant to my friend
and enjoy a happy end.
Sweet contentment &c.

PLATO'S ADVICE.



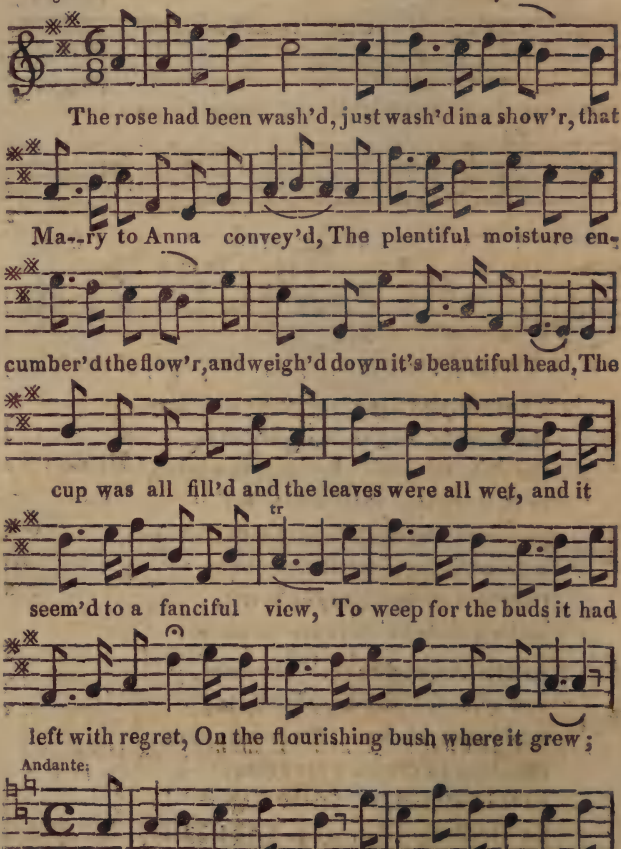


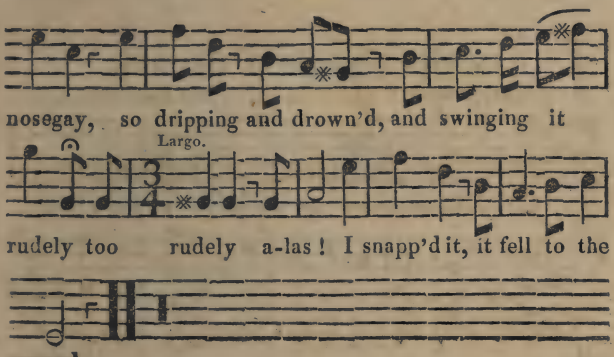
2 The sceptre'd king, the burthened slave,
the humble, and the haughty die;
the rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
in dust without distinction lie:
go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
who once the greatest titles bore;
their wealth and glory is bereft,
and all their honours are no more.

3 So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
and spreads along a gilded train;
when shot 't is gone, it's beauty dies,
dissolves to common air again;
so 't is with us, my jovial souls,
let friendship reign while here we stay,
let 's crown our joys with flowing bowls;
for when Jove calls we must obey.

THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

Larghetto. The Music by Mr. Webbe.

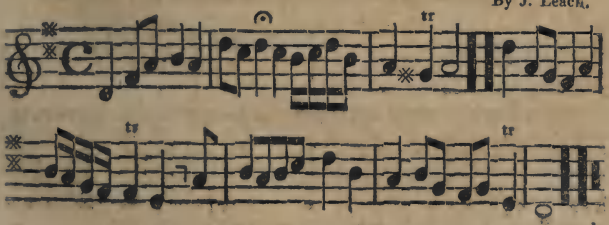




2 And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part,
some act by the delicate mind,
regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
already to sorrow resign'd;
this elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
might have bloom'd with it's owner awhile;
and the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
may be followed, perhaps, with a smile.

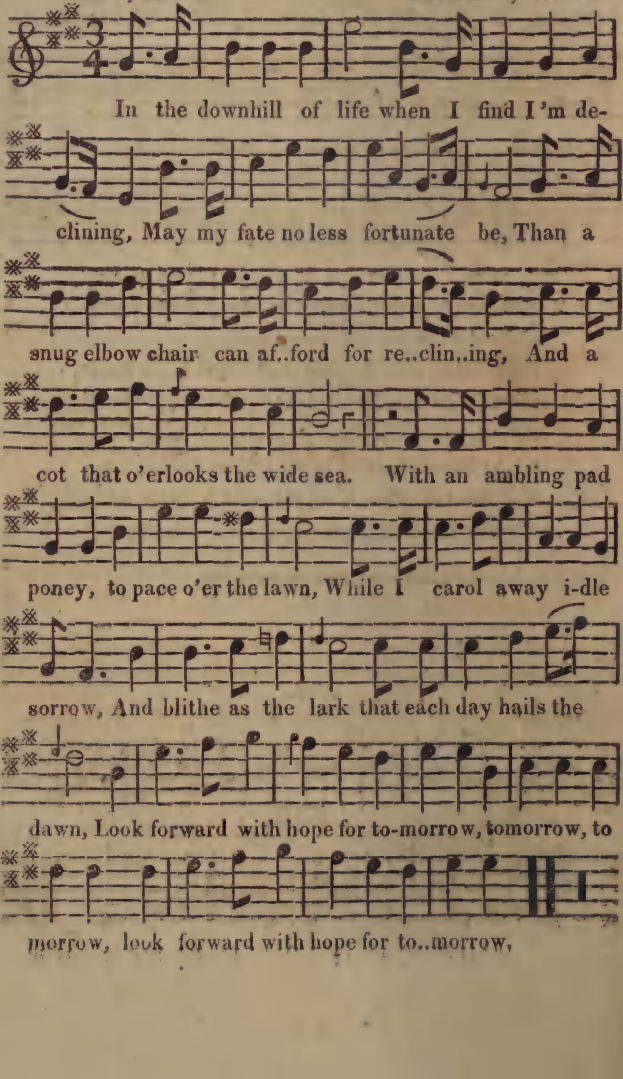
AIR.

By J. Leach.



IN THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

The Words by Collins. The Music by W. Reeve.

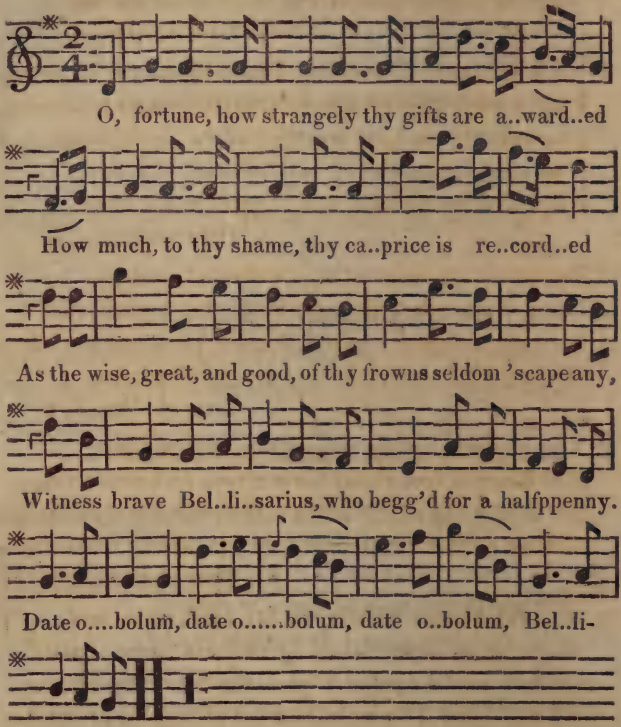


2 With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
as the sunshine or rain may prevail;
a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
and a barn for the use of the flail.
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
and a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I 'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
nor what honours await him to-morrow,

3 From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
at night, may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
by the sound of a murmuring rill;
and, while peace and plenty I find at my board,
with a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
with my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
and let them spread the table to-morrow.

4 But when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
which I 've worn for threescore years and ten,
on the brink of the grave I 'll not seek to keep hovering,
nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
but my face in a glass I 'll serenely survey,
and with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
as this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
may become everlasting to-morrow.

BELLISARIO.



2 He, whose fame from valour and vict'ries arose,
of his country the shield, and the scourge of her foes;
by his poor faithful dog, blind and aged, was led,
with one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread.
Date obolum, &c.

3 When a young roman knight, in the street passing by,
the vet'ran survey'd, with a heart-rending sigh;
and a purse in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear,
while the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear.
Date obolum, &c.

4 "I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome,
I have crown'd her with laurels, which for ages will bloom,
I 've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride and her power,
I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower.
Date obolum, &c.

5 Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wafted at random,
losing thousands their lives, with a nil desperandum;
but each conquest I gain'd, I made friend and foe know,
that my soul's only aim was pro publico bono.
Date obolum, &c.

6 I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave them;
I of Romans free rights never strove to bereave them;
nor to bow down their necks to the yoke, for my pleasure,
have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd its treasure.
Date obolum, &c.

7 Nor yet, for my friends, for my kindred, or self,
has my glory been stain'd by the base views of pelf;
for such sordid designs I 've so far been from carving,
old and blind, I 've no choice but of begging or starving.
Date obolum, &c.

8 Now, if soldier, or statesman, of what age or nation
he hereafter may be, should hear this relation;
and of eye-sight bereft, should, like me, grope his way,
the bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night into day.
Date obolum, &c.

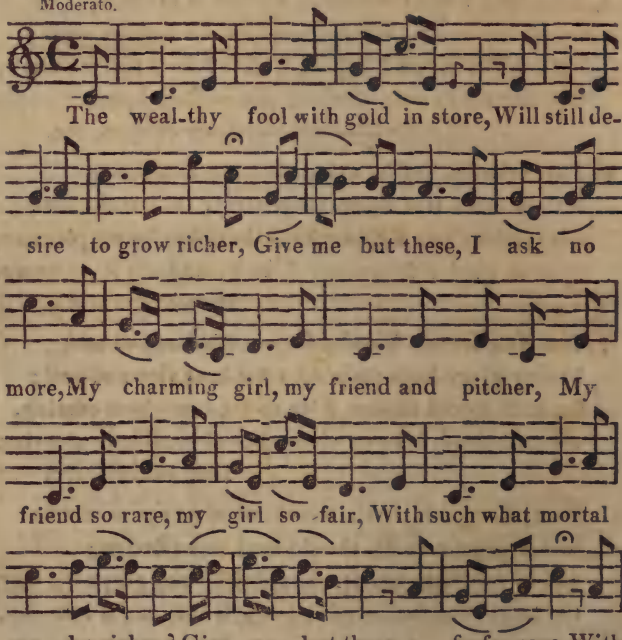
9 So I to distress and to darkness inur'd,
in this vile crust of clay when no longer immur'd,
at death's welcome stroke my bright course shall begin,
and enjoy endless day from the sunshine within."

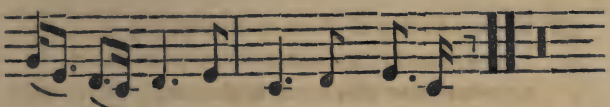
Date obolum, &c.

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The Words by O' Keefe. The Music by Shield.

Moderato.



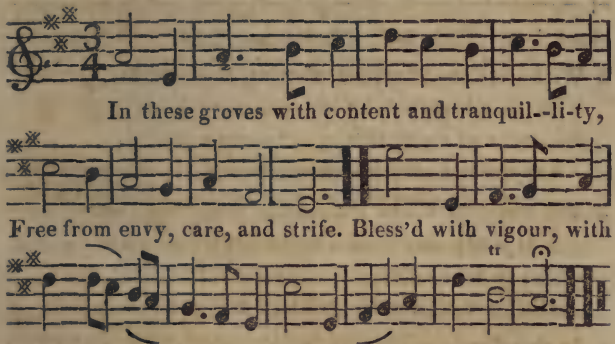


my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

2 From morning sun I 'd never grieve,
to toil a hedger or a ditcher,
if that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

3 Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her;
with all my heart can I be poor,
with my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

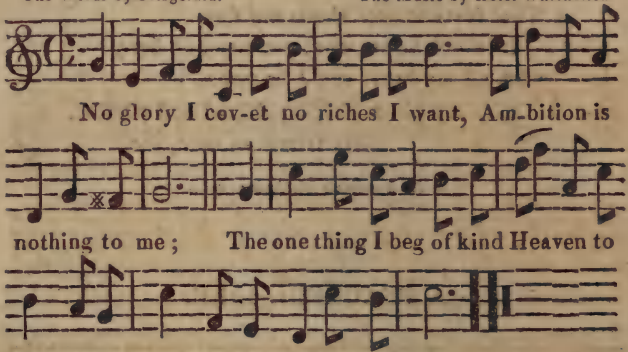
A PEACEFUL LIFE.



2 Endless circles of pleasure surrounding us,
ever cheerful, ever gay,
no perplexities ever confounding us,
life in comfort slides away.

NO GLORY I COVET.

The Words by Fitzgerald. The Music by Abiel Whichello.



2 With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
by reason my life let me square;
the wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
and the rest are but folly and care.

3 The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I 'll justly and gratefully prize;
whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
shall make me both healthful and wise.

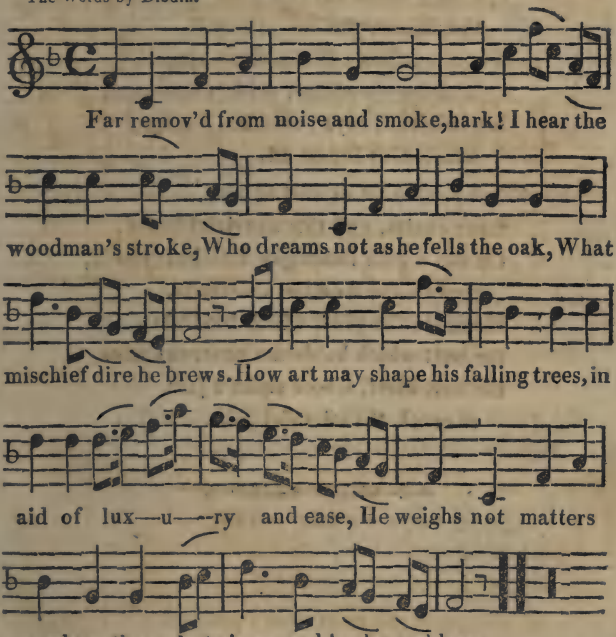
4 In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
unenvied I 'll challenge my part;

for every fair object my eyes can survey,
contributes to gladden my heart.

5 How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
the many their labours employ!
since all that is truly delightful in life,
is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

THE WOODMAN.

The Words by Dibdin.



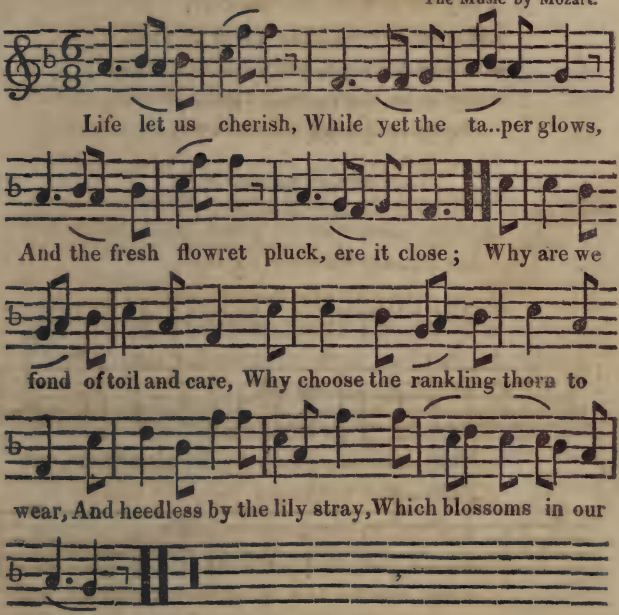
2 Perhaps now fell'd by this bold man,
that tree shall form the spruce sedan,
or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan
so runs her vulgar rig.
The stage where boxers crow'd in flocks,
or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
where smiles the parson's wig.

3 Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief!
the gibbet, on which hangs the thief,
the seat, where sits the grave Lord Chief,
the throne, the cobler's stall.
Thou pampers't life in every stage,
mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
for children, toys; crutches for age,
and coffins for us all.

4 Yet justice let us still afford,
these chairs, and this convivial board,
the bin which holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
confess the woodman's stroke.
He made the press which bled the vine,
the butt which holds the generous wine,
the hall itself, where tipler's join
to crack the mirthful joke.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

The Music by Mozart.



2 When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
and forked lightnings rend the air,
the sun resumes his silver crest,
and smiles adown the west.
Life let us &c.

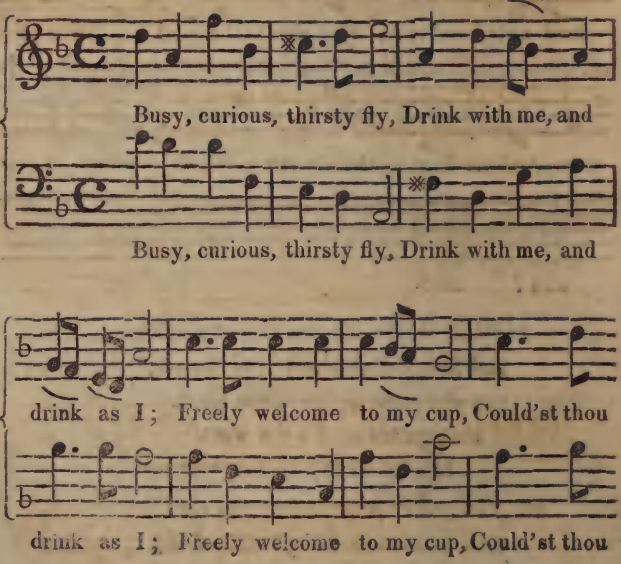
3 The genial seasons soon are oer,
then let us, ere we quit this shore,

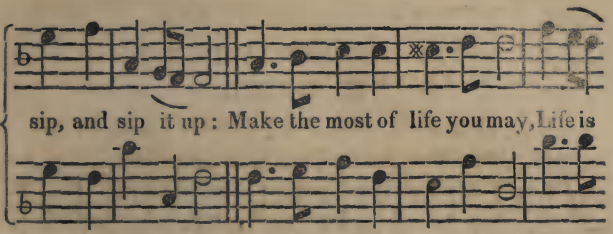
contentment seek; it is life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.
Life let us, &c,

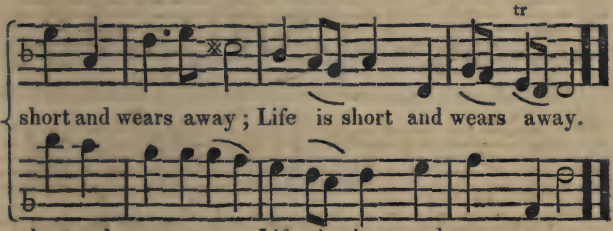
4 Away with every toil and care,
and cease the rankling thorn to wear.
with manful hearts life's conflict meet,
'till death sounds the retreat,
Life let us &c.

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

The Music by Dr. Green.



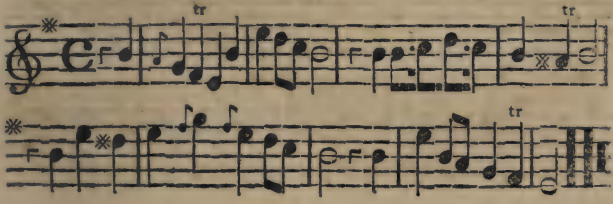




2 Both alike are mine and thine,
hastening quick to their decline:
thine 's a summer, mine no more,
though repeated to threescore;
threescore summers, when they 're gone,
will appear as short as one.

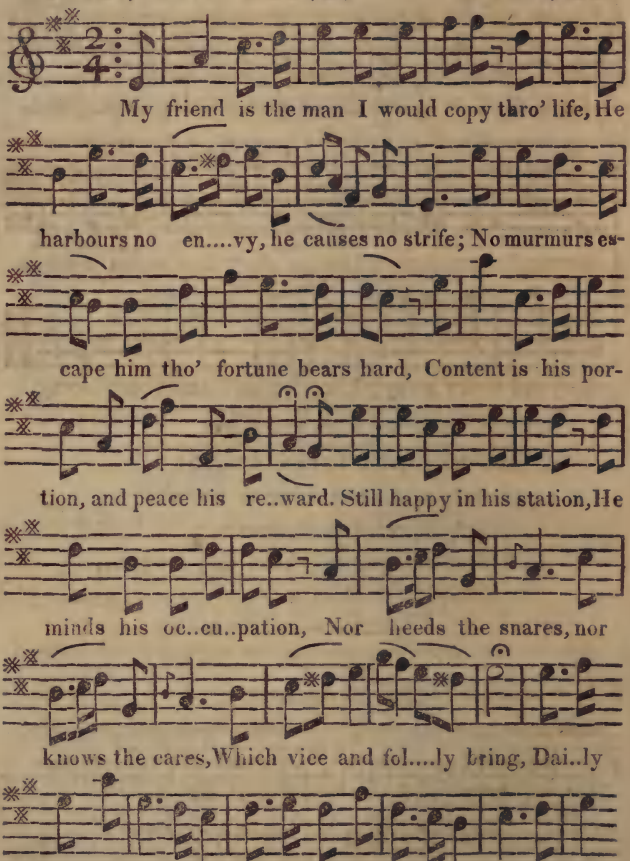
AIR.

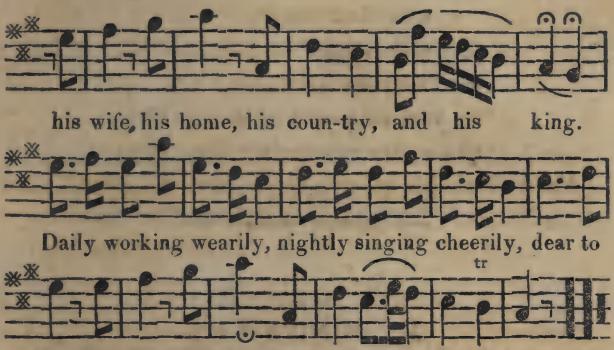
Bangor.



THE MODEL.

The Words by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. The Music by Hook.



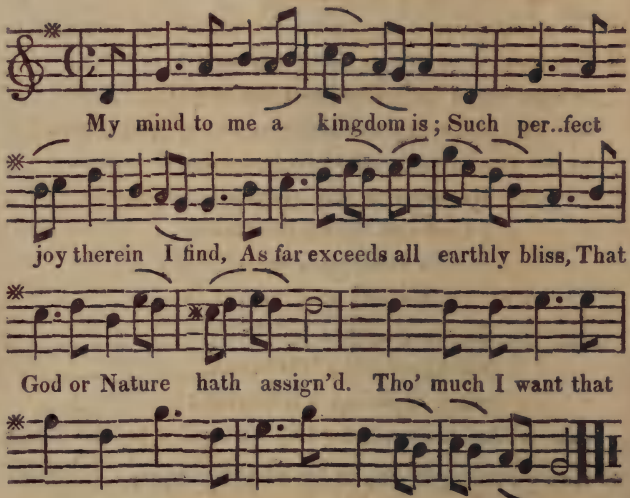


2 His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,
he lessens his little for others that want;
tho' his children's dear claims on his industry press,
he has something to spare for the child of distress.
He seeks no idle squabble,
he joins no thoughtless rabble;
to clear his way,
from day to day,
his honest views extend;
when he speaks 't is verily,
when he smiles 't is merrily;
dear to him, his sport, his toil, his honour and his friend.

3 How charming to find in his humble retreat,
that bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great;
the wife only anxious, her fondness to prove,
the playful endearments of infantine love.
Relaxing from his labours,
amid his welcome neighbours,

with plain regale,
with jest and tale,
the happy hero see.
No vain schemes confounding him,
all his joys surrounding him,
dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

MY MIND TO ME.



2 Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack, my mind supplies.

Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
content with that my mind doth bring.

3 I see how plenty surfeits oft,
and hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
mishap doth threaten most of all:
these get with toil, and keep with fear;
such cares my mind could never bear.

4 No princely pomp, nor wealthy store
no force to win a victory;
no wily wit to salve a sore,
no shape to win a lover's eye;
to none of these I yield as thrall;
for why? my mind despiseth all.

5 Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
they are but poor, though much they have;
and I am rich with little store:
they poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
they lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

6 I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
no worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

7 My wealth is health and perfect ease;
my conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
nor by desert to give offence:

thus do I live, thus will I die;
would all did so as well as I.

8 I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
for care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law:
my mind is such as may not move
for beauty bright or force of love.

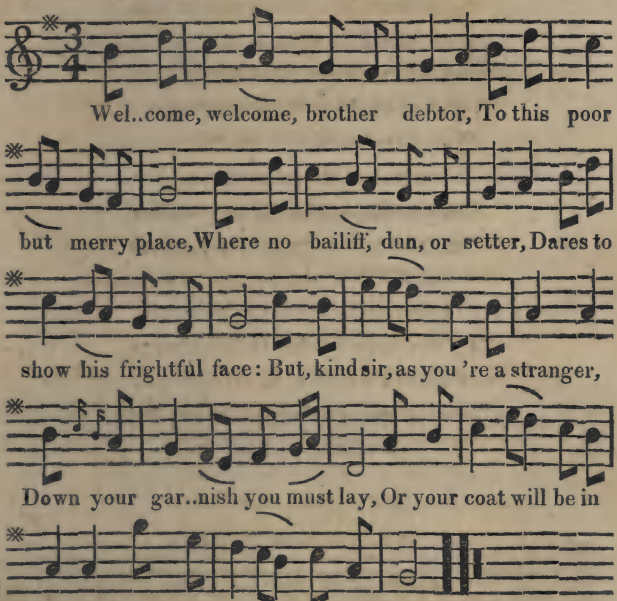
9 I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
in greatest storms I sit on shore,
and laugh at them that toil in vain
to get what must be lost again.

10 I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

11 No court, nor cart, I like nor loath;
extremes are counted worst of all:
the golden mean betwixt them both,
doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
this is my choice, for why? I find
no wealth is like a quiet mind.

THE DEBTOR'S SONG.

The Words by Coffey.

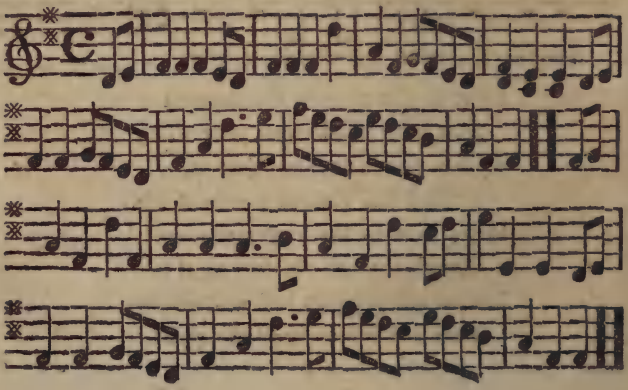


2 Ne'er repine at your confinement
from your children or your wife;
wisdom lies in true resignment,
through the various scenes of life.
Scorn to shew the least resentment,
though beneath the frowns of fate;
knaves and beggars find contentment,
fears and cares attend the great.

3 Though our creditors are spiteful,
and restrain our bodies here;
use will make a jail delightful,
since there 's nothing else to fear.
Every island 's but a prison,
strongly guarded by the sea:
kings and princes, for that reason,
prisoners are as well as we.

4 What was it made great Alexander
weep at his untimely fate?
'T was because he could not wander
beyond this world's strong prison-gate:
for the world is also bounded
by the heavens and stars above;
why should we then be confounded,
since there 's nothing free but love.

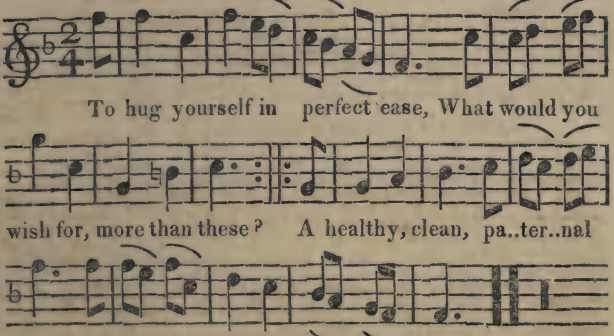
WHITE COCKADE.



RURAL SONGS.

TO HUG YOURSELF.

The Words by Bedingfield. The Music by Dieupart.



2 A little parlour stove, to hold
a constant fire from winter's cold,
where you may sit, and think, and sing,
far off from court, God bless the king!

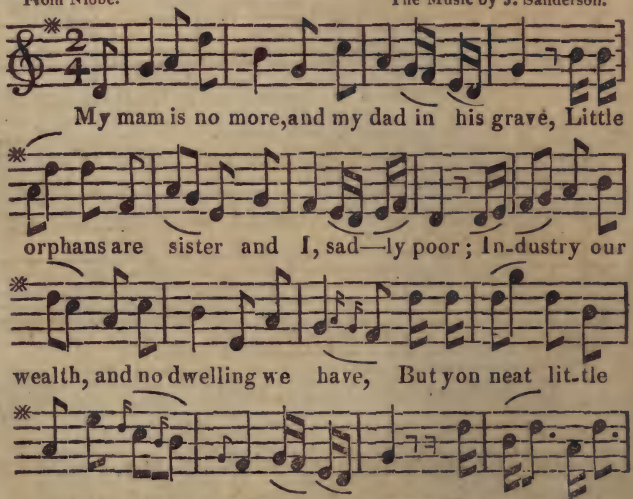
3 Safe from the harpies of the law,
from party-rage, and great man's paw;
have choice few friends of your own taste;
a wife agreeable and chaste.

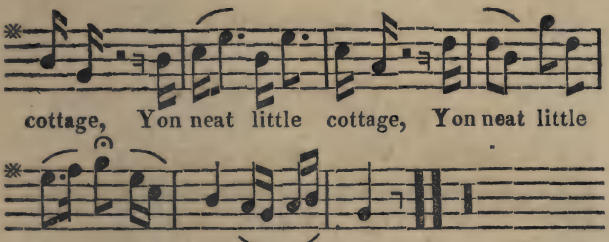
4 An open, but yet cautious mind,
where guilty cares no entrance find;
nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
to break the sabbath of the night.

5 Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
few taylors', and no doctors' bills;
content to take, as Heaven shall please,
a longer or a shorter lease.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

From Niobe. The Music by J. Sanderson.

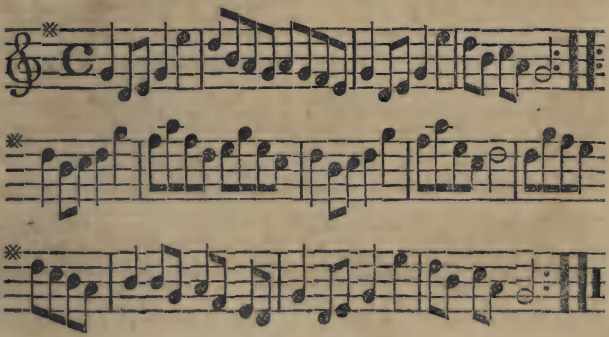




2 The lark's early song does to labour invite,
contented we just keep the wolf from the door,
and Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
to our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

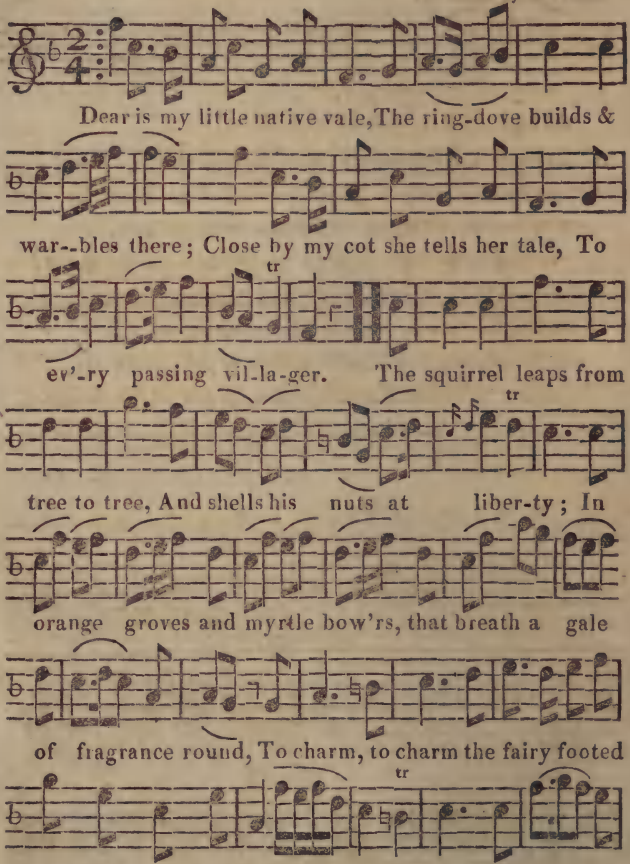
3 Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
affection 's our inmate, the guest we adore,
and heart-ease and health makes a palace appear,
of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

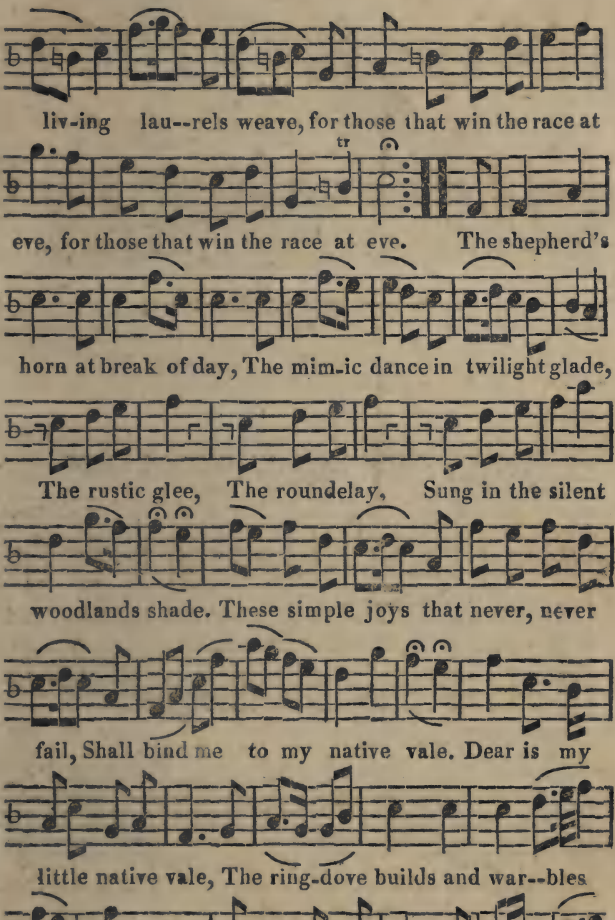
SUKEY BIDS ME.

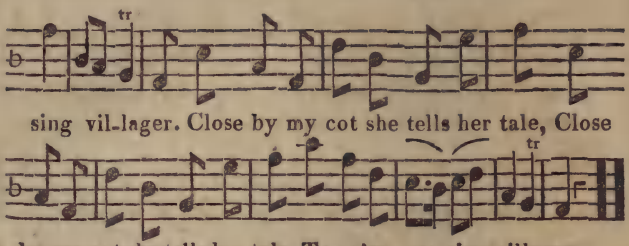


DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

The Music by Mr. Hook.

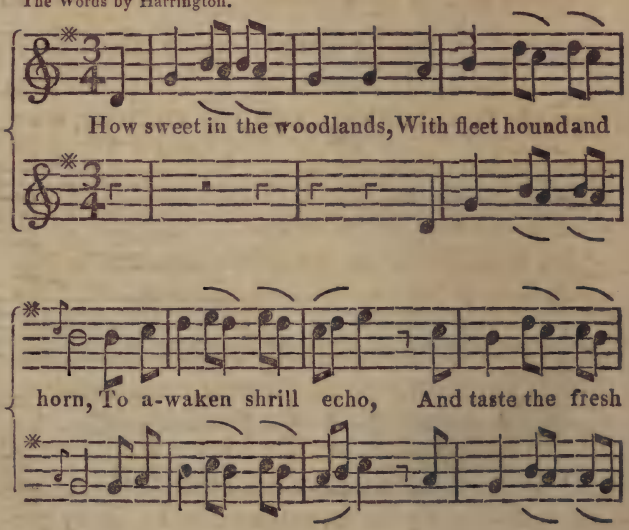


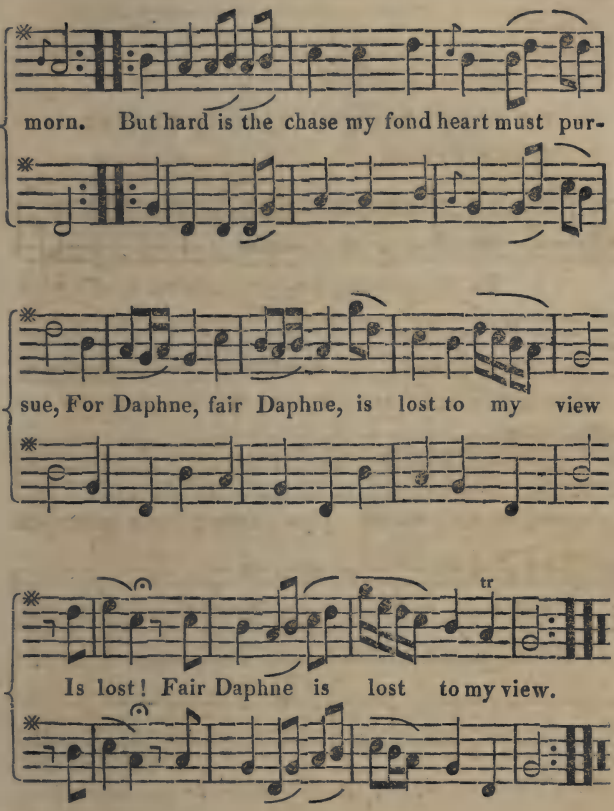

liv-ing lau--rels weave, for those that win the race at
tr
eve, for those that win the race at eve. The shepherd's
horn at break of day, The mim-ic dance in twilight glade,
The rustic glee, The roundelay, Sung in the silent
woodlands shade. These simple joys that never, never
fail, Shall bind me to my native vale. Dear is my
little native vale, The ring-dove builds and war--bles
there, Close by my cot she tells her tale, To ev'-ry pas-



HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

The Words by Harrington.

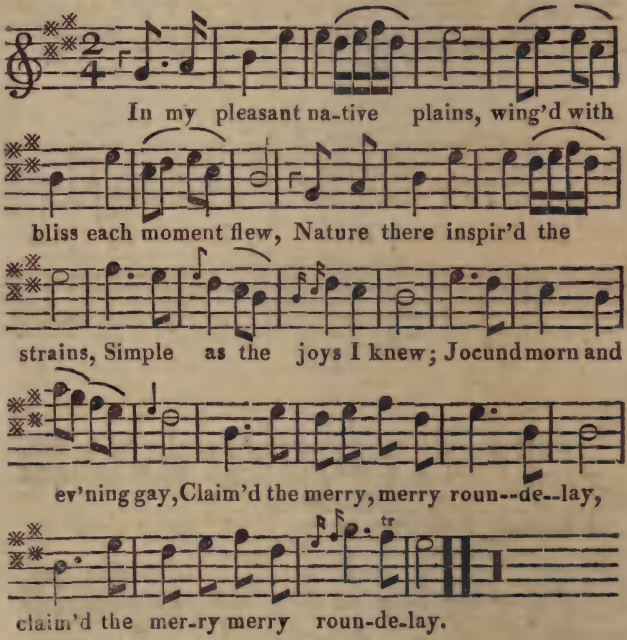




2 Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
more wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain:
in pity o'ertake her, who kills as she flies;
tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 't is Myrtilla that dies.

IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS.

From the Carnival of Venice. The Music by T. Linley.

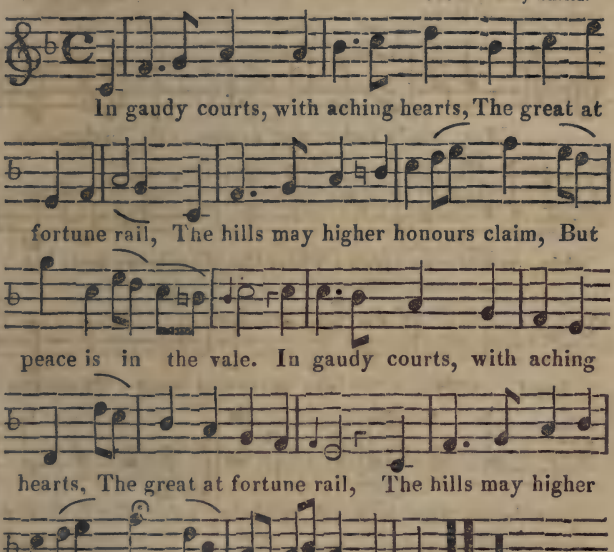


2 Fields and flocks, and fragrant flowers,
all that health and joy impart,
call'd for artless Music's powers,
faithful echoes to the heart;
happy hours, for ever gay,
claim'd the merry roundelay.

3 But the breath of genial spring,
wak'd the warblers of the grove;
who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
would not join the song of love?
your sweet notes and chantings gay,
claim'd the merry roundelay.

IN GAUDY COURTS.

From Rosina. The Music by Shield.

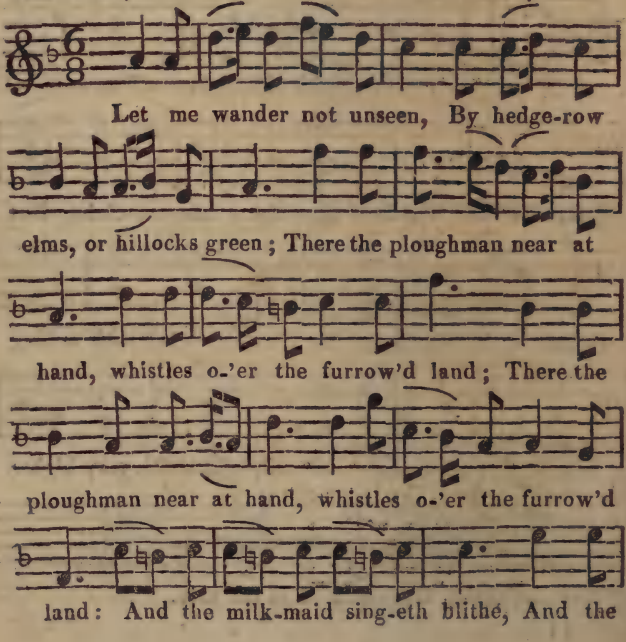


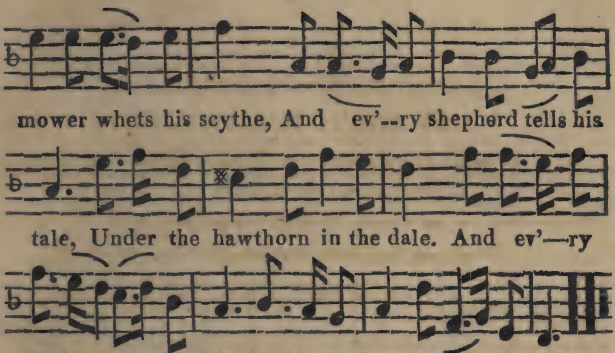
2 See high-born dames, in rooms of state,
with midnight revels pale;
no youth admires their fading charms,
for beauty's in the vale.

3 Amid the shades, the virgin's sighs
add fragrance to the gale;
so they that will may take the hill,
since love is in the vale.

LET ME WANDER NOT UNSEEN.

The Words by Milton. The Music by Handel.

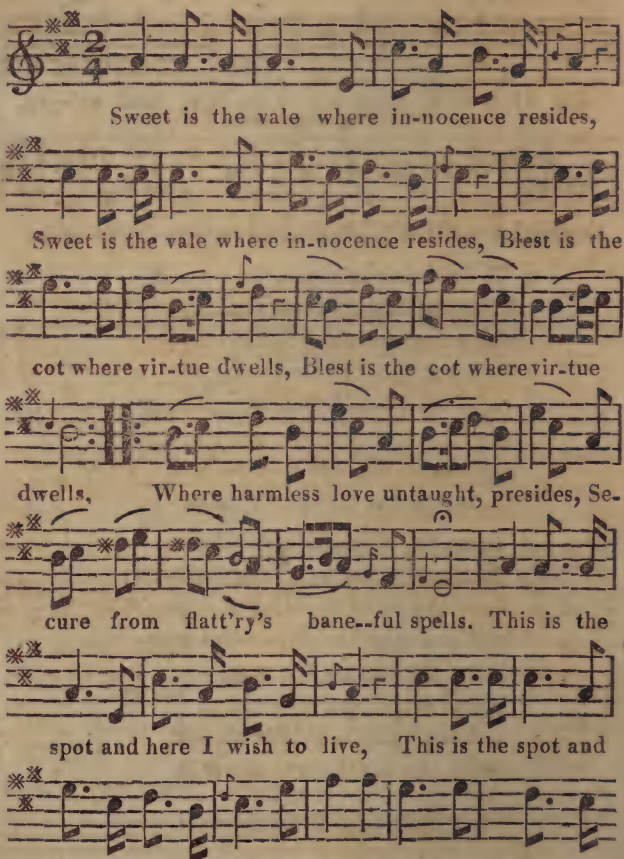


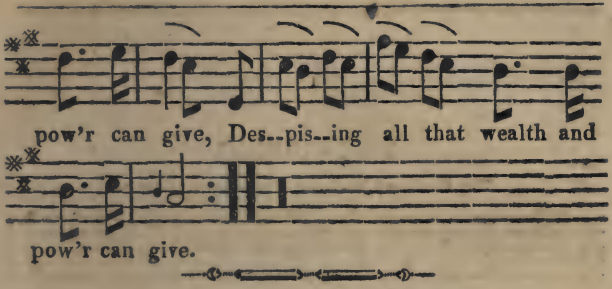


2 There the violet decks the ground,
diffusing native sweets around;
there the lambs and lambkins play,
harmless sporting time away;
there the blackbird and the thrush
sing pleasant notes on every bush;
and every shepherd tells his tale,
under the hawthorn in the dale.

3 There the lark salutes the dawn,
the nimble deer skips o'er the lawn;
there the jovial huntsman's cries,
bids the neighbouring swains arise.
Echo, she repeats her song,
whilst the waters glide along,
and every shepherd tells his tale,
under the hawthorn in the dale.

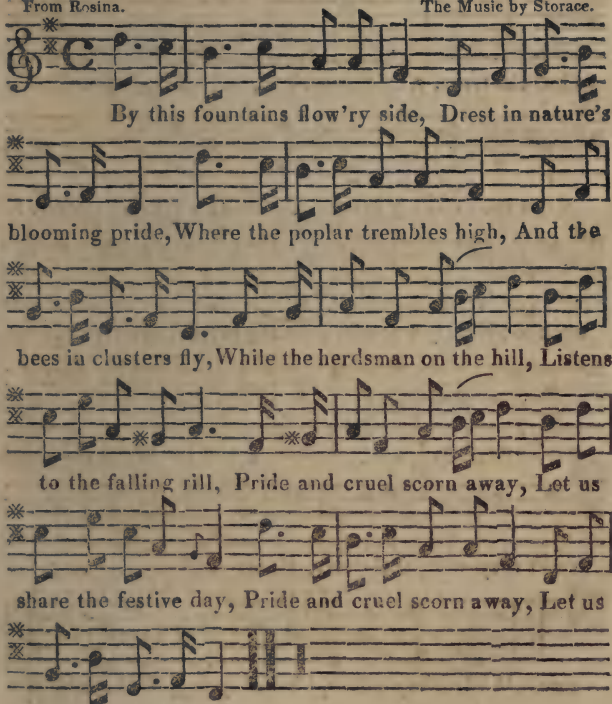
SWEET IS THE VALE.





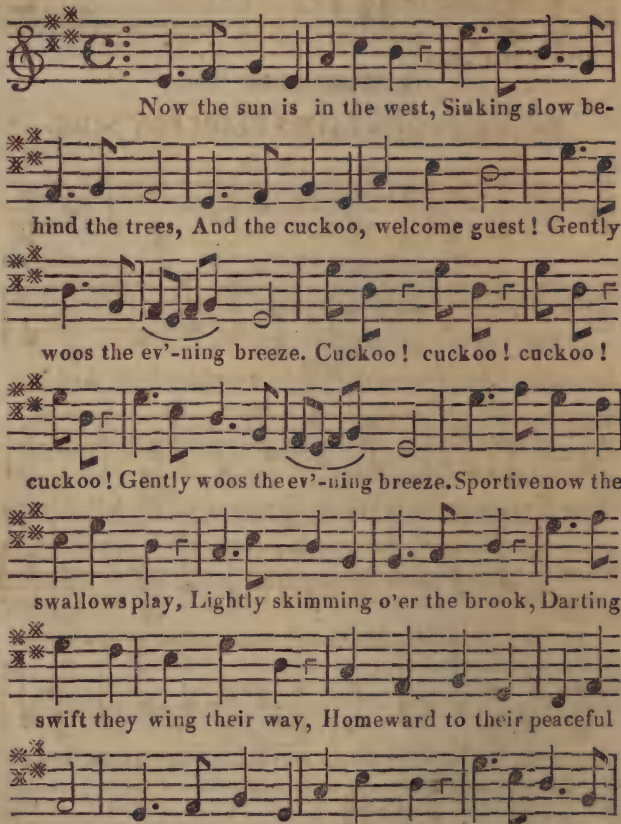
BY THIS FOUNTAIN'S FLOWERY SIDE.

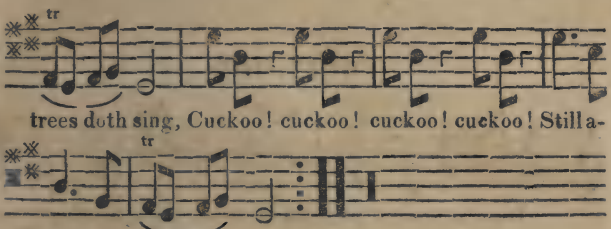
From Rosina. The Music by Storace.



THE CUCKOO.

The Words and Music by Miss Margaret Casson.

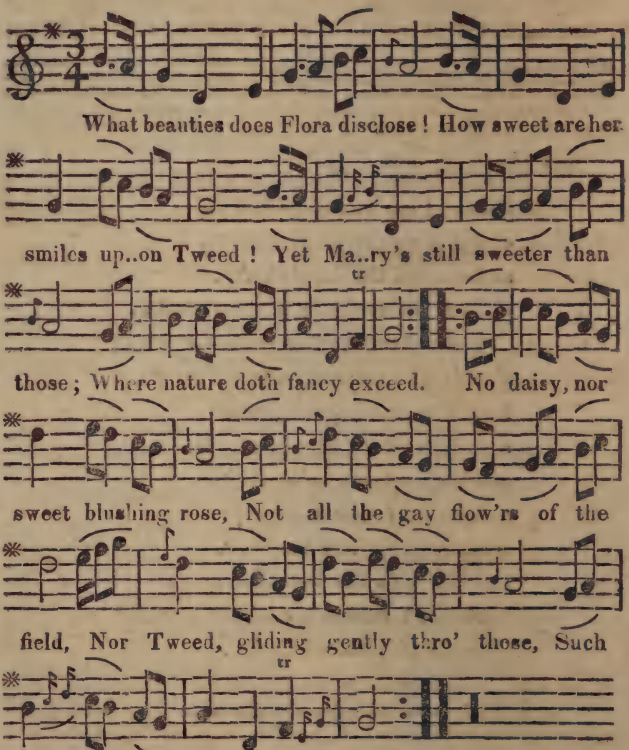




trees doth sing, Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! Still a-
mid the trees doth sing.

2 Chearful see yon shepherd boy
climbing up the craggy rocks,
as he views the dappled sky,
pleas'd, the cuckoo's note he mocks;
cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
pleas'd, the cuckoo's note he mocks.
Now advancing o'er the plain,
evening's dusky shades appear,
and the cuckoo's voice again,
softly steals upon mine ear;
while retiring from the view,
thus she bids the day adieu;
cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
thus she bids the day adieu.

TWEED-SIDE.



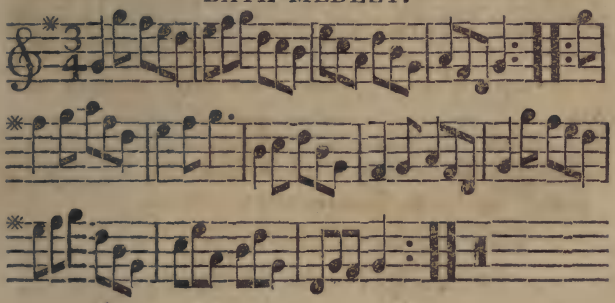
2 The warblers are heard in the grove,
the linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
the blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
with music enchant every bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
let us see how the primroses spring;
we 'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
and love while the feather'd folks sing.

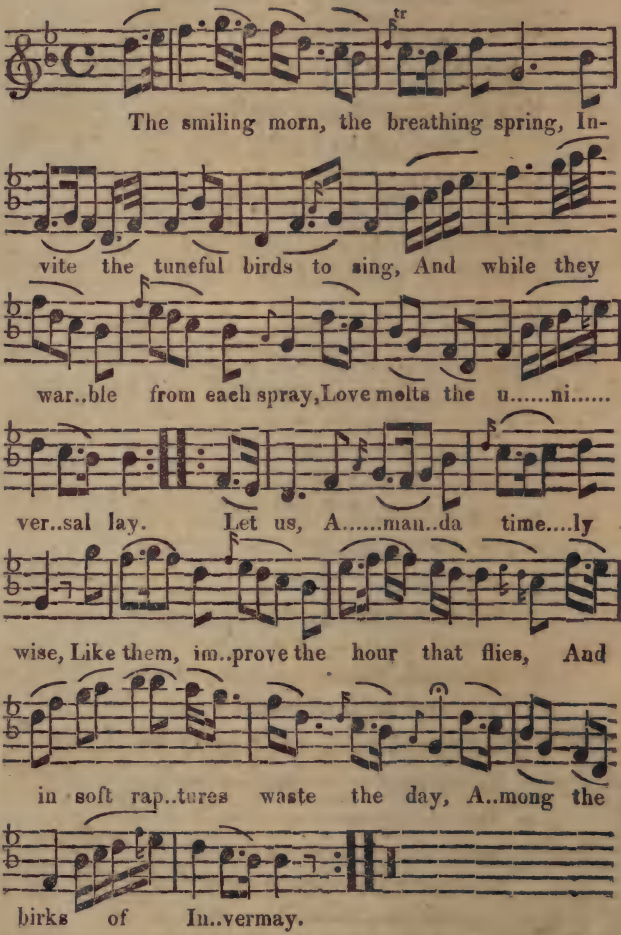
3 How does my love pass the long day?
does Mary not tend a few sheep?
do they never carelessly stray
while happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
kind nature indulging my bliss;
then to ease the soft pains of my breast,
I 'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

4 'T is she does the virgins excel,
no beauty with her may compare;
love's graces around her do dwell,
she 's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

BATH MEDLEY.



BIRKS OF INVERMAY.



2 For soon the winter of the year,
and age, life's winter, will appear;

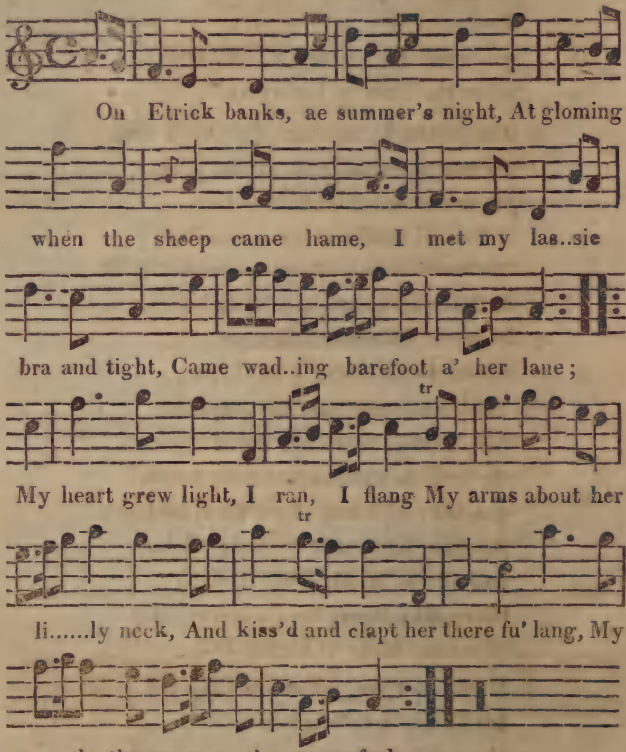
at this thy lively bloom will fade,
an that will strip the verdant shade:
our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
the feather'd songsters please us more;
and when they droop and we decay,
adieu the birks of Invermay.

3 The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
the rocks around with echoes ring,
the mavis and the blackbird vie
in tuneful strains to glad the day;
the woods now wear their summer-suits,
to mirth all nature now invites;
let us be blithesome then and gay,
among the birks of Invermay.

4 Behold the hills and vales around
with lowing herds and flocks abound;
the wanton kids and frisking lambs
gambol and dance about their dams;
the busy bees, with humming noise,
and all the reptile kind rejoice;
let us, like them, then sing and play
about the birks of Invermay.

5 Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
loudly my love to gladness call;
the wanton waves sport in the beams,
and fishes play throughout the streams;
the circling sun does now advance,
and all the planets round him dance:
let us as jovial be as they
among the birks of Invermay.

ETRICK BANKS.



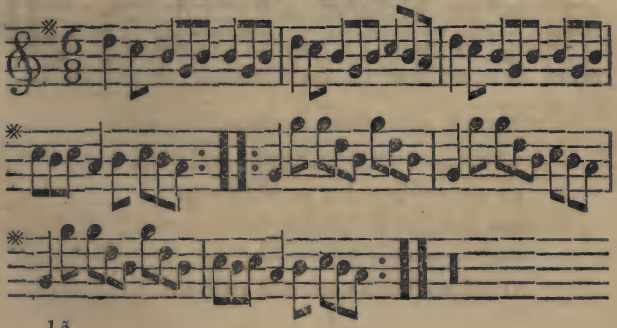
2 I said, "My lassie will ye go
to the highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I 'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
when ye come to the brig of Earn.

At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
and herrings at the Broomalaw;
cheer up your heart, my bonny I
there's gear to win we never saw.

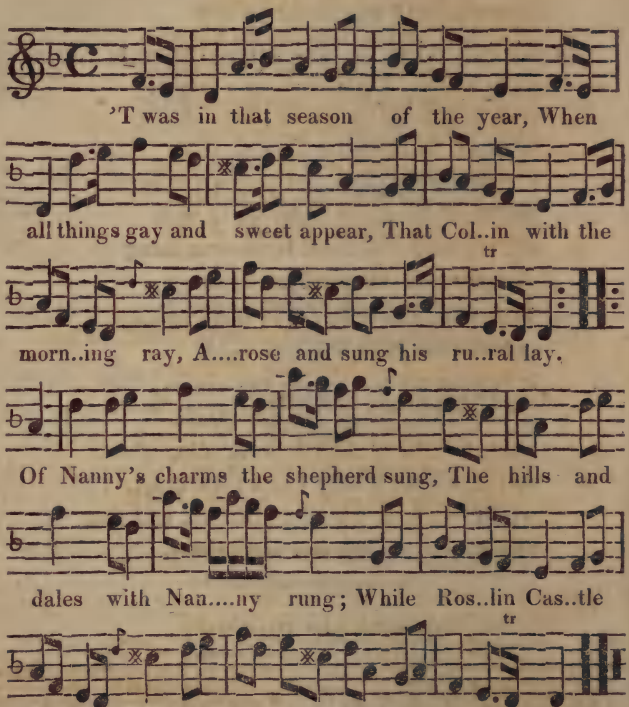
3 All day, when we have wrought enough,
when winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
soon as the sun gaes west the loch
at night, when ye sit down to spin,
I 'll screw my pipes and play a spring,
and thus the weary night we 'll end,
till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
our pleasant summer back again.

4 Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
and gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I' ll meet my lass amang the broom,
and lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
that make the kindly heart their sport,
we 'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
and gar the langest day seem short.

DROPS OF BRANDY.



ROSLIN CASTLE.



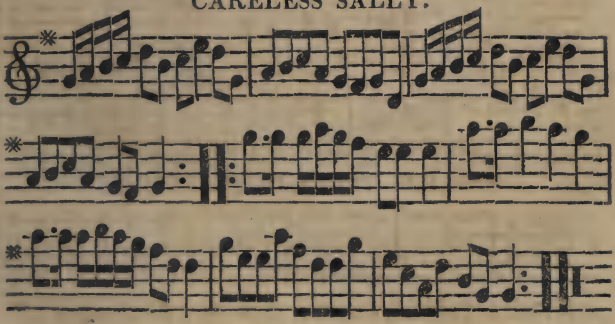
3 Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
with rapture warms, awake and sing;
awake and join the vocal throng,
and hail the morning with a song:
to Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;

in sweetest smiles herself adorn,
and add new graces to the morn.

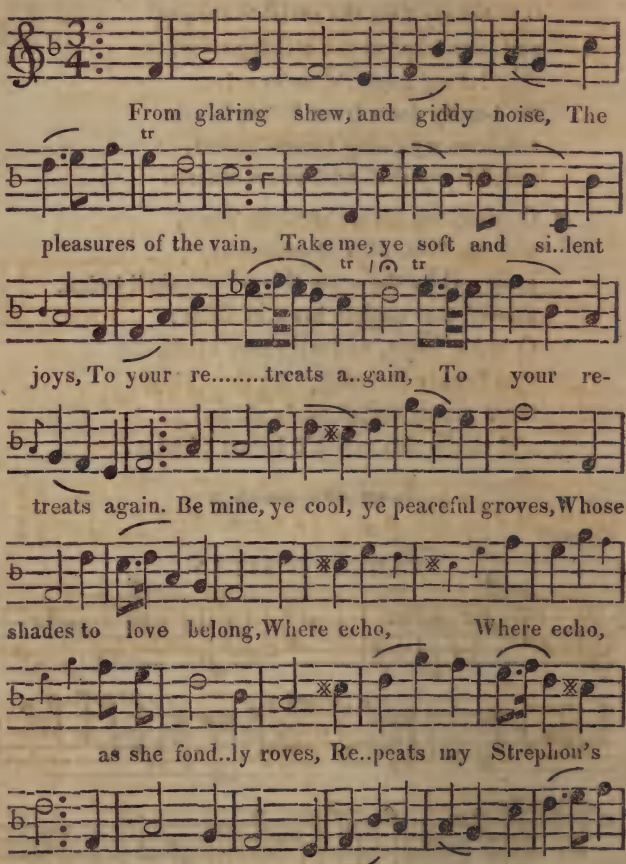
3 O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray,
each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
't is beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
and love inspires the melting song:
then let my raptur'd notes arise,
for beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
and love my rising bosom warms,
and fills my soul with sweet alarms.

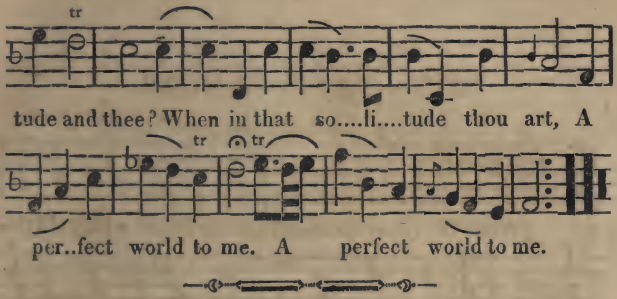
4 O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
with rapture calls, O come away;
come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
around that modest brow of thine;
O hither haste, and with thee bring,
that beauty blooming like the spring,
those graces that divinely shine,
and charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

CARELESS SALLY.

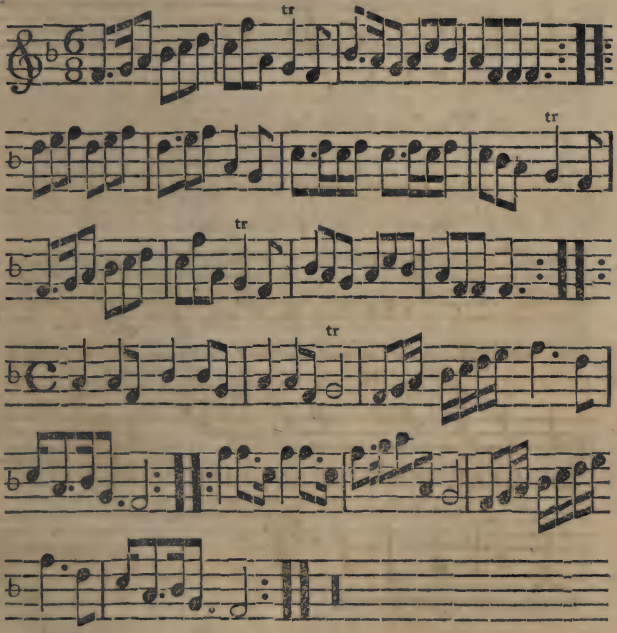


FROM GLARING SHEW.





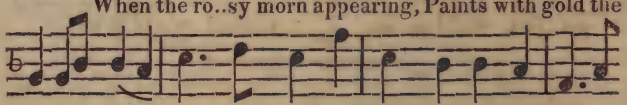
CHARLES'S MARCH.



WHEN THE ROSY MORN.

The Music by Shield.

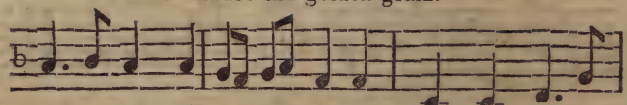
When the ro..sy morn appearing, Paints with gold the



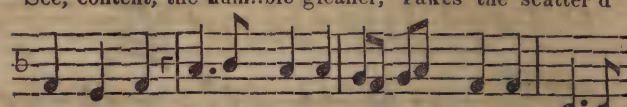
verdant lawn, Bees, on banks of thyme disporting, Sip the

sweets and hail the dawn.

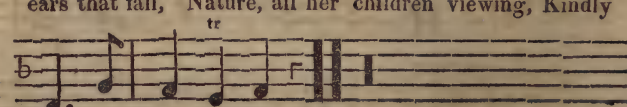
2 Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
carol sweet the lively strain;
they forsake their leafy dwelling,
to secure the golden grain.



See, content, the hum..ble gleaner, Takes the scatter'd



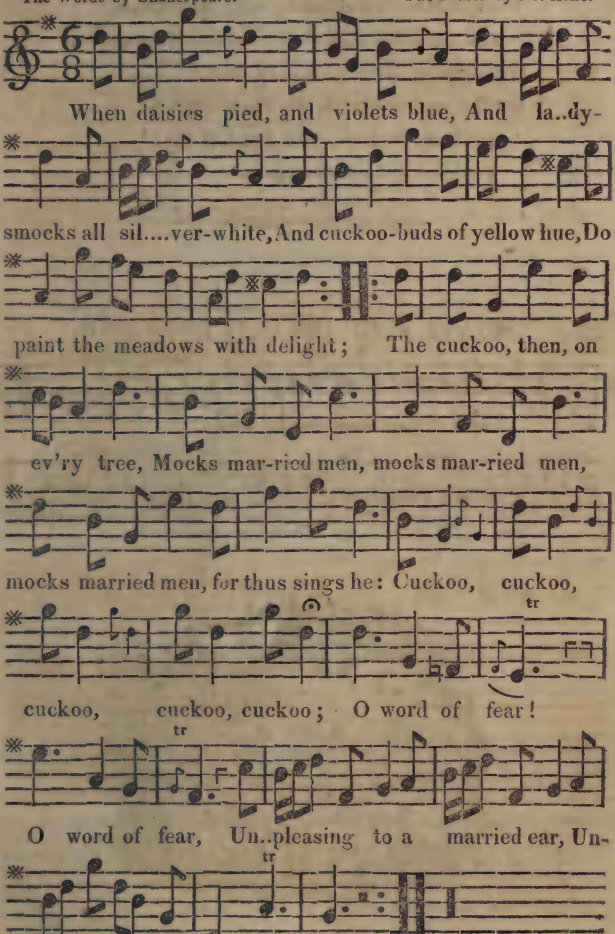
ears that fall, Nature, all her children viewing, Kindly



bounteous, cares for all.

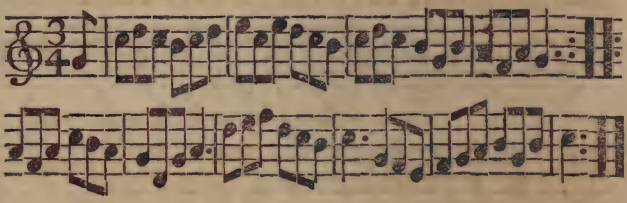
WHEN DAISIES PIED.

The Words by Shakespeare. The Music by Dr. Arne.



2 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
and merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
when turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
and maidens bleach their summer-smocks,
the cuckoo then, on every tree,
mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
cuckoo, cuckoo;—O word of fear!
unpleasing to a married ear.

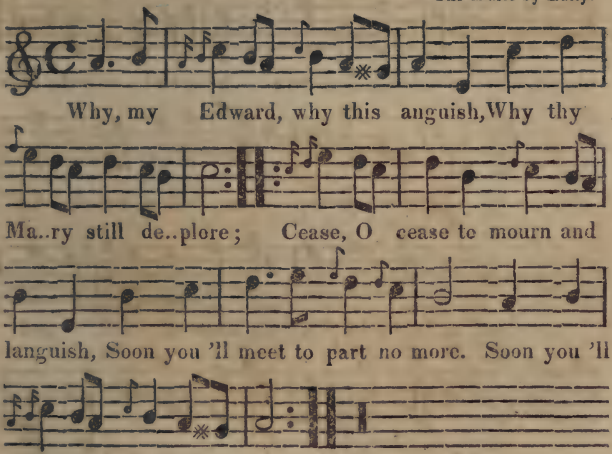
ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.



ELEGIAC SONGS.

WHY, MY EDWARD.

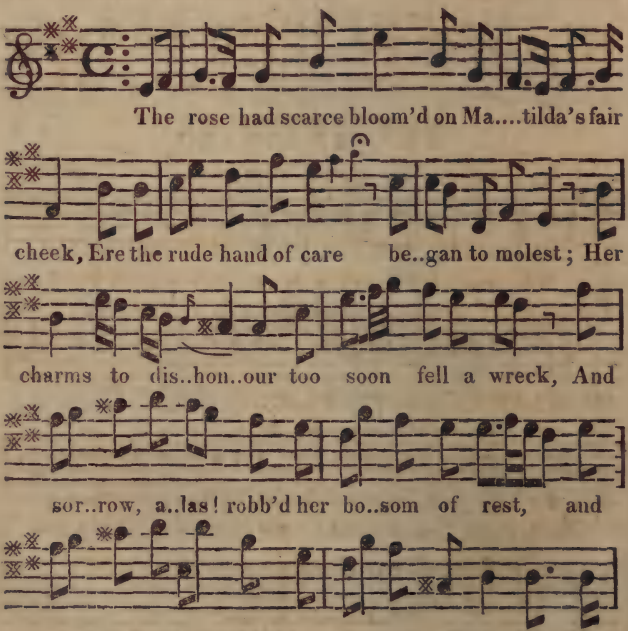
The Music by Lully.

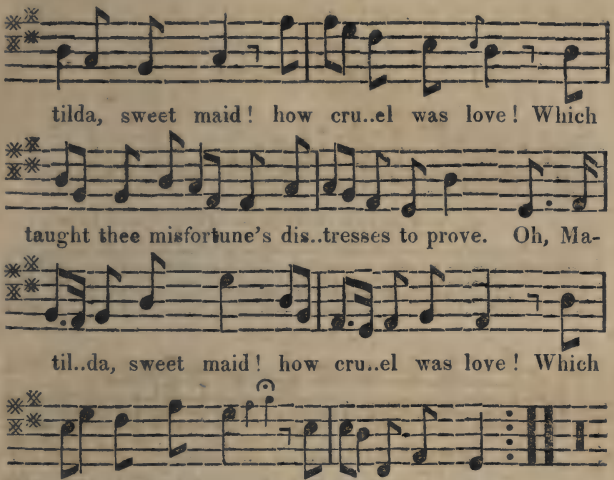


2 Life is short, our days uncertain,
comfort take, and grief remove,
death will quickly drop the curtain,
and angels waft you to your love.

MATILDA.

The Words from "The Sorrows of the Heart." The Music by John Moulds.



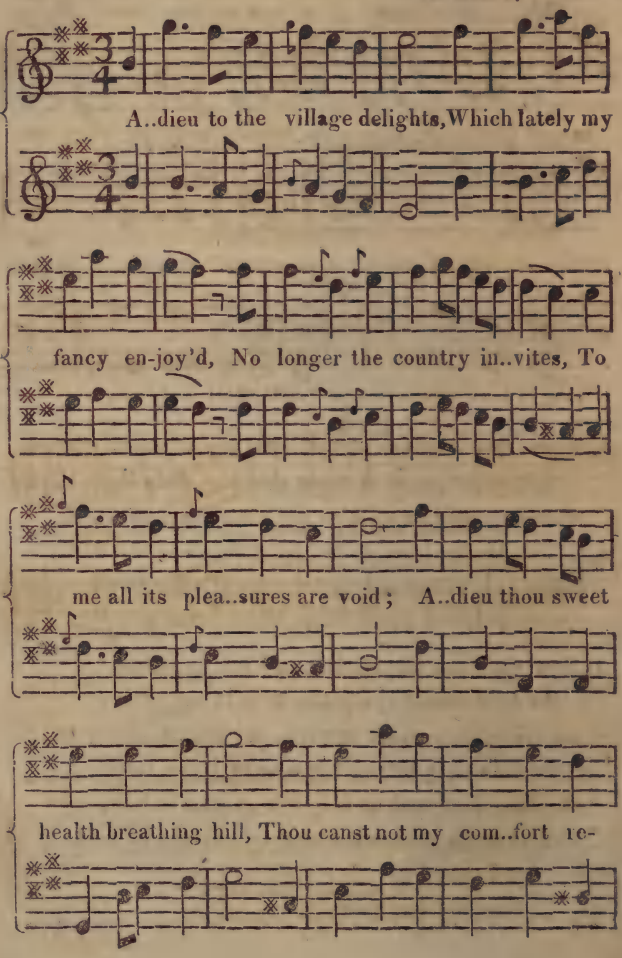


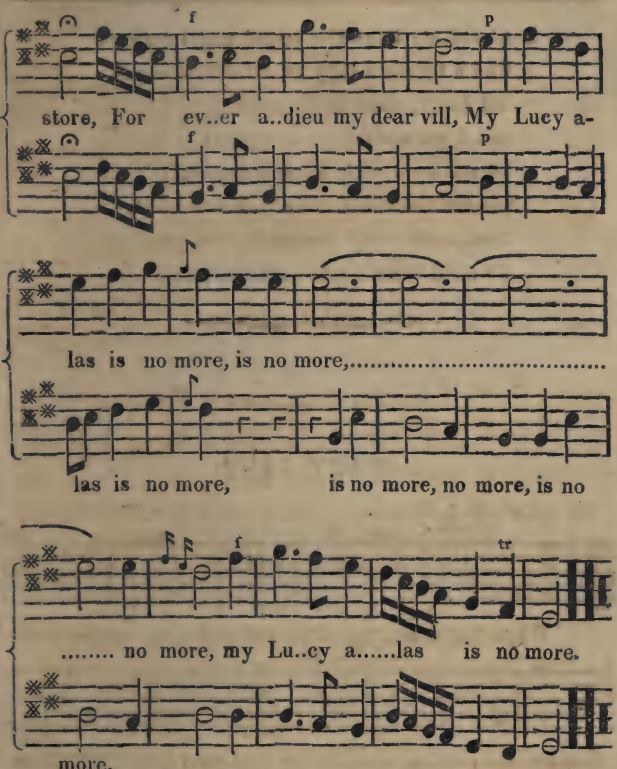
2 When robb'd of her virtue, what charm could restore
that sweet peace of mind, that her early days knew?
when love gaily smil'd as the moments pass'd o'er,
then tranquil her hours, for unheeded they flew;
but, alas! as the lily that droops it's fair head,
she ne'er tasted peace since her mansion she fled.

3 Now wretched, abandoned, and lost to repose,
the tear of soft sympathy adds to her grief;
and friendship, which sooth'd, but wakens her woes;
for love once betray'd can ne'er know relief;
oh, Matilda, sweet maid! how cruel was love,
which taught thee misfortune's distresses to prove.

ADIEU TO THE VILLAGE DELIGHTS.

The Music by Baildon.



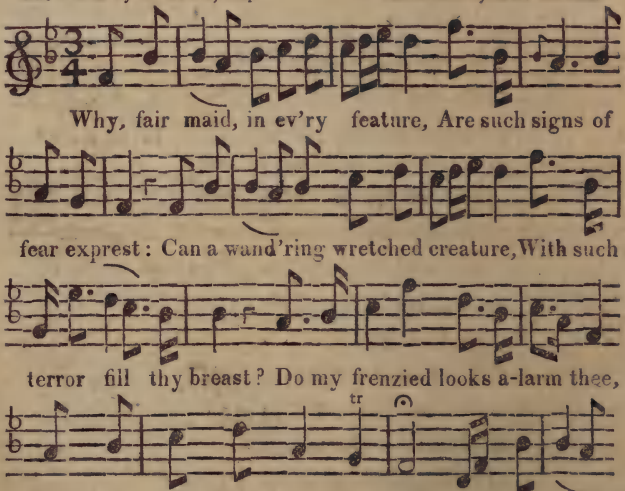


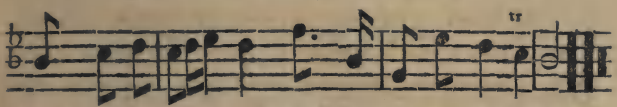
2 She, she was the cure of my pain,
my blessing, my honour, my pride,
who ne'er gave me cause to complain,
till that fatal day when she died;
her eyes that so beautiful shone,
are closed for ever in sleep,
and mine, since my Lucy is gone,
have nothing to do but to weep.

3 Could my tears the bright angel restore,
like a fountain they never should cease,
but Lucy, alas! is no more,
and I am a stranger to peace:
let me copy with fervour devout,
the virtues which glow'd in her heart,
then, soon as life's sand is run out,
we shall meet again never to part.

CRAZY JANE.

The Words by M. Lewis, Esq. The Music by Miss Abrams.





doms would I harm thee; Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

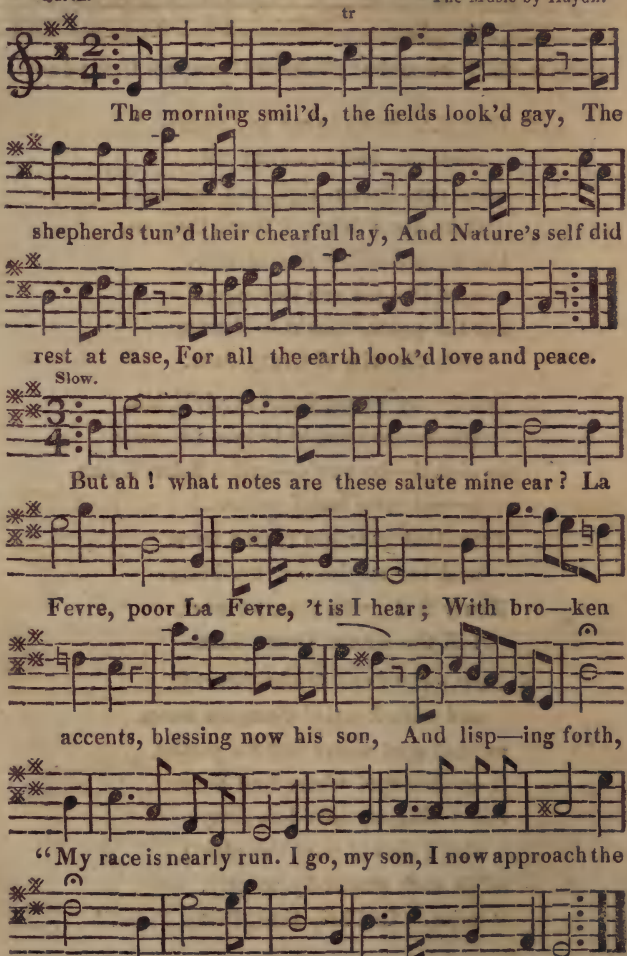
2 Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
mark me, and avoid my woe:
when men flatter, sigh, and languish,
think them false; I found them so.
For I lov'd---oh! so sincerely,
none like me can love again,
but the youth I lov'd so dearly,
stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

3 Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
which was doom'd to love but one:
he sigh'd---he vow'd---and I believ'd him,
he was false and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
held her empire o'er my brain:
Henry fled; with him, for ever,
fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

4 Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
and with frenzied thoughts beset,
on that spot where last we parted,
on that spot where first we met,
still I sing my love-lorn ditty;
still I slowly pace the plain;
while each passer-by, in pity,
cries, "God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

LA FEVRE, FROM STERNE.

Quick. The Music by Haydn.

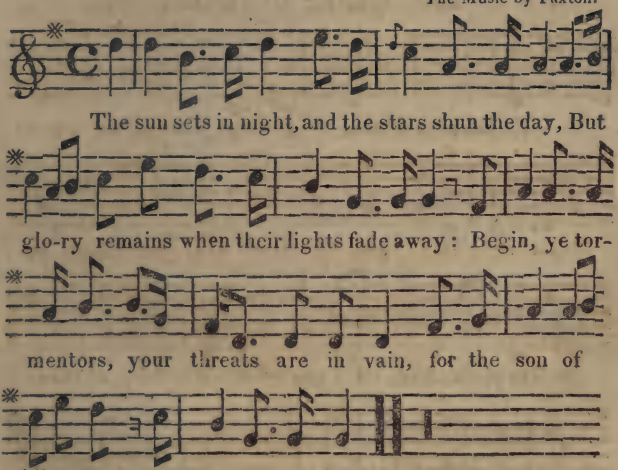


2 There we shall meet, and join our pleasing tale,
to watch thy steps, to guard thee from all ill;
there with sweet peace thy filial love will own,
and say, with pleasure, thou 'rt indeed my son."
He sigh'd, and with a sad and last adieu,
said, "Ah, my son, I leave the world and you."

3 Now o'er his tomb, that's deck'd with cypress green,
the village nymphs, with weeping eyes, are seen;
they strew the sod with many a lovely flower,
and breathe sweet friendship's recollective power.
Tho' chearful Hope may oft our minds relieve,
the softening tear will fall, the sigh will heave.

THE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

The Music by Paxton.

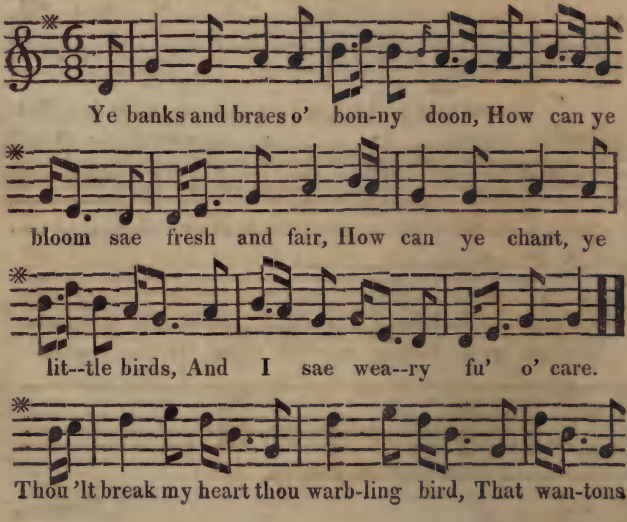


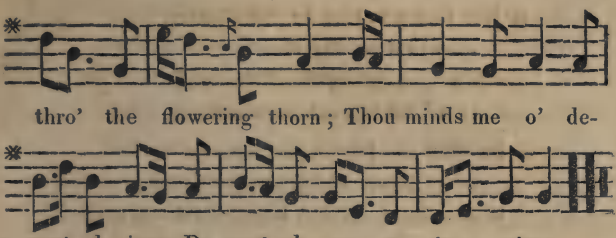
2 Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No, the son of Alknomook will never complain.

3 Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
and the scalps which we bore from your nation away;
now the flame rises quick; you exult in my pain,
but the son of Alknomook can never complain.

4 I go to the land where my father is gone,
his ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,
and thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

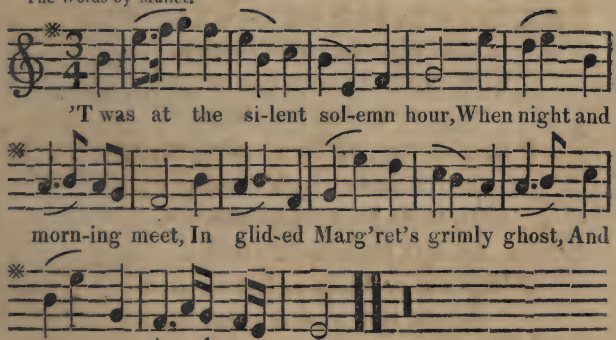




2 Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
to see the rose and woodbine twine,
and ilka bird sing o' it's luve,
and fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose.
fu' sweet upon it's thorny tree,
and my fause luver staw my rose,
but ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

The Words by Mallet.



2 Her

2 Her face was like an April morn
clad in a wintry cloud,
and clay-cold was her lily hand
that held her sable shroud.

3 So shall the fairest face appear
when youth and years are flown;
such is the robe that kings must wear
when death has reft their crown.

4 Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
that sips the silver dew;
the rose was budded in her cheek,
just op'ning to the view.

5 But love had, like the canker-worm,
consum'd her early prime:
the rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
she died before her time.

6 "Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
come from her midnight grave;
now let thy pity hear the maid
thy love refus'd to save.

7 This is the dumb and dreary hour
when injur'd ghosts complain,
when yawning graves give up their dead
to haunt the faithless swain.

8 Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
thy pledge and broken oath,
and give me back my maiden vow,
and give me back my troth.

9 Why did you promise love to me,
and not that promise keep?

why did you swear my eyes were bright,
yet leave those eyes to weep?

10 How could you say my face was fair,
and yet that face forsake?
how could you win my virgin heart,
yet leave that heart to break?

11 Why did you say my lip was sweet,
and made the scarlet pale?
and why did I, young witless maid!
believe the flatt'ring tale?

12 That face, alas! no more is fair,
those lips no longer red:
dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
and ev'ry charm is fled.

13 The hungry worm my sister is;
this winding sheet I wear;
and cold and weary lasts our night,
till that last morn appear.

14 But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
a long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man! how low she lies
who died for love of you."

15 The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
with beams of rosy red;
pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,
and, raving, left his bed.

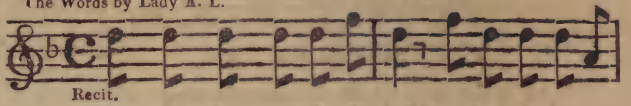
16 He hied him to the fatal place
where Marg'ret's body lay,
and stretch'd him on the green grass turf
that wrapp'd her breathless clay.

17 And

17 And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
and thrice he wept full sore,
then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
and word spoke never more.

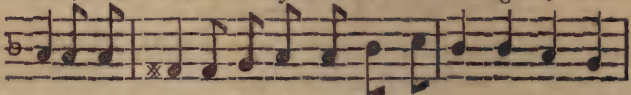
AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The Words by Lady A. L.

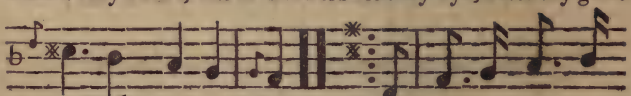


When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye at

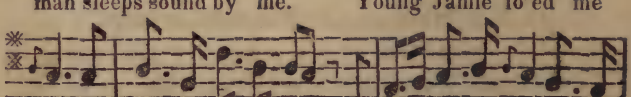
hame, And all the weary warld to rest are gane, The



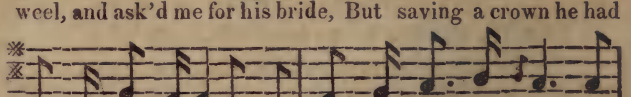
waes o' my heart, fall in showers frae my eye, while my gude



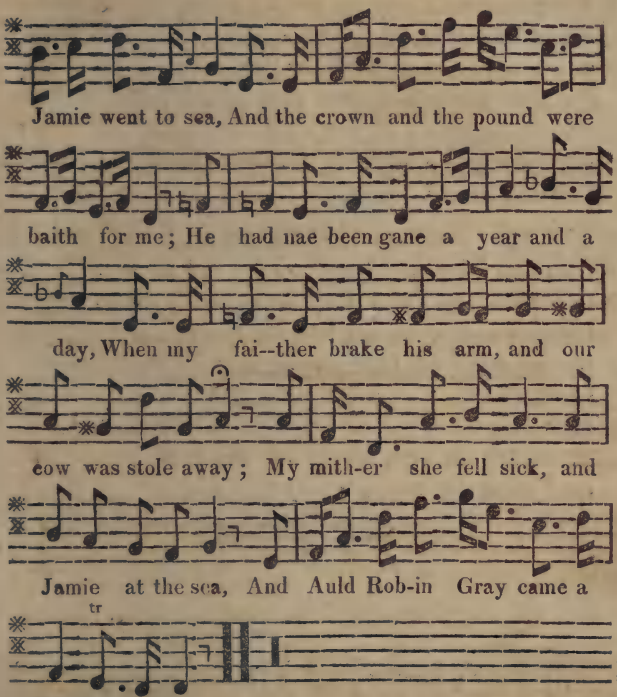
man sleeps sound by me. Young Jamie lo'ed me



weel, and ask'd me for his bride, But saving a crown he had



nait h-ing else be-side; To make the crown a pound, my



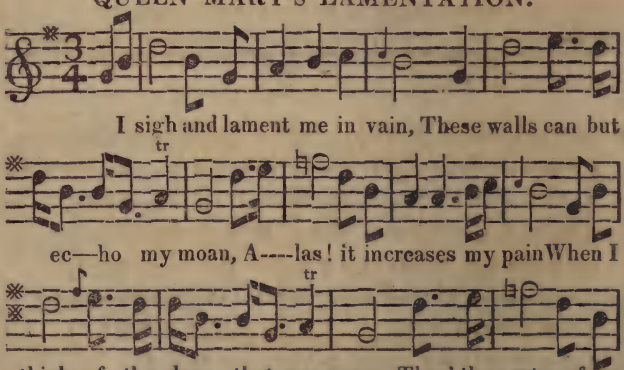
2 My faither could nae wark, and my mither could nae spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could nae win.
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
said, "Jenny for their sakes, O, pray marry me:"
my heart it said nae, for I look'd for Jamie back,
but the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack;
his ship was a wrack, why did nae Jeanie dee?
and why was she spared to cry, wae is me!

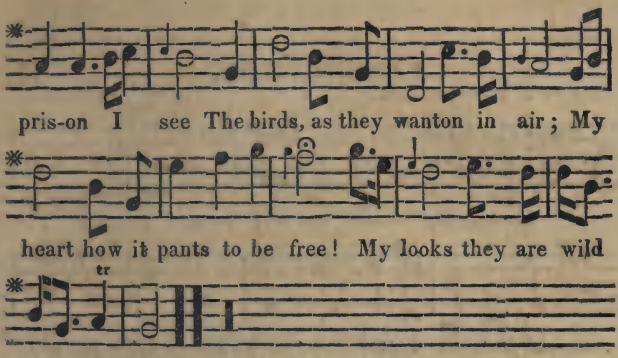
3 My

3 My faither urg'd me sair, but my mither did nae speak,
but she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
and Auld Robin Gray, was gude man to me.
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,
when sitting sa mournfully, at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I could nae think it he,
till he said, "Love, I am come hame to marry thee."

4 Sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
we took but ae kiss, and we tore oursel's away;
I wish I were deed, but I 'm nae like to dee;
O, why was I born to say waes me?
I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,
I dare nae think a Jamie, for that would be a sin,
but I' ll do my best, a gude wife aye to be,
for Auld Robin Gray, is very kind to me.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



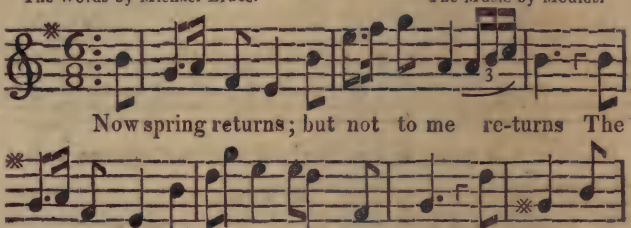


2 Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
she ne'er can subdue me to those:
false woman! in ages to come,
thy malice detested shall be,
and when we are cold in the tomb,
some heart still will sorrow for me.

3 Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
with silence and solitude dwell,
how comfortless passes the day!
how sad tolls the evening bell!
the owls from the battlements cry;
hollow winds seem to murmur around,
"O Mary, prepare thee to die;"—
my blood, it runs cold at the sound.

LAMENTATION.

The Words by Michael Bruce. The Music by Moulds.



2 The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
no art can stop, or in their course arrest;
whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
and lay me down in peace with them to rest.

3 Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,
and morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
led by pale ghosts I enter death's dark gate,
and bid the realms of light and life adieu.

4 I hear

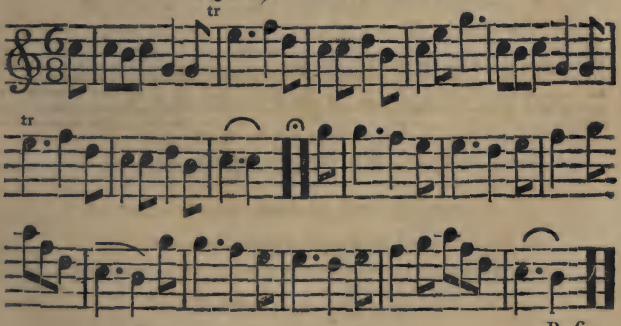
4 I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe,
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
the sluggish streams, that softly creep below,
where mortals visit to return no more.

5 Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains;
enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
and the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

6 Then let me wander at the close of eve,
when sleep sits heavy on the labourer's eye;
the world, and all its busy follies leave,
and talk with Wisdom, where my Daphnæ lies.

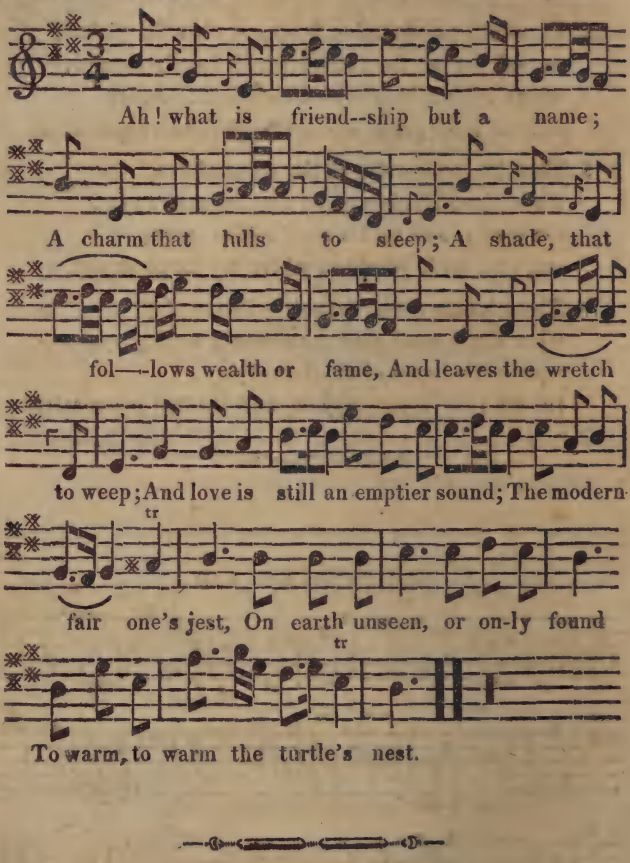
7 There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
when death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
till the long night be gone, and the last morn arise.

EQUESTRIAN AIR.



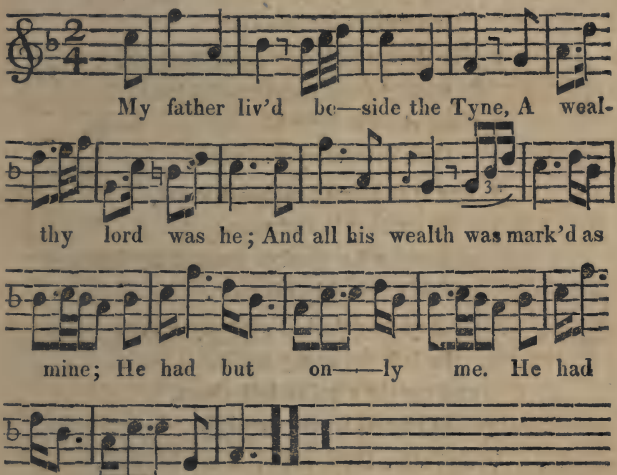
AH! WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP.

The Words by Goldsmith. The Music by Hook.



MY FATHER LIV'D BESIDE THE TYNE.

The Words by Goldsmith. The Music by Hook.



2 To win me from his tender arms,
unnumber'd suitors came;
who prais'd me for imputed charms,
and felt or feign'd a flame.

3 Each hour a mercenary crowd
with richest proffers strove;
among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
but never talk'd of love.

4 In humble, simplest habit clad,
no wealth or pow'r had he;
wisdom and worth were all he had;—
but these were all to me.

5 The

5 The blossom op'ning to the day,
the dews of heaven refin'd,
could nought of purity display,
to emulate his mind.

6 The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
with charms inconstant shine;
their charms were his, but woe to me,
their constancy was mine.

7 For still I tried each fickle art,
importunate and vain;
and while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

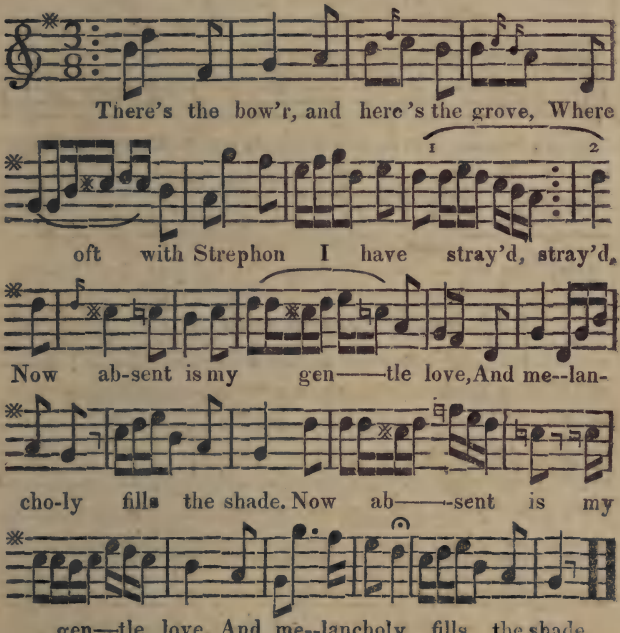
8 'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
he left me to my pride,
and sought a solitude forlorn,
in secret, where he died.

9 But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
and well my life shall pay;
I 'll seek the solitude he sought,
and stretch me where he lay.

10 And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
I 'll lay me down and die:
't was so for me that Edwin did,
and so for him will I.

THERE'S THE BOWER.

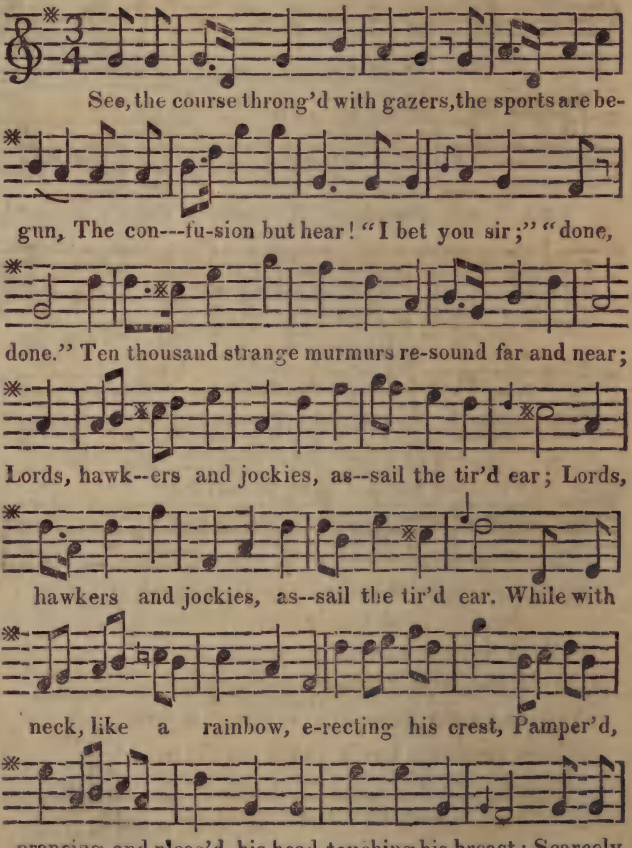
The Music by J. A. Stevenson.

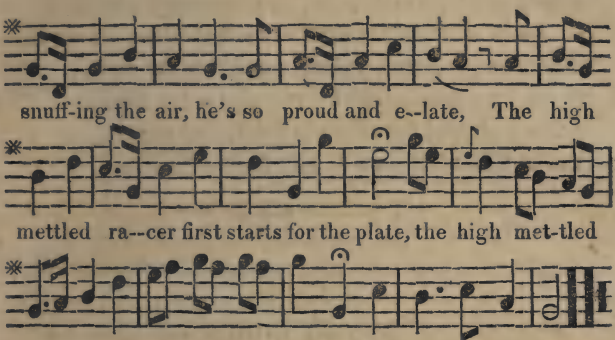


2 In these sad heavy hours,
I wonder where 's my roving dear;
where e'er he moves, ye guardian pow'rs,
O make the lovely youth your care.

THE RACE HORSE.

The Music by Dibdin.





2 Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
dogs, horses and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
thro' marsh, fen, and briar, led by their sly prey,
they by scent and by view, cheat a long tedious way,
while alike born for sports of the field and the course;
always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse,
when fairly run down the fox yields up his breath,
the high mettled racer is in at the death.

3 Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
lame, spavin'd and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood,
while knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire that race;
and what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,
as they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
while the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
the high mettled racer 's a hack on the road.

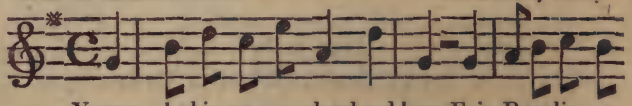
4 Till, at last, having labour'd, drudg'd, early and late,
bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate,

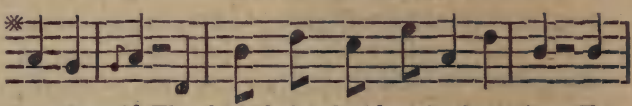
blind

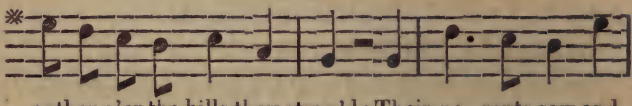
blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still.
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
in the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
while a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
the high mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

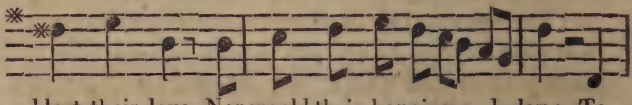
YOUNG LUBIN.

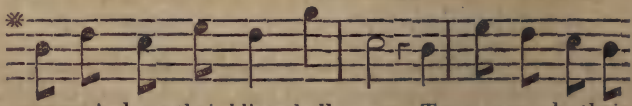
From the Carnival of Venice. The Music by Linley.









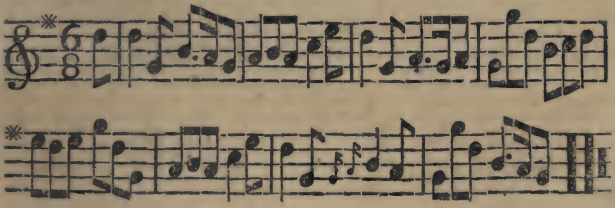


wedding day.

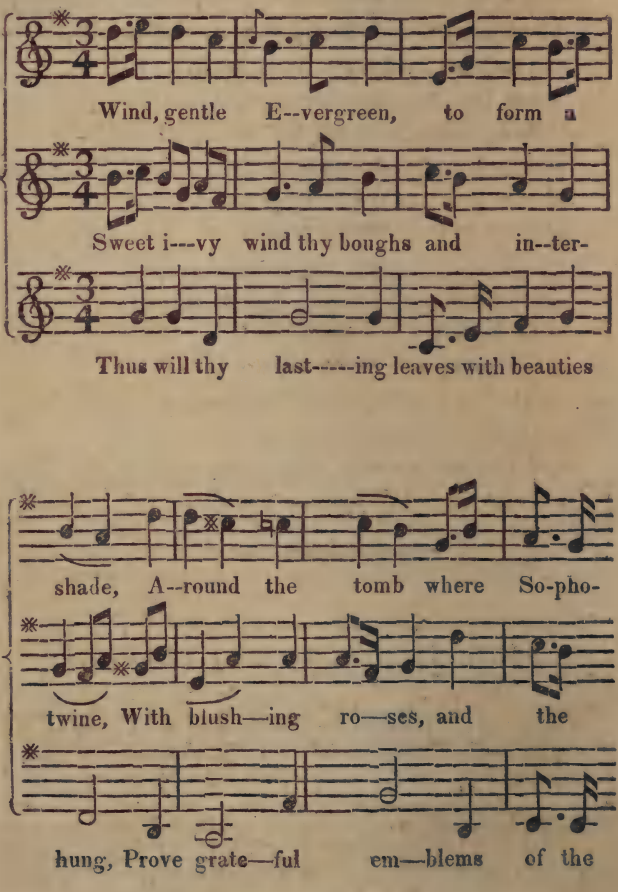
2 When, at eve, beside the brook,
where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd;
one luckless lamb the current took,
't was Rosalie's, she started wild.
"Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save."
Too fatally the youth obey'd;
he ran, he plung'd into the wave,
to give the little wanderer aid.

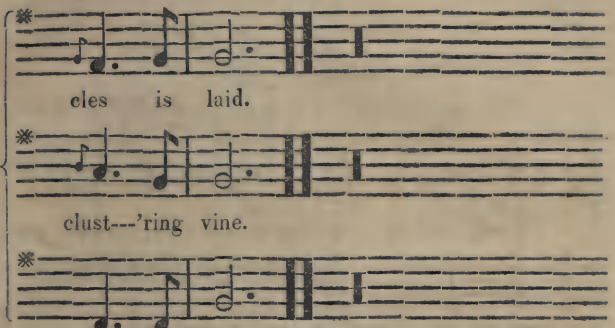
3 But scarce he guides him to the shore,
when faint and sunk poor Lubin dies.
"Ah Rosalie! for evermore,
in his cold grave, thy lover lies;
on that lone bank, oh still be seen,
faithful to grief, thou hapless maid!
and with sad wreaths of cypress green,
for ever sooth thy Lubin's shade."

JOHNNY, COCK UP THY BEAVER.

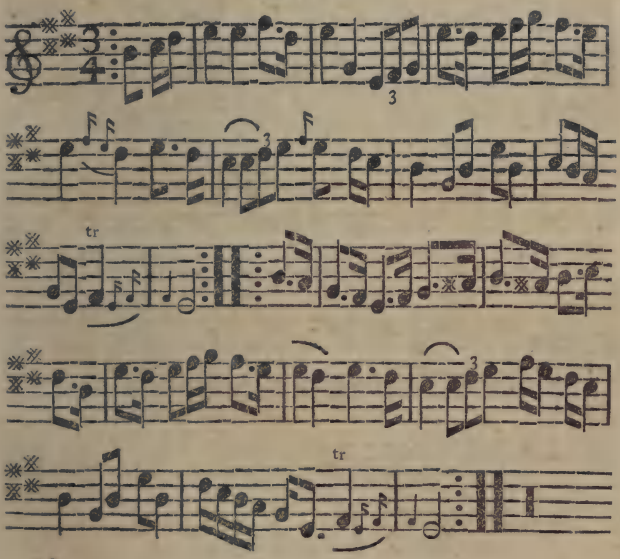


WIND, GENTLE EVERGREEN.



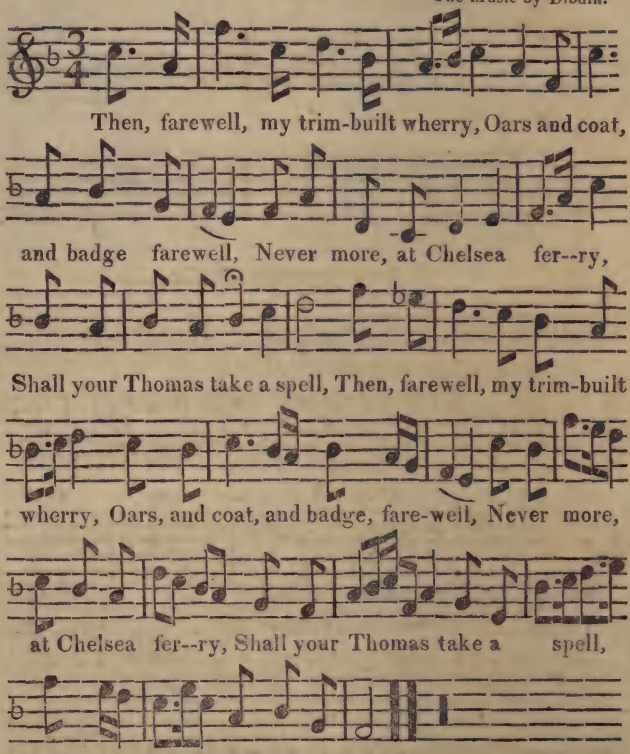


COULUN.



POOR TOM.

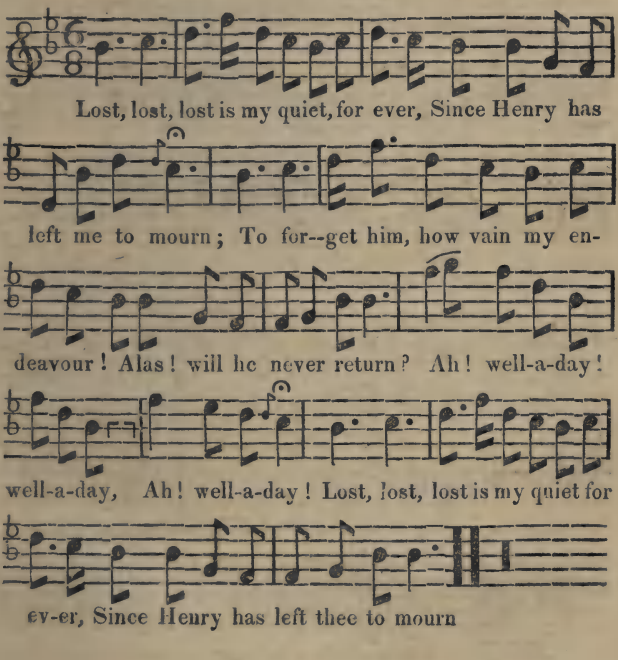
The Music by Dibdin.



2 But, to hope and peace a stranger,
in the battle's heat I go;
where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
some friendly ball shall lay me low.

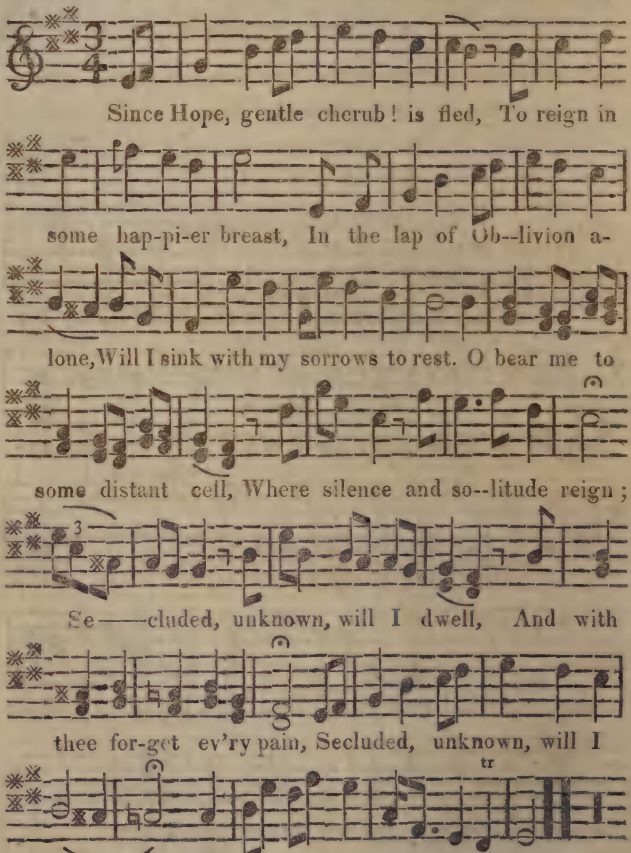
3 Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
with the news my messmates come:
even you, my story hearing,
with a sigh may cry---" Poor Tom!"

LOST, IS MY QUIET.



INVOCATION TO OBLIVION.

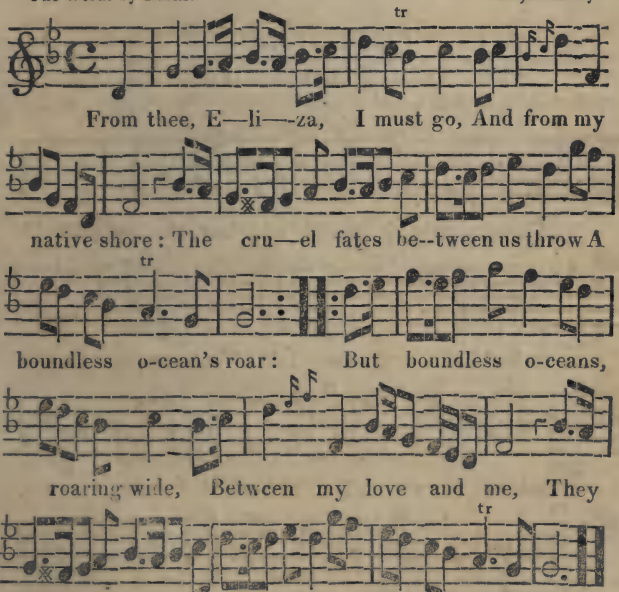
The Words by Miss Maria Vaughan. The Music by John Moulds.



2 'T is there I can take that repose,
in the world I have sought for in vain,
thy voice will suspend all my woes,
and the sighs of misfortune restrain;
O memory enter not there,
let pity thy footsteps restrain,
when oblivion has calm'd my despair,
O dare not to wake it again.

FROM THEE, ELIZA.

The Words by Burns. Air, Gilderoy.

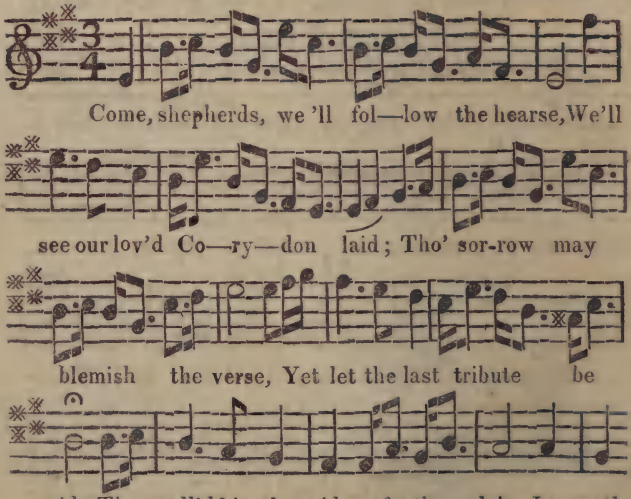


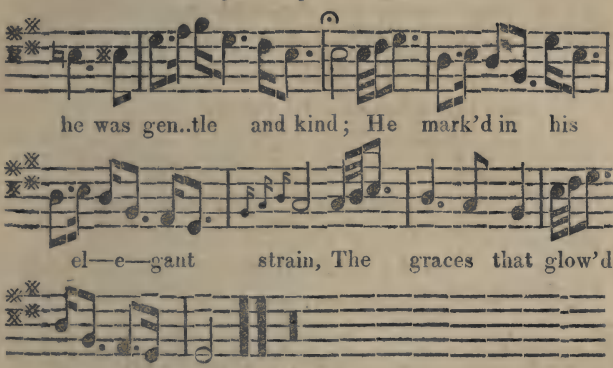
2 Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear
the maid that I adore!
a boding voice is in my ear,
we part to meet no more!
but the last throb that leaves my heart,
while death stands victor by,
that throb, Eliza, is thy part,
and thine that latest sigh.

CORYDON.

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

The Words by Cunningham. The Music by Olive.





2 On purpose he planted yon trees
that birds in the covert might dwell;
he cultur'd his time for the bees,
but never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
go bleat, and your master bemoan;
his music was artless and sweet,
his manners as mild as your own.

3 No verdure shall cover the vale,
no bloom on the blossoms appear;
the sweets of the forest shall fail,
and winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(our hedges so vocal before!)
since he that should welcome the spring
salutes the gay season no more.

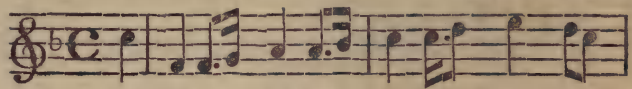
4 His Phillis was fond of his praise,
and poets came round in a throng:

They

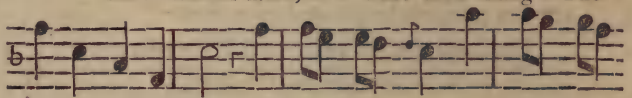
they listen'd, they envied his lays;
but which of them equall'd his song?
Ye Shepherds! henceforward be mute,
for lost is the pastoral strain;
so give me my Corydon's flute,
and thus—let me break it in twain.

AH! CRUEL MAID.

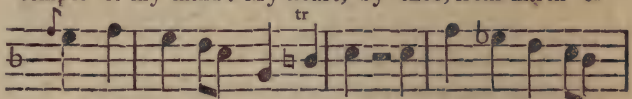
The Words by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. The Music by Jackson.



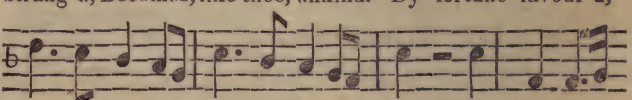
Ah! cru--el maid, how hast thou chang'd The



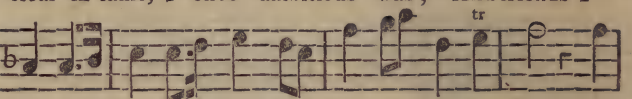
temper of my mind: My heart, by thee, from mirth e-



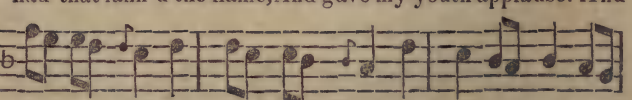
strang'd, Becomes, like thee, unkind. By fortune favour'd,



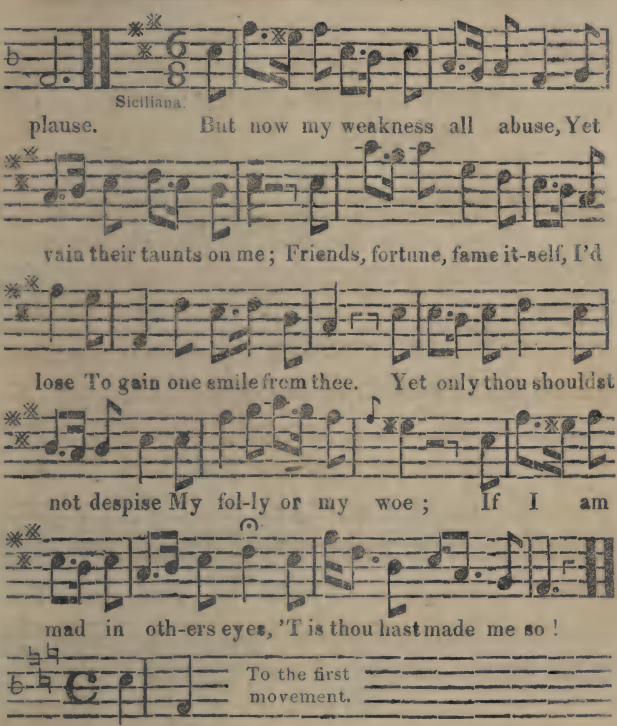
clear in fame, I once ambitious was; And friends I



had that fann'd the flame, And gave my youth applause. And



friends I had that fann'd the flame, And gave my youth ap-



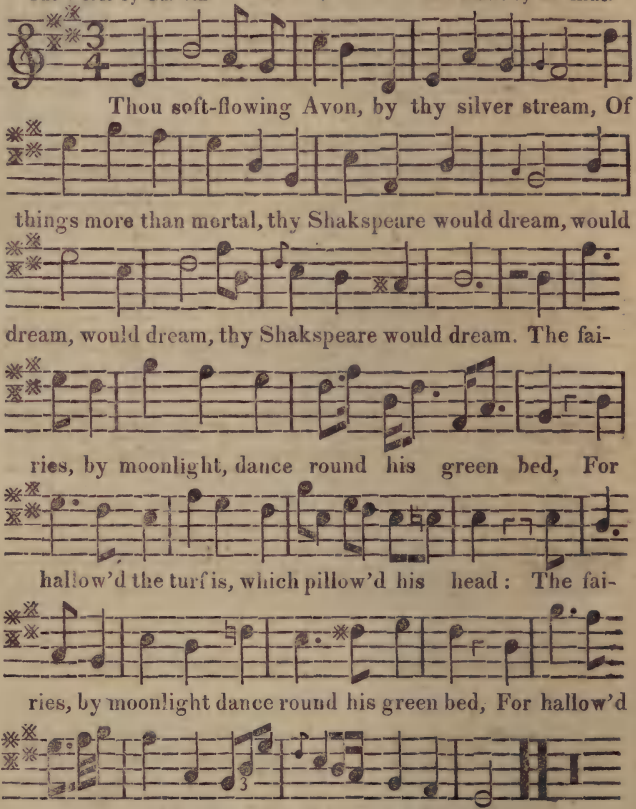
But days

5 But days, like these, with doubting curs'd,
I will not long endure:
am I despis'd? I know the worst,
and also know my cure.

6 If, false, her vows she dare renounce,
she instant ends my pain:
for, oh! that heart must break at once
which cannot hate again.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

The Words by Garrick. The Music by Dr. Arne.



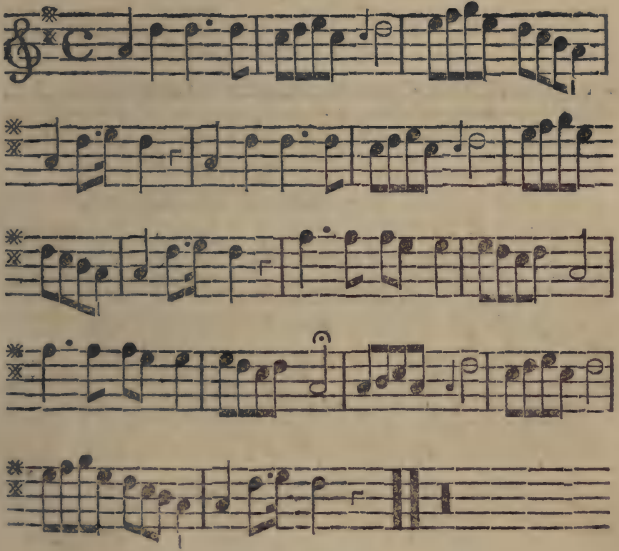
2 The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;

the sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
for hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

3 Here youth shall be fam'd for their love, and their truth,
and cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
for the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
for hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

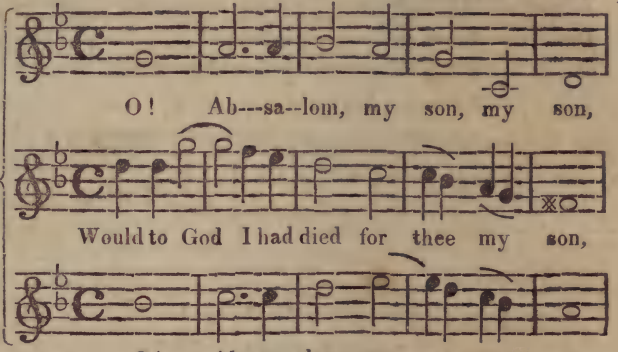
4 Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
and the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

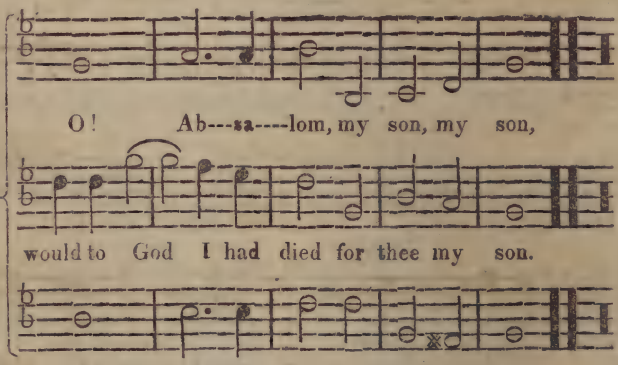
LIRA LIRA.



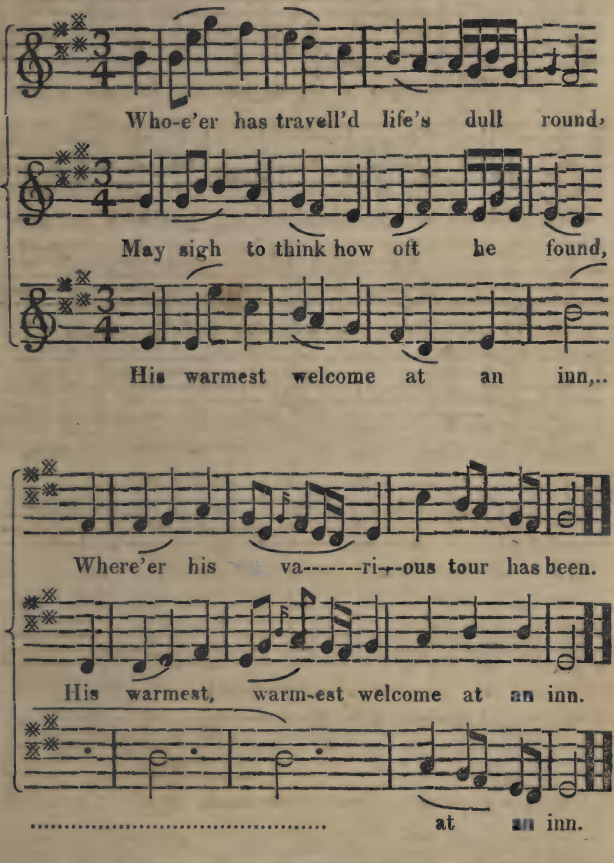
ROUND.

The Music by Charles King.

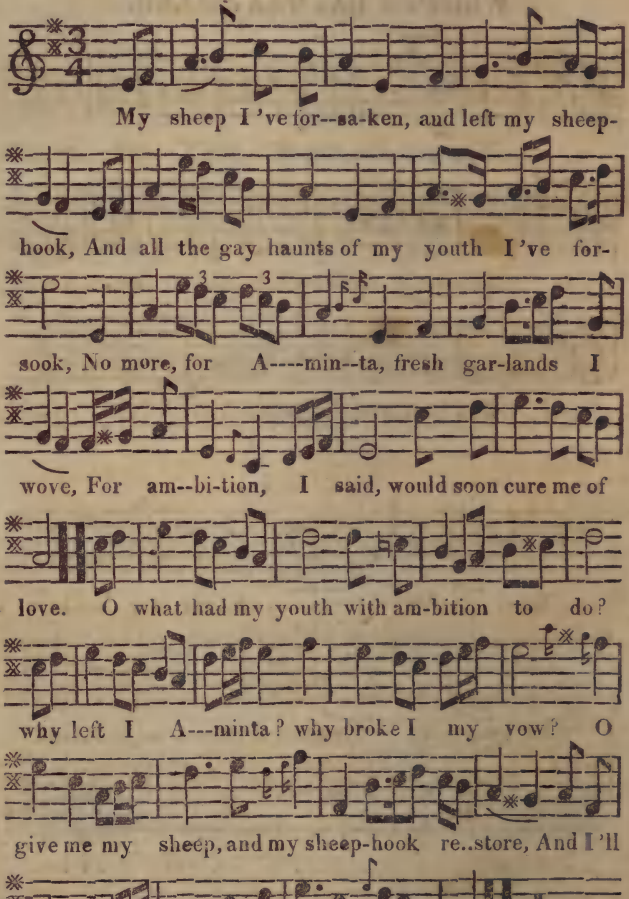




WHOE'ER HAS TRAVELLED.

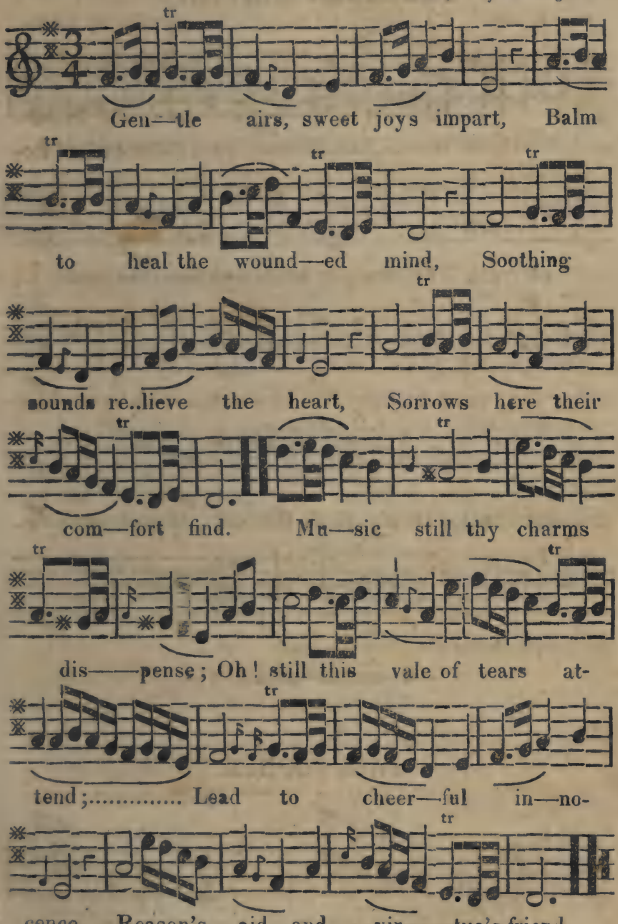


MY SHEEP I 'VE FORSAKEN.



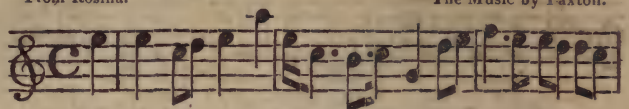
GENTLE AIRS.

The Music by Harrington.

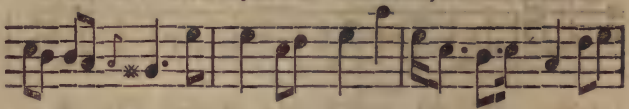


THE MORN RETURNS.

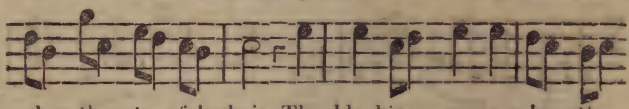
From Rosina. The Music by Paxton.



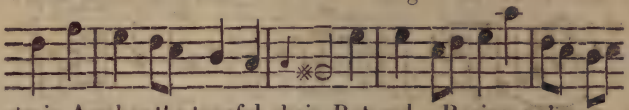
The morn returns, in saff—ron drest, But not to sad Ro-



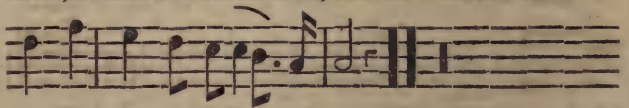
si—na rest, The blushing morn awakes the strain, A-



wakes the tuneful choir. The blushing morn awakes the



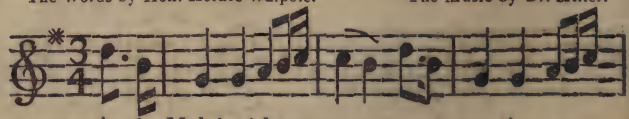
strain, Awakes the tuneful choir, But sad Rosina ne'er a-



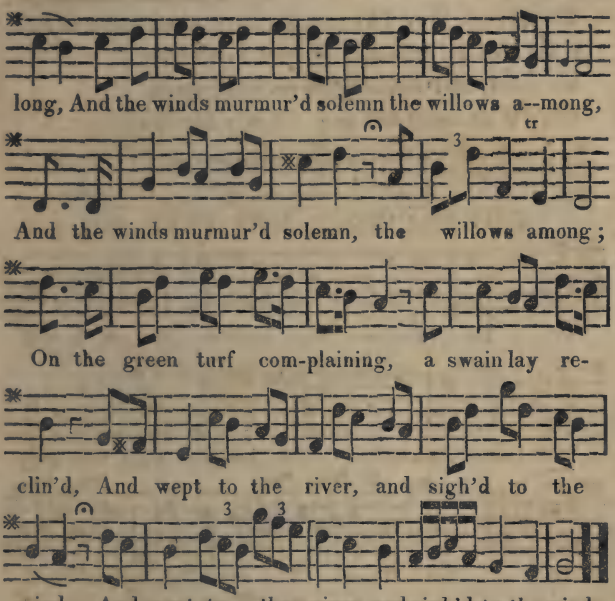
gain shall strike the exulting lyre.

FAIR SOPHIA.

The Words by Hon. Horace Walpole. The Music by Dr. Miller.



As the Mole's si-lent stream crept pensive a-



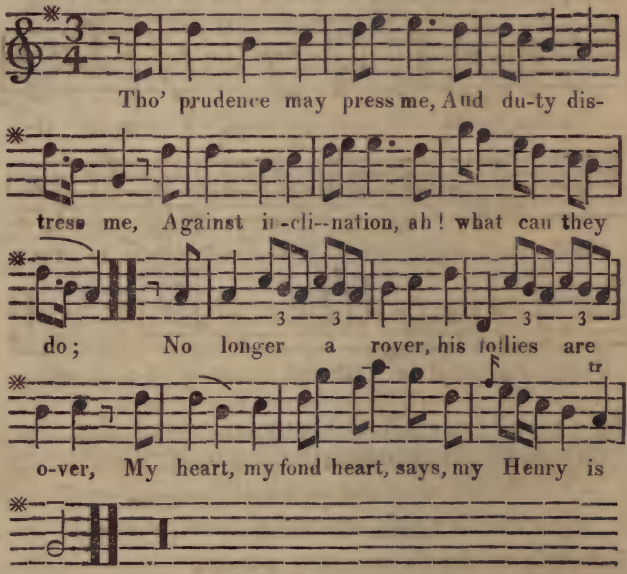
2 In vain, he cried, Nature has waken'd the spring,
in vain blooms the violet; the nightingale's sing;
to a heart full of sorrow no beauties appear,
each zephyr 's a sigh, and each dew-drop a tear.

3 In vain my Sophia has graces to move,
the fairest to envy, the wisest to love;
her presence no longer gives joy to my eye,
since without her to live is more pain than to die.

4 Oh! that slumber his pinions would over me spread,
and paint but her image in dreams in her stead;
the beautiful vision would soften my pain,
but sleep 's a relief I solicit in vain.

5 The wretch, thus, like me, his heart wounded with care,
is deluded by hope and undone by despair:
his pains, ever working, deny him repose,
and the moments but vary, to vary his woes.

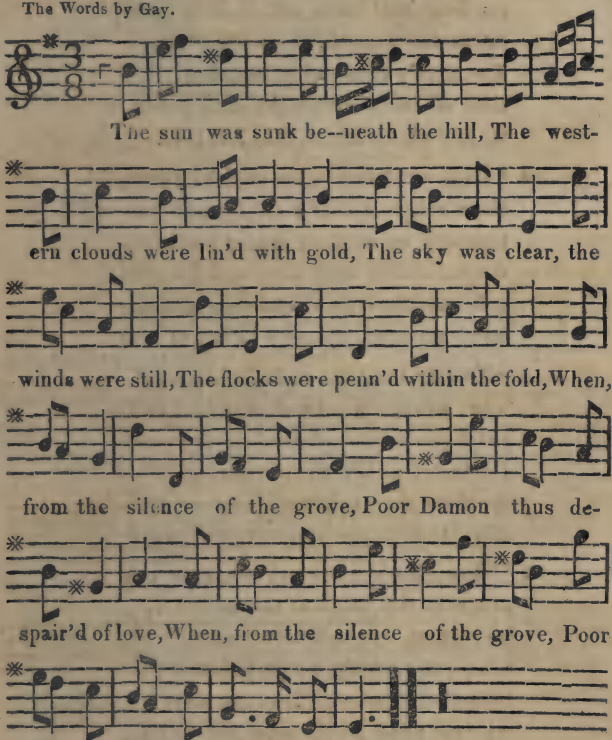
THO' PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.



2 The bee, thus, as changing,
from sweet to sweet ranging,
a rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
with rapture possessing,
in one ev'ry blessing,
till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

THE SUN WAS SUNK.

The Words by Gay.



2 'Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
from the hard rock or oozy beach,
who from each weed that barren grows,
expects the grape or downy peach,

with

with equal faith may hope to find
the truth of love in womankind.

3 'No herds have I, no fleecy care,
no fields that wave with golden grain,
no pastures green, or gardens fair,
a woman's venal heart to gain;
then all in vain my sighs must prove,
whose whole estate, alas! is love.

4 'How wretched is the faithful youth,
since women's hearts are bought and sold!
they ask no vows of sacred truth,
whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold,
gold can the frowns of scorn remove;
but I am scorn'd—who have but love.

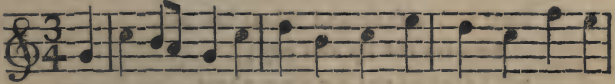
5 'To buy the gems of India's coast,
what wealth, what riches would suffice!
yet India's shore should never boast
the lustre of thy rival eyes;
for these the world too cheap would prove;
can I then buy—who have but love?

6 'Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
can with thy brighter self compare,
be just, as fair, and value more
than gems or ore, a heart sincere;
let treasure meaner beauties move;
who pays thy worth must pay in love.

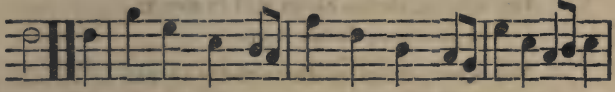
BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

THE THING WE SOUGHT.

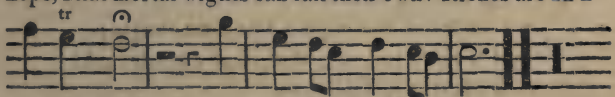
The Words from Antiphanes. The Music by Whichello.



What is there in this foolish life, For which we vainly



hope, That mortal wights can call their own? Riches are on a



sudden flown, And even our wives e--lope.

2 We cannot find that sought-for stone,
nor yet life's grand elixir;
beauty is frail; and as for fame,
she 's grown so slippery a dame,
no soul on earth can fix her.

3 Health

3 Health is unwilling long to stay,
and quacks themselves grow sick;
honours but small distinctions make,
what odds, when footmen drink and rake,
and nobles run a tick?

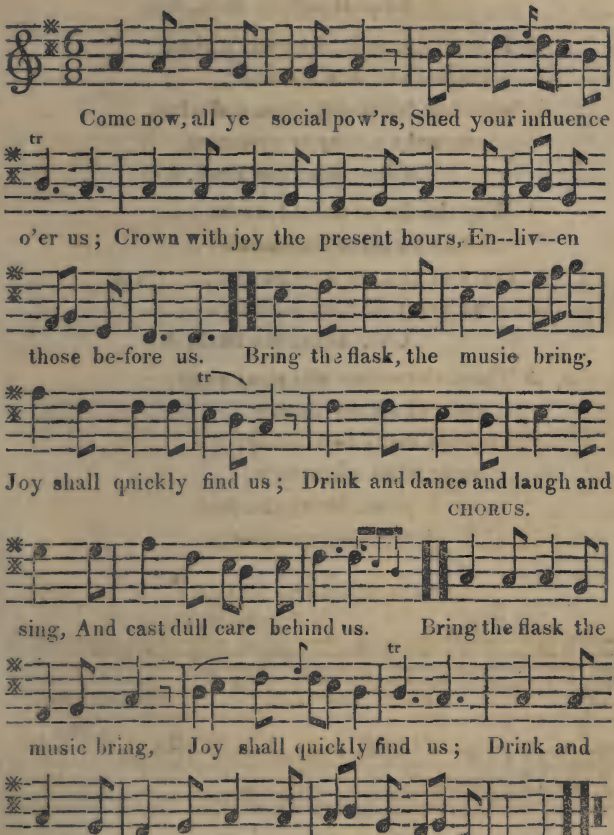
4 Some tell you, wise and virtuous souls,
find only certain good;
but spite of philosophic rules,
old age and crosses make us fools,
temptations make us lewd.

5 Nay, when thou seest the blushing wine,
red, sparkling, in thy hand,
thou 'lt think, at least, this liquor 's mine,
tho' all the envious powers combine,
yet this I dare command.

6 But, ah! a thousand things fall out,
betwixt the lip and cup;
with caution put the glass about,
the coming pledge hangs still in doubt,
'till you have drank it up.

7 But when, delicious through the throat,
we feel the stream run down,
we 've found the mighty thing we sought;
that 's our's indeed; that, that dear draught
we justly call our own.

COME NOW, ALL YE SOCIAL POWERS.



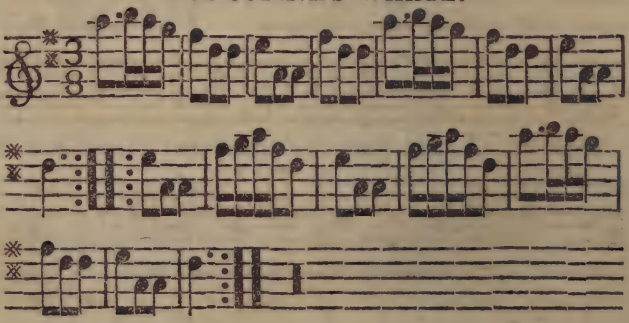
2 Love, thy godhead we adore,
source of generous passion;
but will ne'er bow down before
those idols, wealth or fashion.
Cho. Bring the flask, &c.

3 Friendship, with thy smile divine,
brighten all our features;
what but friendship, love and wine,
can make us happy creatures.
Cho. Bring the flask, &c.

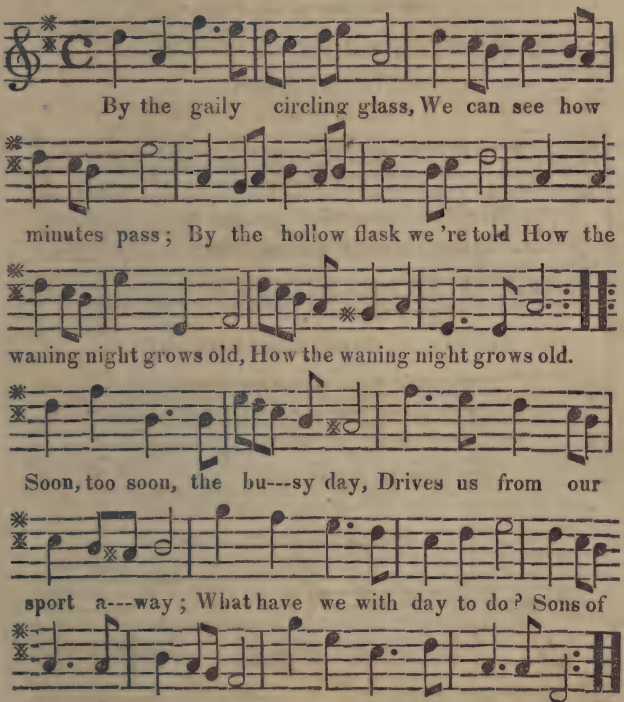
4 Why the deuce should we be sad,
while on earth we moulder;
grave or gay, or wise or mad,
we every day grow older.
Cho. Bring the flask, &c.

5 Then, since time will steal away,
spite of all our sorrow,
heighten every joy to-day,
never mind to-morrow.
Cho. Bring the flask, &c.

AUGUSTINE'S WALTZ.



BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

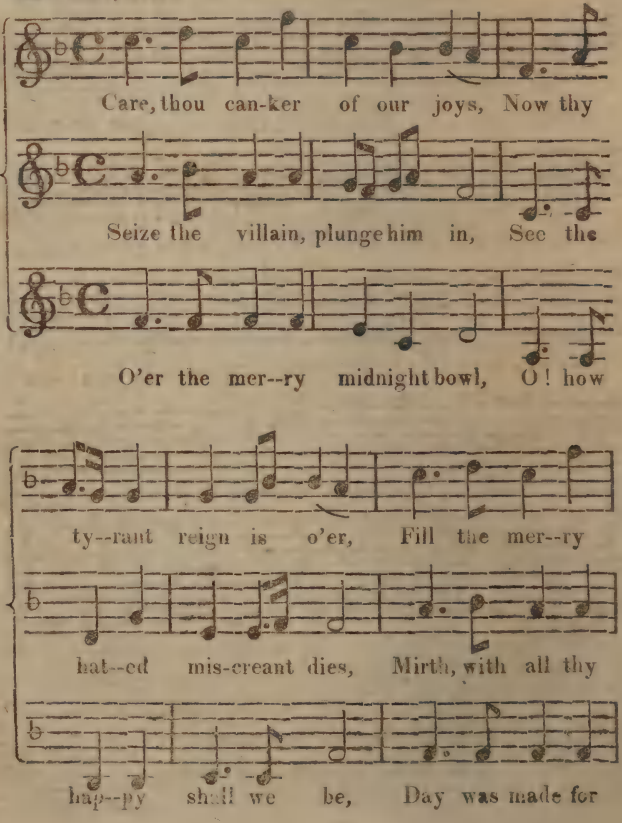


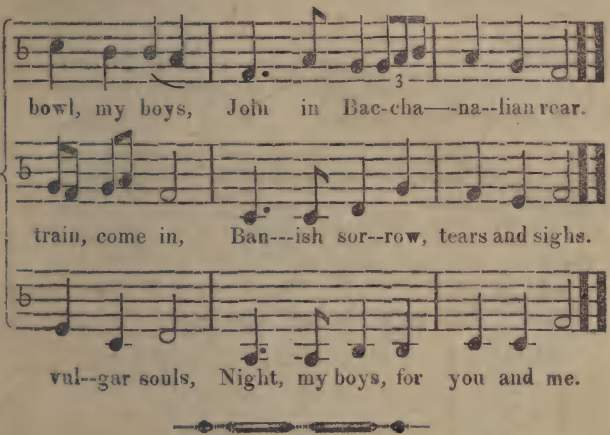
2 By the silence of the owl;
by the chirping on the thorn;
by the butts that empty roll;
we foretel the approach of morn.

Fill, then, fill the vacant glass;
let no precious moment slip;
flout the moralizing ass;
joys find entrance at the lip.

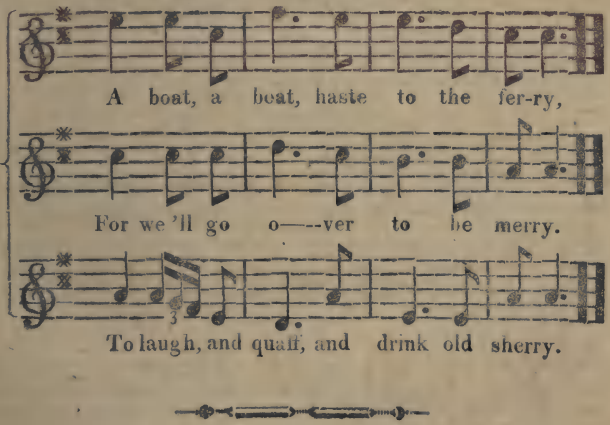
MIDNIGHT BOWL.

The Words by Grant.



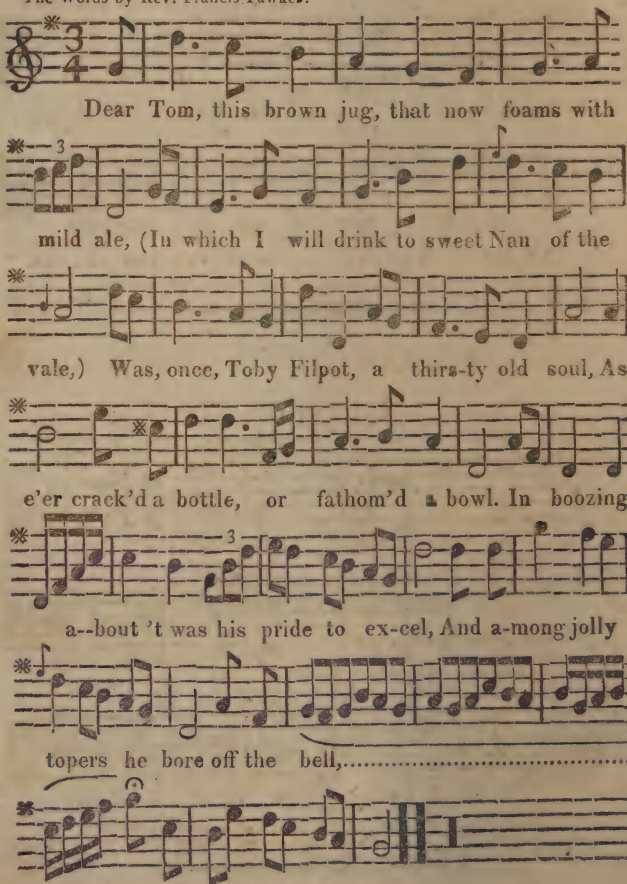

bowl, my boys, John in Bac-cha—-na--lian rear.
train, come in, Ban---ish sor--row, tears and sighs.
vul--gar souls, Night, my boys, for you and me.

CATCH.


A boat, a boat, haste to the fer-ry,
For we 'll go o—--ver to be merry.
To laugh, and quaff, and drink old sherry.

THE BROWN JUG.

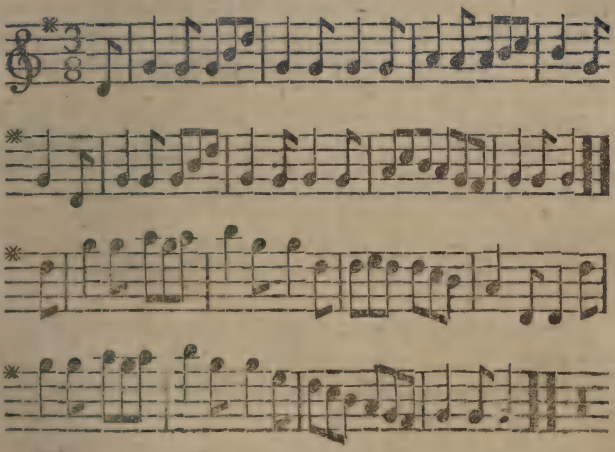
The Words by Rev. Francis Fawkes.



2 It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
in his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
with his friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
and with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
his) reath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
and he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

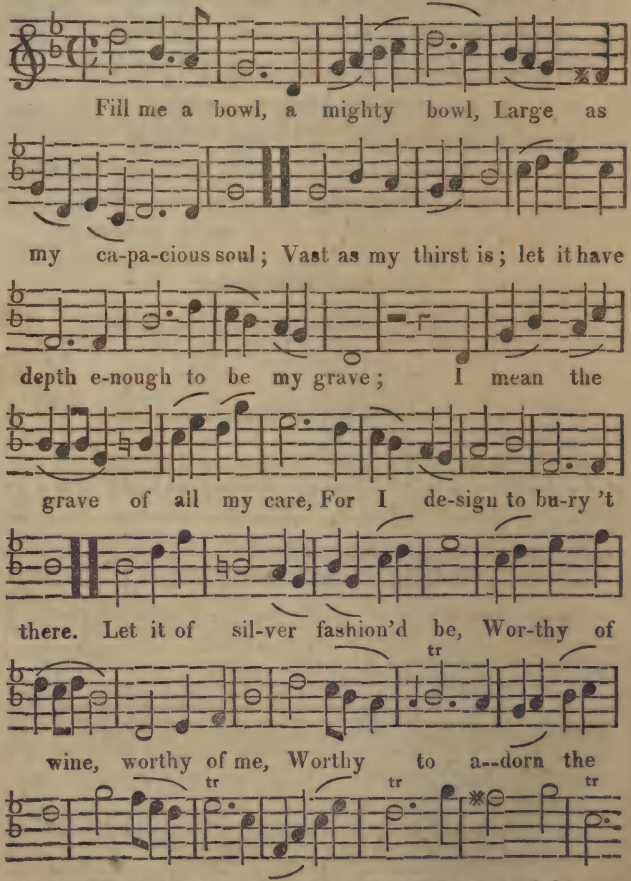
3 His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
and time into clay had resolv'd it again,
a potter found out in it's covert so snug,
and with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug:
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
so here 's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

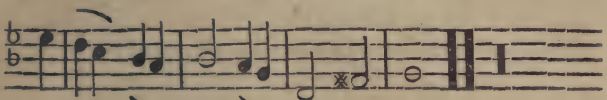
THE ROSETTA.



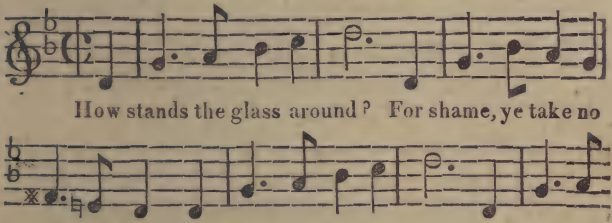
FILL ME A BOWL.

The Words by Oldham. The Music by Corfe.





THE MILITARY TOPER.

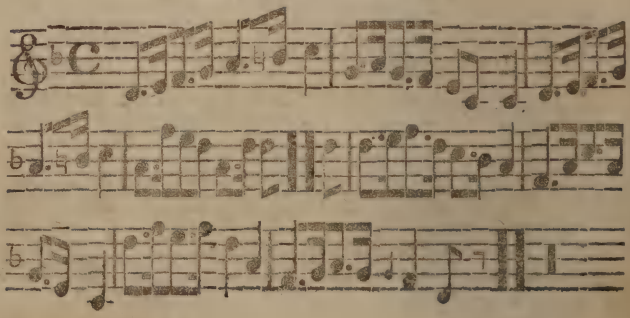


2 Why

2 Why, soldiers, why
should we be melancholy, boys!
why, soldiers, why?
whose business 't is to die?
what! sighing? fie!
damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
't is he, you, and I.
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
we 're always bound to follow, boys,
and scorn to fly.

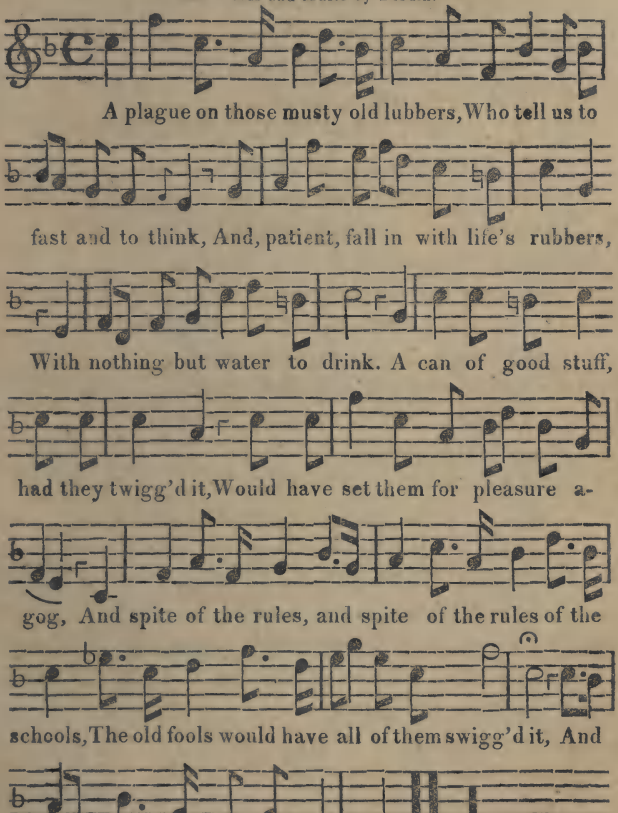
3 'T is but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)
'T is but in vain
for soldiers to complain:
should next campaign
send us to him that made you, boys,
we 're free from pain;
but should we remain,
a bottle and kind landlady
cures all again.

MY BOY TAMMY.



NOTHING LIKE GROG.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.



2 My

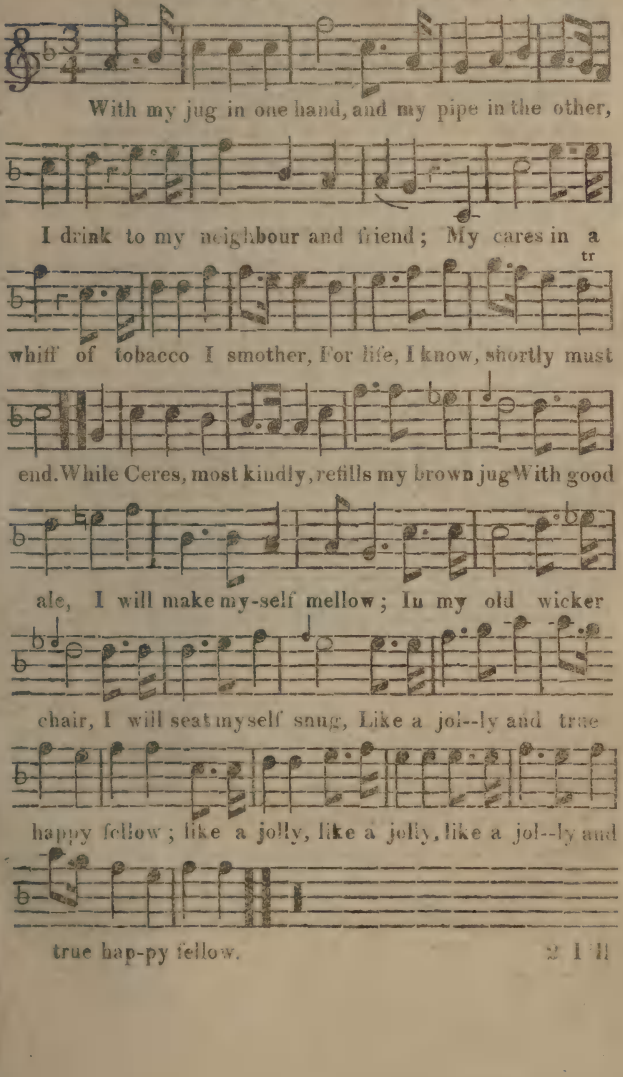
2 My father, when last I from Guinea
returned with abundance of wealth,
cried, "Jack, never be such a ninny,
to drink." Said I, "Father, your health."
I pass'd round the stuff, soon he twigg'd it,
and it set the old fellow agog,
and he swigg'd, and mother,
and sister, and brother,
and I swigg'd, and all of us, all of us, swigg'd it,
and swore there was nothing like grog.

3 One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
behind him I cautiously slunk,
and while he our duty was teaching,
as how we should never get drunk,
I tipp'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
which soon set his reverence agog;
and he swigg'd, and Ned swigg'd,
and Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
and I swigg'd, and all of us, all of us, swigg'd it,
and swore there was nothing like grog.

4 Then, trust me, there 's nothing like drinking,
so pleasant on this side the grave;
it keeps the unhappy from thinking,
and makes e'en more valiant the brave;
as for me, from the moment I swigg'd it,
the good stuff has so set me agog,
sick or well, late or early,
wind foully, or fairly,
I 've constantly, constantly swigg'd it,
and, trust me, there 's nothing like grog.

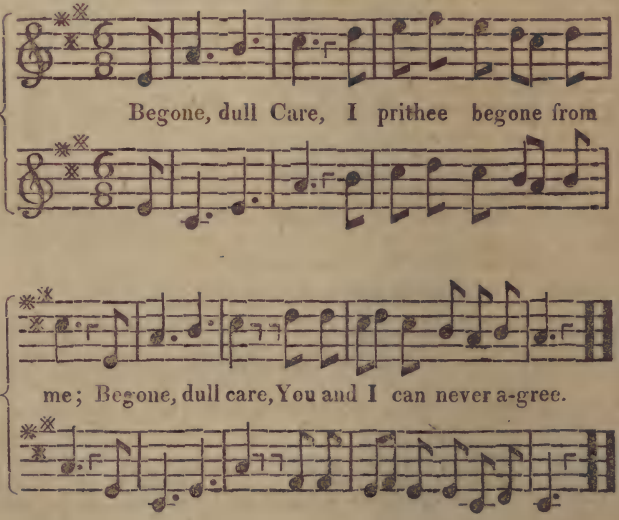
THE HAPPY FELLOW.

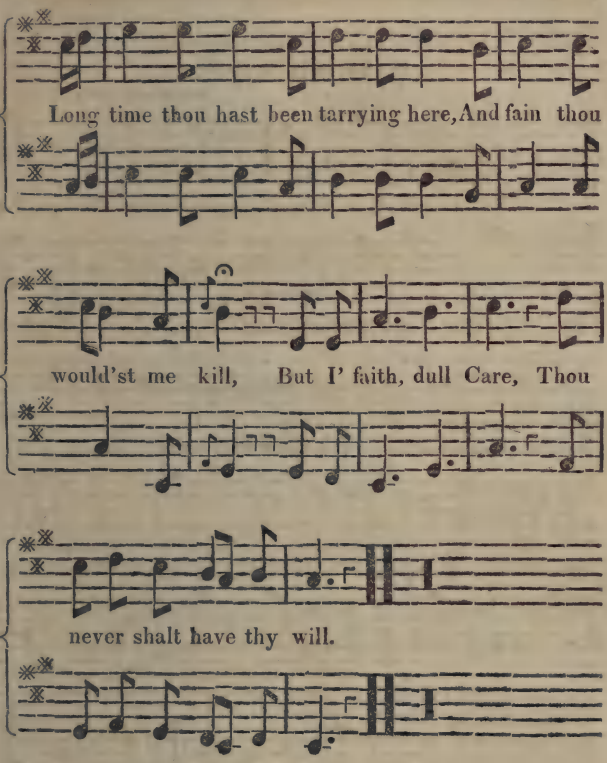
The Music by J. Smart.



2 I 'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
my own being all I need mind,
for the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
to death we must all be consign'd.
Then I 'll laugh, drink, and smoak, and leave nothing to pay,
but drop, like a pear that is mellow,
and, when cold in my coffin, I 'll leave them to say,
"He 's gone! what a hearty good fellow!"

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

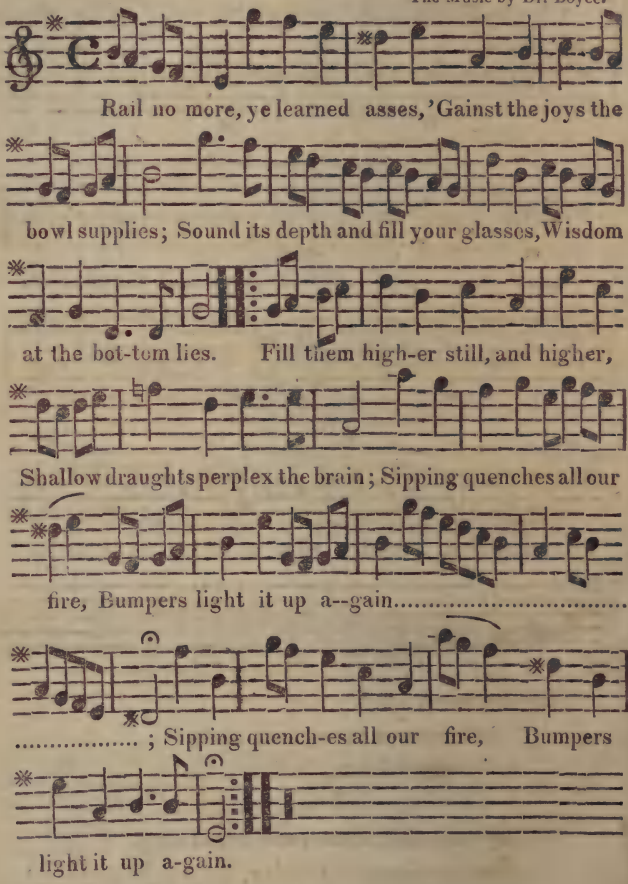




2 Too much Care,
will make a young man grey,
and too much care,
will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
so merrily pass the day,
for I hold it one of the wisest things,
to drive dull Care away.

RAIL NO MORE.

The Music by Dr. Boyce.

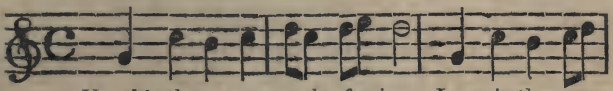


2 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
enter jollity and joy;

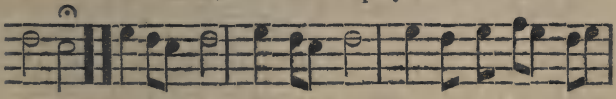
we, for thinking, have no leisure,
manly mirth is our employ:
since, in life, there 's nothing certain,
we 'll the present hour engage;
and, when death shall drop the curtain,
with applause we 'll quit the stage.

YOUTH'S THE SEASON.

The Words by Gay. The Music by Cotilion.



Youth's the season made for joys, Love is then our
She alone, who that employs, Well deserves her



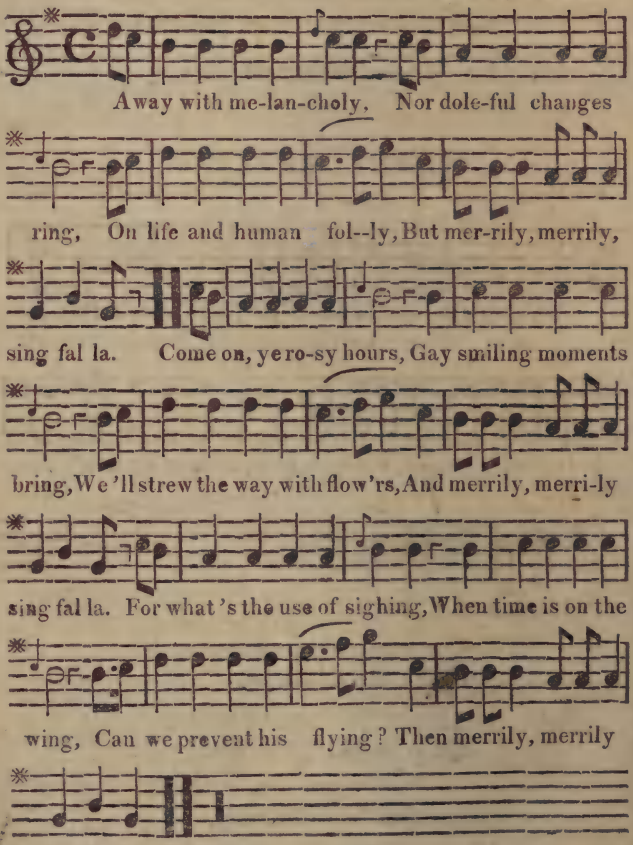
du-ty, Let 's be gay, While we may, Beauty 's a flow'r des-
beauty,

pis'd in decay. D. C.

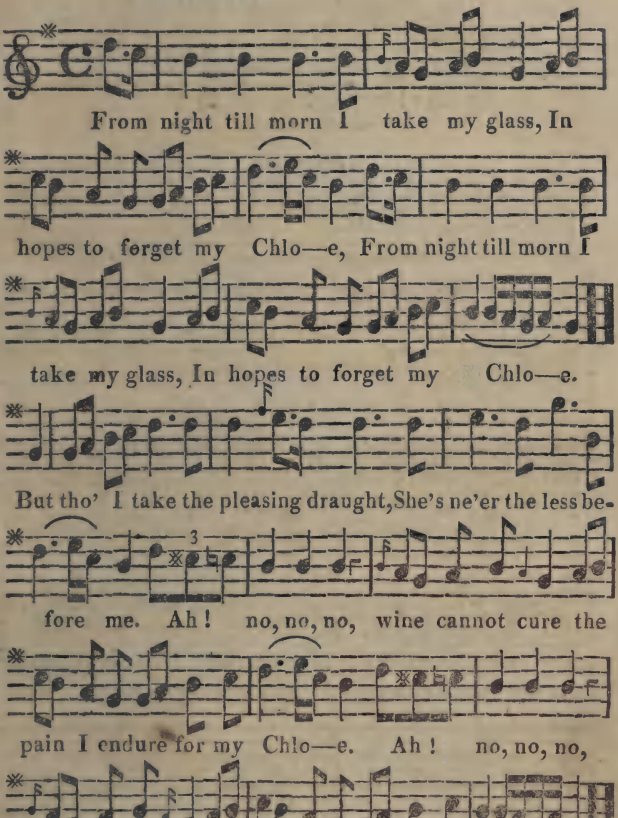
2 Let us drink and sport to-day,
our's is not to-morrow;
love with youth flies swift away,
age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
time 's on the wing,
life never knows the return of spring.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

The Music by W. Mozart.

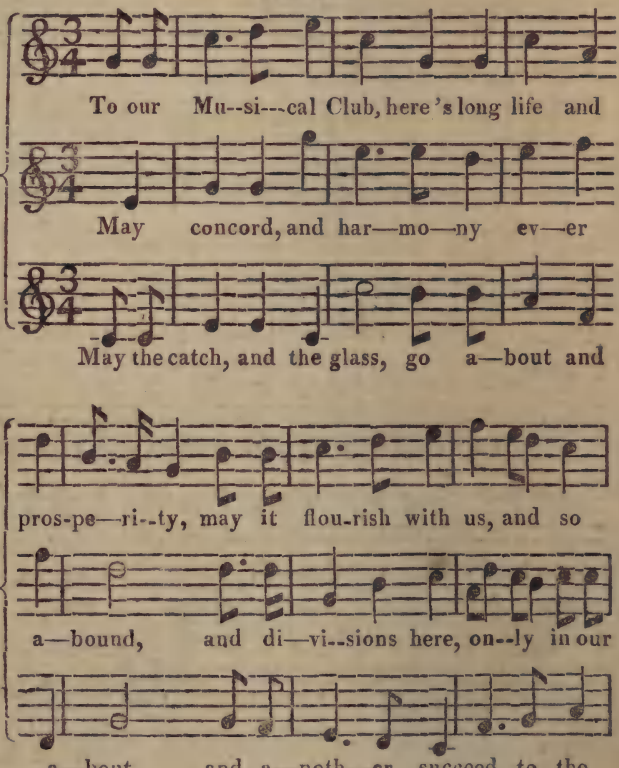


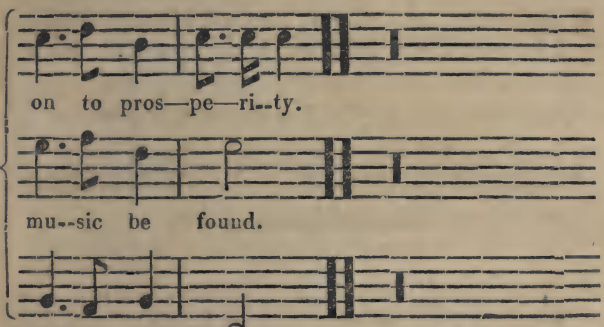
FROM NIGHT TILL MORN.



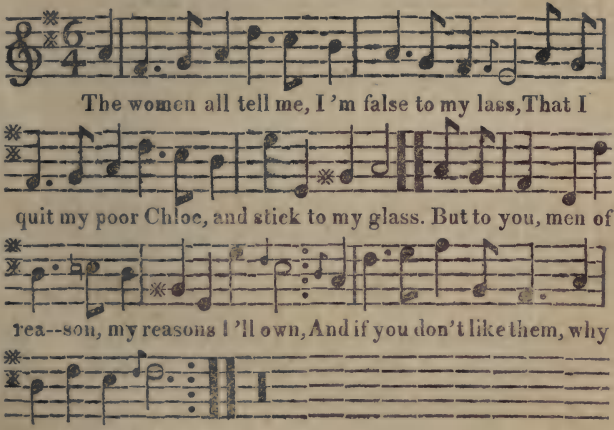
2 To wine I flew to ease the pain,
her beauteous charms created:
to wine I flew to ease the pain,
her beauteous charms created;
but wine more firmly bound the chain,
and love would not be cheated.
Ah! no, &c.

CATCH.





THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME.



2 Although

2 Although I have left her, the truth I 'll declare ;
I believe she was good, and I 'm sure she was fair :
but goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
that make it as good and as charming as she.

3 My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
but, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
but tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

4 Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
but in wine, from it's age such a benefit flows,
that we like it the better the older it grows.

5 They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
and that beauty 's insipid when once 't is enjoy'd ;
but in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
for the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

6 Let murders, and battles, and history prove,
the mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;
but in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
for the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

7 She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
with nurses and babies, and squalling and strife :
but my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
and a big-bellied bottle 's a mighty good thing.

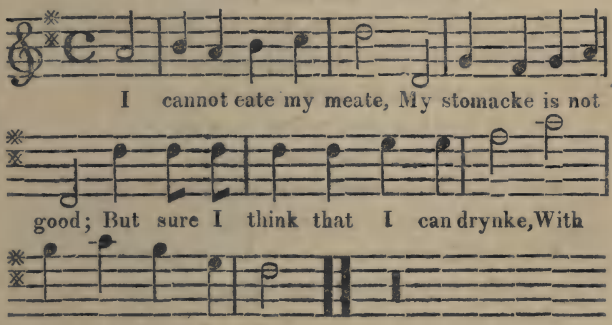
8 We shorten our days when with love we engage,
it brings on diseases and hastens old age ;
but wine from grim death can it's votaries save,
and keep out t' other leg, when there 's one in the grave.

9 Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
she had left me to get an estate or a lord ;

but my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
will stand by me when I can 't stand by myself.

10 Then let my dear Chloe no longer comp lain:
she 's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
for in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;
should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

I CANNOT EAT MY MEAT.



Backe and side go bare, go bare,
both foote and hande go colde:
but bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe or olde.

2 Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I stuff my skyn so full within,
of joly good ale and olde.
backe and syde go bare, go bare,
bothe foot and hand go colde:

but,

but, bellye, God send thee good ale ynoughe,
whether it be new or olde.

3 I love no rost but a nut-browne toste,
and a crab laid in the fyre;
a little breade shall do me stead,
much breade I do not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
can hurte mee if I wolde;
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, &c.

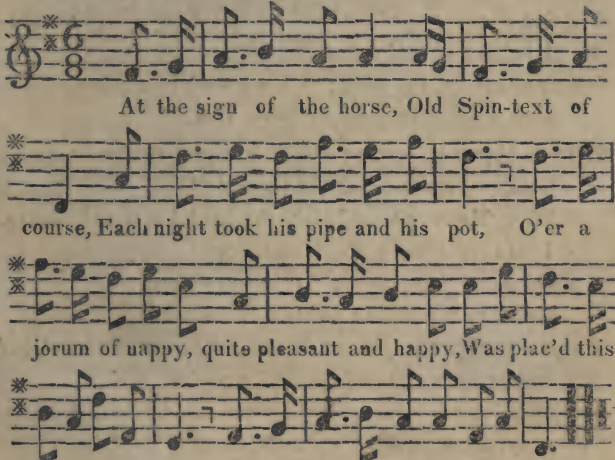
4 And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe
loveth well good ale to seeke;
full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
the teares run downe her cheeke:
then doth she trowle to mee the bowle,
even as a mault-worme shuld;
and sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
of this joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, &c.

5 Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
even as good fellowes shoulde doe:
they shall not mysse to have the blisse,
good ale doth bringe men to;
and all poore soules that have scowred boules,
or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wyves,
whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and syde go bare, &c.

HUMOUROUS & WITTY SONGS.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

The Words by G. A. Stevens, Esq.



2 The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
with reverence due and submission;
first strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
and, bowing, preferr'd his petition.

3 "I 'm come, sir," said he, "to beg, look, d' ye see,
of your reverend worship and glory,
to inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
and I 'll walk with the lantern before you."

4 "The body we 'll bury, but pray where 's the hurry?"
"Why Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay;"
"You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
a corpse, Moses, can't run away."

5 Then Moses he smil'd, saying, "Sir, a small child
cannot long delay your intentions;"
"Why that 's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
can never enlarge it's dimensions.

6 Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d 'ye hear?
I hate to be call'd from my liquor.
Come, Moses, the king; 't is a scandalous thing,
such a subject should be but a vicar."

7 Then Moses he spoke; "Sir, 't is past twelve o' clock,
besides there 's a terrible shower;"
"Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I 'm sure it can never strike more:

8 Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
which to say and to swear I 'll be bold,
that the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that 's plain;
but perhaps you or I may take cold."

9 Then Moses went on; "Sir, the clock has struck one,
pray, Master, look up at the hand;"
"Why it ne'er can strike less, 't is a folly to press
a man to walk on that can't stand."

10 At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
but first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;
each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
and then stagger'd on side by side.

11 When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
while the surplice was wrapt round the priest;
where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
that the parish still talk of the jest.

12 "Good people, let 's pray; put the corpse t' other way,
or perchance I shall over it stumble;
't is best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
a mortuum caput cann't tremble.

13 Woman that 's born of a man; that 's wrong, the leaf's torn;
"a man, that is born of a woman,
can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower;
you see, Moses, death spareth no man.

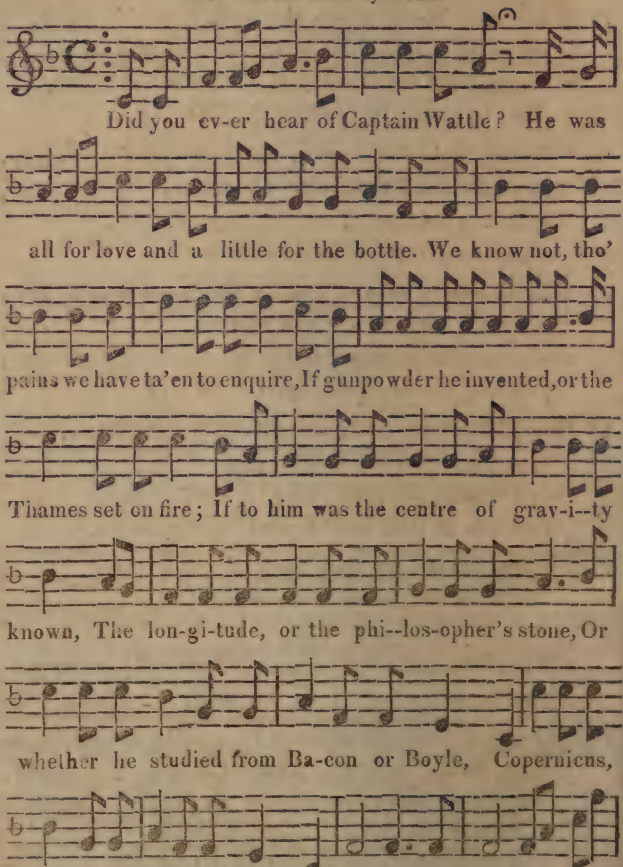
14 Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
sure the letters are turn'd upside down;
such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in 't,
that this Basket should print for the crown.

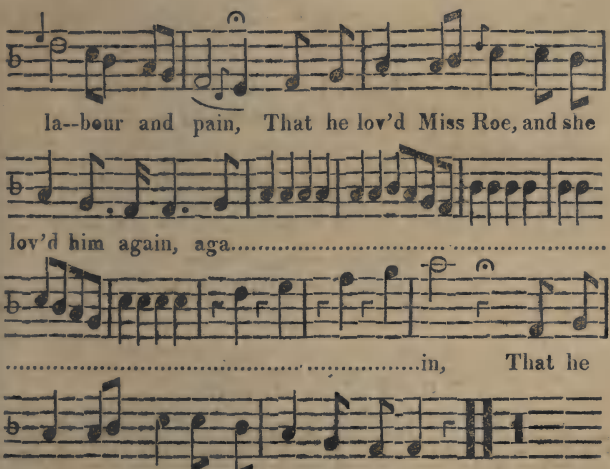
15 Prithee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
and bury the corpse in my stead."
("Amen! Amen!")
"Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
you 've taken the tail for the head.

16 "O where 's thy sting, death?" put the corpse in the earth,
"for, believe me, 't is terrible weather."
So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
and away they both stagger'd together,
singing tol de rol, de rol, ti dol, di dol.

CAPTAIN WATTLE, AND MISS ROE.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.





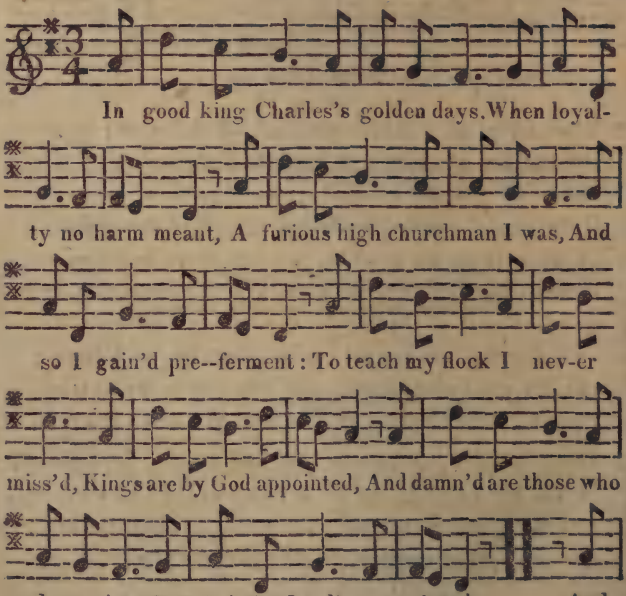
2 Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer;
she had but one eye, but that was a piercer.
We know not, for certainty, her education,
if she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation;
at cards, if she lik'd whist, and swabbers or voles,
or at dinner lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals,
whether most of the Sappho she was or Thalestris,
or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins, or Vestris;
but, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
that she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

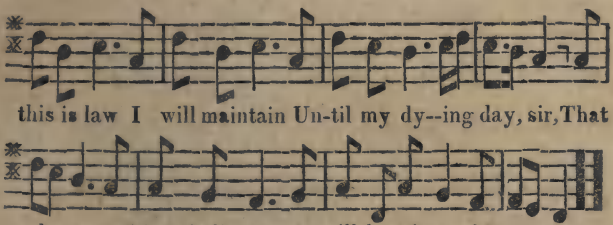
3 When wedded, he became lord and master, depend on't,
he had but one leg, but he 'd a foot at the end on't,
which, of government, when she would fain hold the bridle,
he took special caution should never lie idle;

so,

so, like most married folks, 't was my plague and my chicken,
and sometimes a kissing, and sometimes a kicking.
Then, for comfort, a cordial she 'd now and then try,
alternately bunging, or piping her eye;
and these facts of this couple the history contain;
for when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.





2 When royal James obtained the crown,
and popery came in fashion,
the penal laws I hooted down,
and read the Declaration:
the church of Rome I found would fit
full well my constitution;
and had became a Jesuit,
but for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

3 When William was our king declar'd,
to ease the nation's grievance:
with this new mind about I steer'd,
and swore to him allegiance:
old principles I did revoke,
set conscience at a distance;
passive obedience was a joke,
a jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

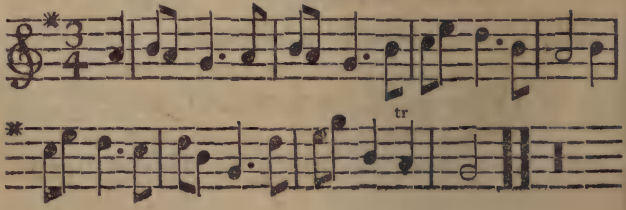
4 When gracious Anne became our queen,
the church of England's glory,
another face of things was seen,
and I became a tory:

occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
and thought the church in danger was
by such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

5 When George in pudding time came o'er,
and moderate men look'd big, sir;
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
and so became a whig, sir;
and thus preferment I procur'd
from our new faith's defender;
and almost every day abjur'd
the Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

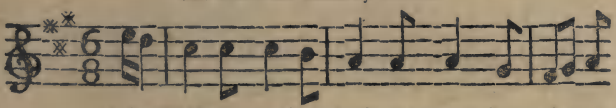
6 Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
and protestant succession;
to these I do allegiance swear—
while they can keep possession:
for in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,
and George my lawful king shall be—
until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

OH, PONDER WELL, BE NOT SEVERE.

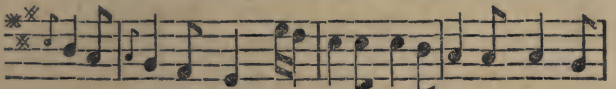


MOUNSEER, NONG, TONG, PAW.

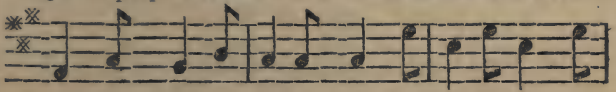
The Words and Music by Dibdin.



John Bull, for pastime, took a prance, Some time a-



go to peep at France, To talk of sciences and arts, And



knowledge gain'd in foreign parts: Monsieur ob-sequious

heard him speak, And answer'd John in heathen greek, To

all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw, To all he ask'd, 'bout

all he saw, 'T was *Monsieur Je vous, nong, tong, paw.*

2 John to the Palais Royal come;
it's splendour almost struck him dumb;
"I say, whose house is that there here?"
"*Hosse! Je vous, n'entends pas, Monsieur;*"

"What

"what Nongtongpaw again!" cries John,
"this fellow is some mighty Don;
no doubt h' as plenty for the maw:
I 'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

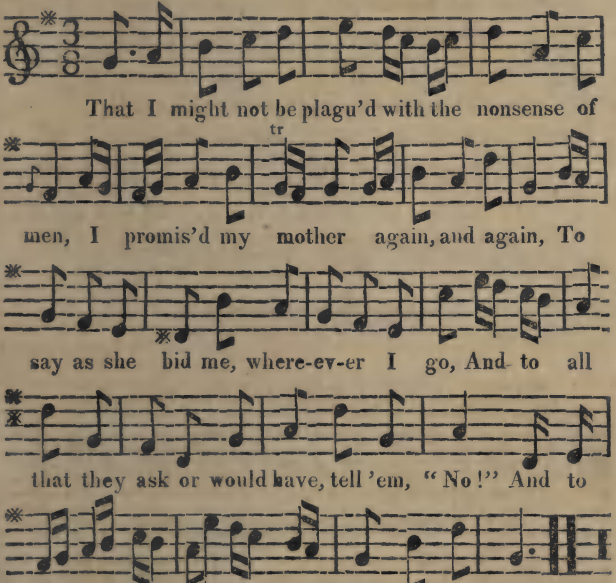
3 John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
and cried, astonish'd at the sight,
"Whose fine estate is that there here?"
"*Stat! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur;*"
"His! what the land and houses too?
the fellow's richer than a Jew;
on ev'ry thing he lays his claw:
I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

4 Next, tripping, came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
"What lovely wench is that there here?"
"*Ventch, Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur;*"
"What he again? upon my life!
a palace, lands, and then a wife!
Sir Joshua might delight to draw,
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

5 But hold, whose funeral 's that?" cries John:
"*Je vous n'entends pas;*" "what, is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave:
his race is run, his game is up,
I 'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup:
but since he chooses to withdraw,
good night t' ye, Monseer Nongtongpaw."

I ANSWERED, NO! NO!

The Music by Worgan.



2 I really believe I have frighten'd a score,
they 'll want to speak to me, I 'll warrant, no more,
and I own I 'm not sorry for serving them so,
were the same thing to do, I again should say, "No!"

3 For I own I like him, who with courage and art,
will not let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
such questions he puts, since I answer him so,
that he makes me mean yes, tho' my word is still, "No!"

4 He

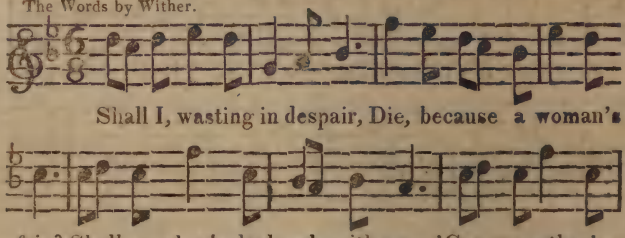
4 He ask'd, "did I hate him? or think him too plain?"
(let me die if he be not a clever young swain)
"if he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go?"
then he press'd my soft lips, till I blush'd, and said "No!"

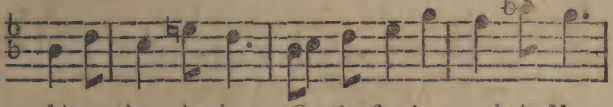
5 He ask'd, "if my heart to another was gone?
if I 'd have him to leave and cease to love on?
if I meant all my life long to answer him so?"
then I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and replied to him, "No!"

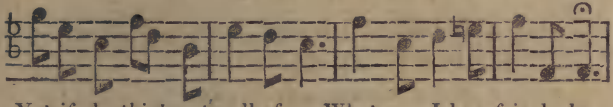
6 This morning, an end to his courtship he made;
"Will Phil' still live longer a virgin?" he said;
"if I press you to church, will you scruple to go?"
In a hearty consent, then I answered, "No! No!"

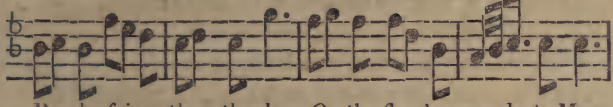
WHAT CARE I FOR WHOM SHE BE.

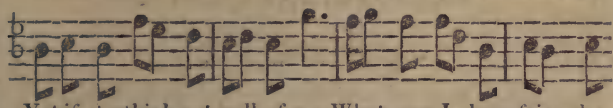
The Words by Wither.

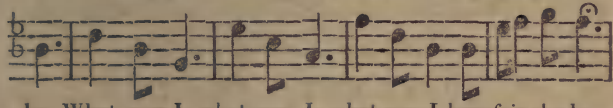


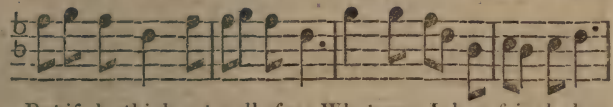


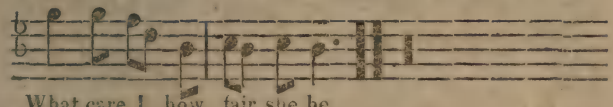












2 Shall a woman's goodness move
me to perish for her love?
Or, her worthy merits known,
make me quite forget my own

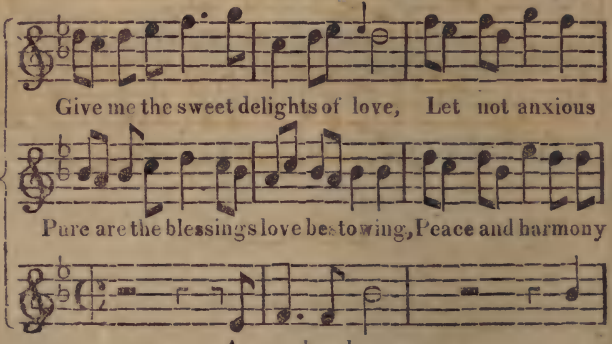
be

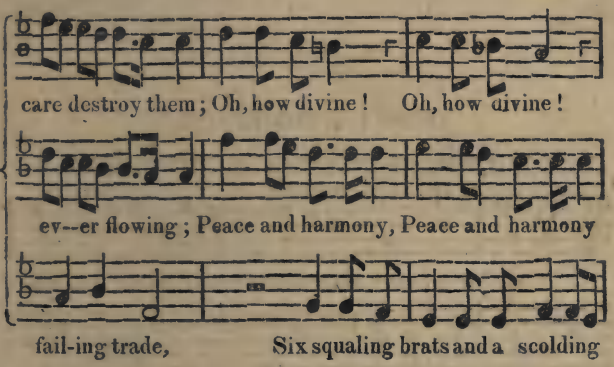
be she with that goodness blest,
as may merit name the best;
yet if she be not such to me,
what care I how good she be?

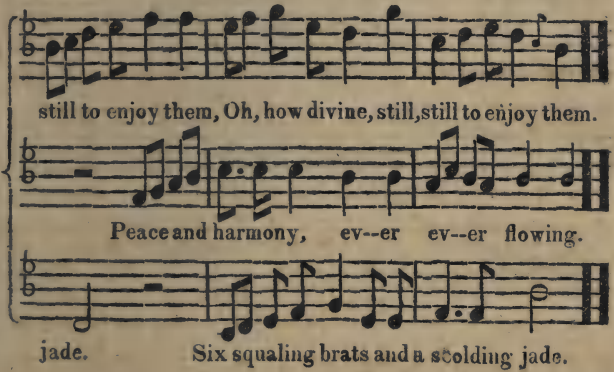
3 Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go:
so if she be not fit for me,
what care I for whom she be?

GIVE ME THE SWEET.

The Music by Harrington.

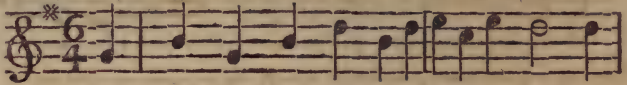



care destroy them; Oh, how divine! Oh, how divine!
ev--er flowing; Peace and harmony, Peace and harmony
fail-ing trade, Six squaling brats and a scolding

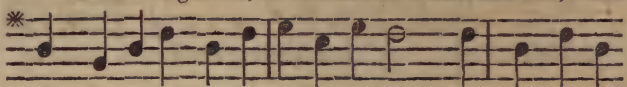

still to enjoy them, Oh, how divine, still, still to enjoy them.
Peace and harmony, ev--er ev--er flowing.
jade. Six squaling brats and a scolding jade.

OONS! NEIGHBOUR.

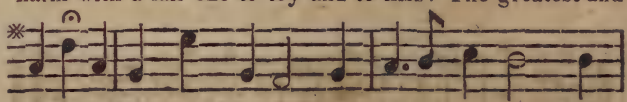
The Words by Bickerstaff. The Music by Dr. Arne.



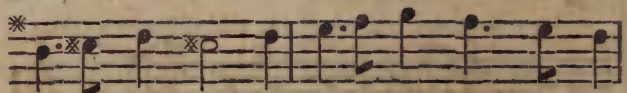
Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this, What



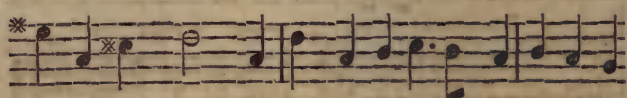
harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The greatest and



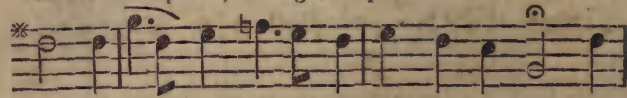
gravest, a truce with grimace, Would do the same thing, Would



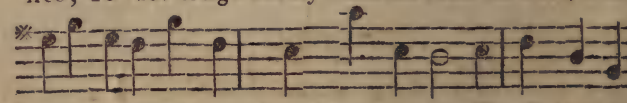
do the same thing, Would do the same thing, were they



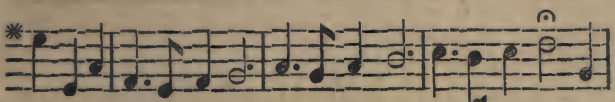
in the same place; No age, no profession, no station is



free; To sov-ereign beauty mankind bend the knee, That



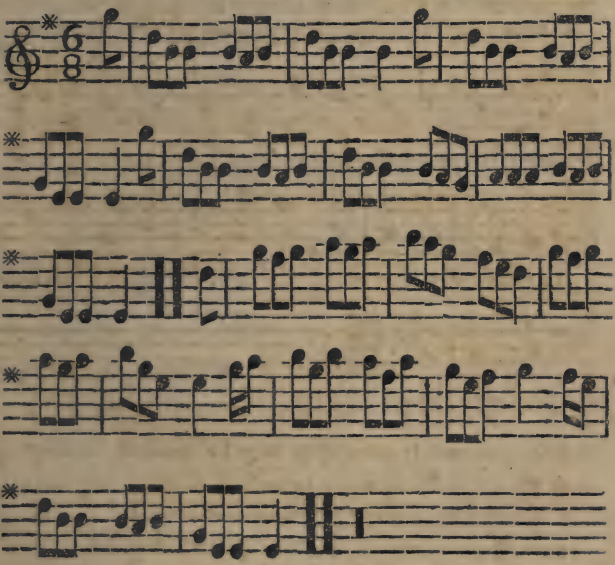
power, resistless, no strength can oppose, We all love a



pretty girl under the rose, under the rose, un-der the rose, We

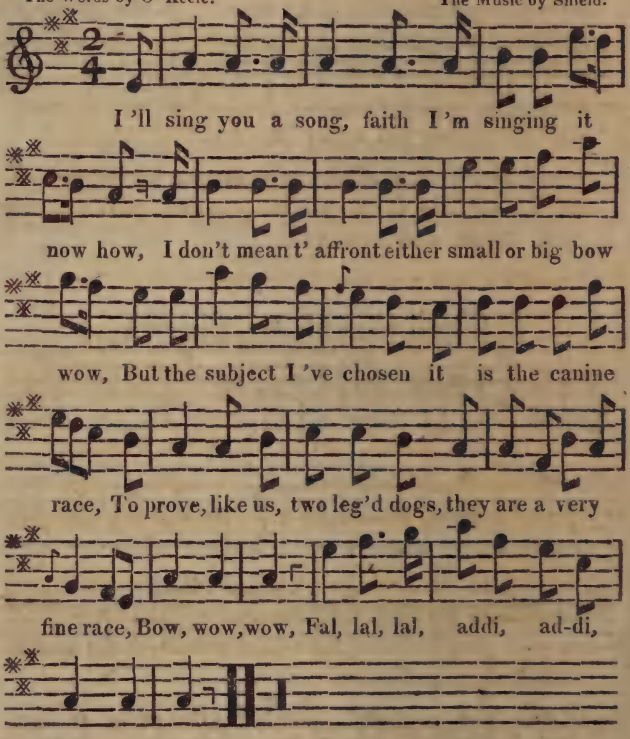
all love a pret-ty girl under the rose.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.



I' LL SING YOU A SONG.

The Words by O' Keefe. The Music by Shield.



2 Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad dogs,
as we won't drink water some may think us mad dogs;
a courtier is a spaniel, a citizen a dull dog,
a soldier is a mastiff, a sailor 's a bull dog.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

3 An old maid comes from church, to poor no lady kinder,
a trusty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind her,
a poor boy asks a farthing and gets plenty of good kicking,
but little shock, her lap-dog, must have a roasted chicken.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

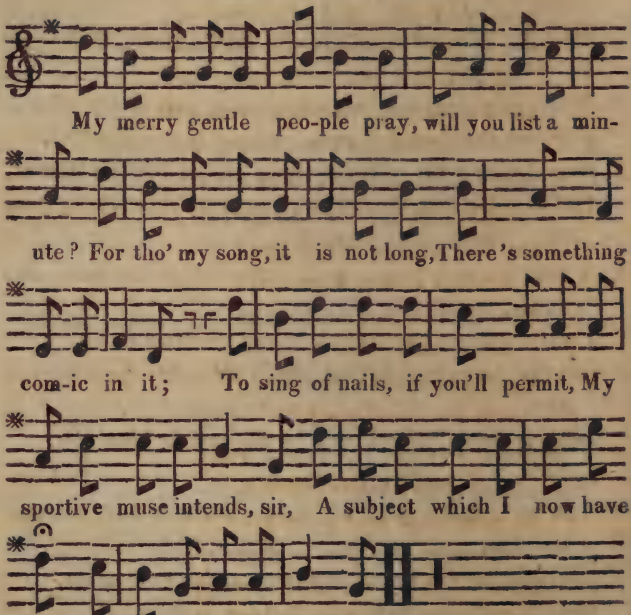
4 When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and brother,
grin and snort mighty gruff, and worry one another,
should they a bit of equity from justice beg the loan of,
that cunning dog, the lawyer, snap, carries quick the bone off. Bow, wow, wow, &c.

5 A poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he runs game down,
a critic is a cur that strives to run his fame down,
and tho' he cannot follow where the noble sport invites him,
he slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites him.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

6 You 've a choice pack of friends, while to feed 'em you are able,
your dog for his morsel crouches under your table,
your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,
but your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his master.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

7 As your friends turn tail the moment that you need them,
my dog ran away when no longer I could feed him,
this cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on a journey,
and for a mouldy crust went back to the attorney.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

HOW TO NAIL 'EM.



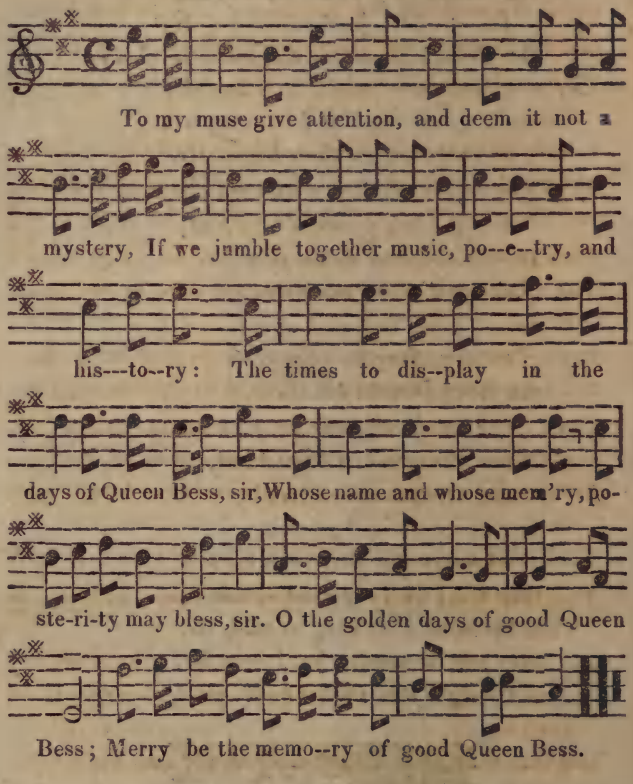
2 The world is a *bag of nails*,
and some are very queer ones,
and some are *flats*, and some are *sharps*,
and some are very dear ones.
We 've *sprigs*, and *spikes*, and *sparables*,
some *little*, *great*, and *small*, sir;
some folks love *nails* with *monstrous heads*,
and some love none at all, sir.

3 The *Bachelor* 's a *hob-nail*,
he rusts for want of use, sir;
the *Misers* they 've no *nails* at all,
they 're all a *pack* of *screws*, sir;
the *French Monseers* will get some *clouts*,
if here they chance to roam, sir,
for Englishmen, like *hammers*, will
be sure to *drive them home*, sir.

4 The *Doctor nails* you with his *bill*,
which often proves a *sore nail;*
the *Undertaker* wishes you
as *dead* as any *door-nail;*
you 'll often find *each agent*
to be *nailing* his employer,
the *Lawyer nails his client*,
and the *Devil nails* the *Lawyer*.

5 Dame Fortune is a *brawd awl*,
and often does contrive it,
to make each *nail* go easily,
whene'er she likes to *drive it;*
then if I gain your kind applause,
for what I 've sung or said, sir,
then you 'll admit, that I have *hit*,
the *right nail* on the *head*, sir.

GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.



2 Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and armadas,
with their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring bravadoes;
for we knew how to manage both the musket and the bow, sir,
and could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, sir.

3 Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses unthatch'd, sir,
our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd, sir;
yet so few were the folk that would plunder or rob, sir,
that the hangman was starving for want of a job, sir.

4 Then our ladies with large ruffs ty'd round about the neck fast,
would gobble up a pound of beefsteaks for their breakfast;
while a close quill'd up coif their noddles just did fit, sir,
and they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, sir.

5 Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted hose, sir,
with a huge pair of whiskers was the dress of our beaus, sir;
strong beer they preferr'd too to claret or to hock, sir,
and no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, sir.

6 Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, sir,
and the poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir;
while merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle and the plough, sir,
and honest men could live by the sweat of their brow, sir.

7 Then the folks every Sunday went twice, at least, to church, sir,
and never left the parson or his sermon in the lurch, sir,
for they judg'd that the sabbath was for people to be good in, sir,
and they thought it sabbath-breaking if they din'd without a pudding, sir.

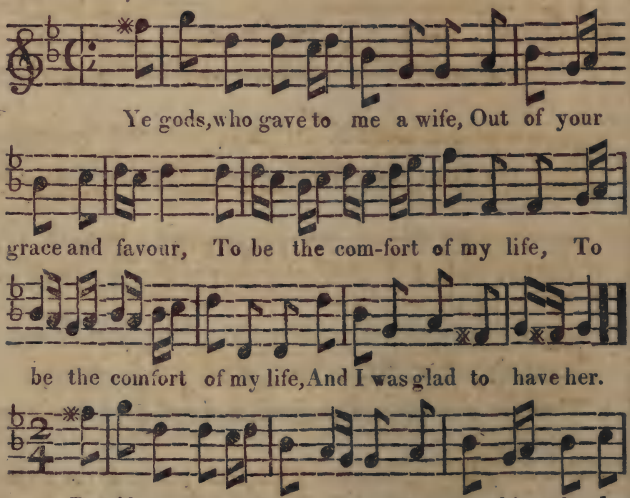
8 Then our great men were good, and our good men were great, sir,
and the props of the nation, were the pillars of the state sir,

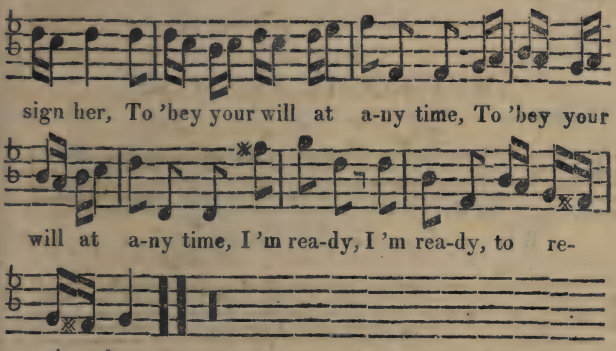
for the Sovereign and the subject, one interest supported,
add our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.

9 Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, sir,
bright example of glory to those who survive it, sir,
may we, their descendants, pursue the same ways, sir,
that King George like Queen Bess may have his golden days, sir,
and may a longer reign of glory and success,
make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess.

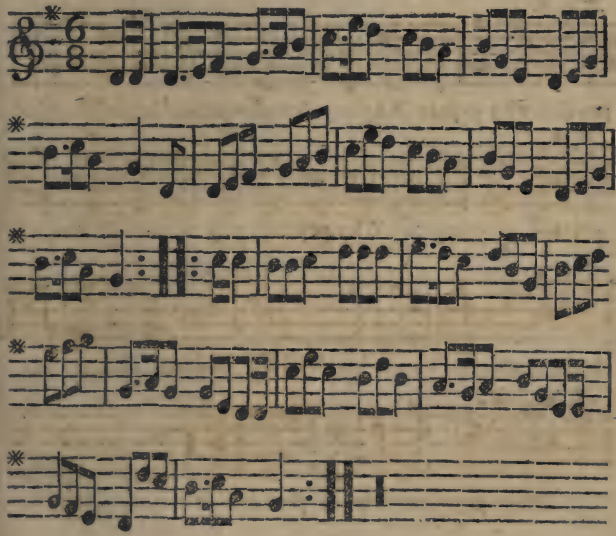
YE GODS WHO GAVE TO ME A WIFE.

The Words by Coffe.



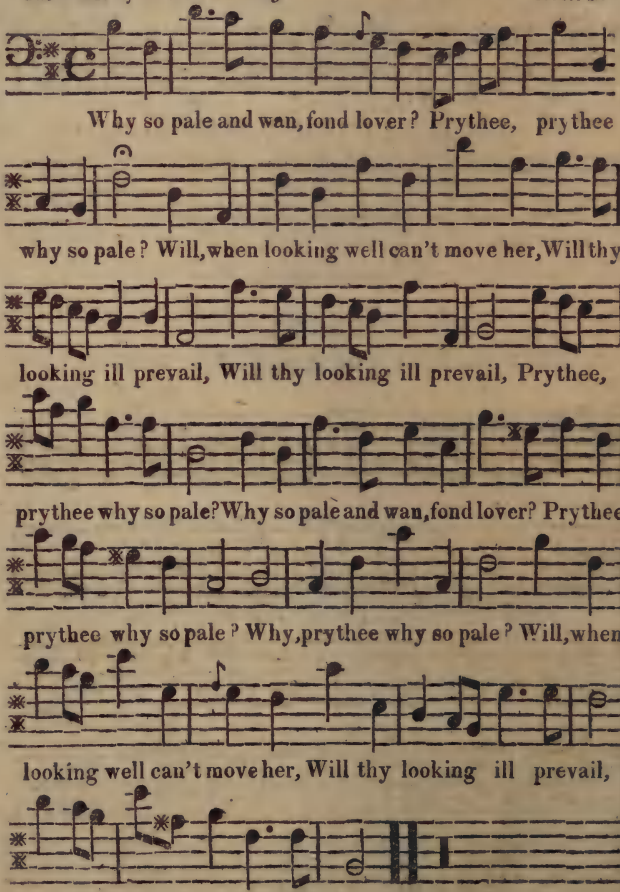

sign her, To 'bey your will at a-ny time, To 'bey your
will at a-ny time, I 'm rea-dy, I 'm rea-dy, to re-
sign her.

LANGOLEE.



WHY SO PALE AND WAN.

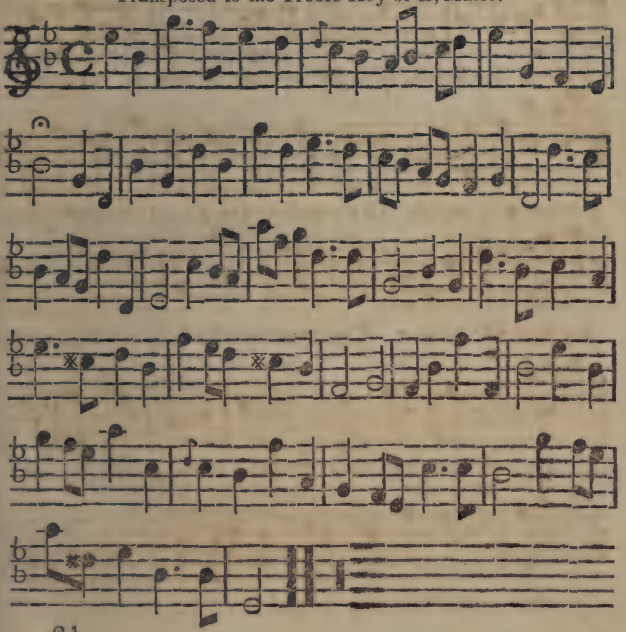
The Words by Sir John Suckling. Minor B.



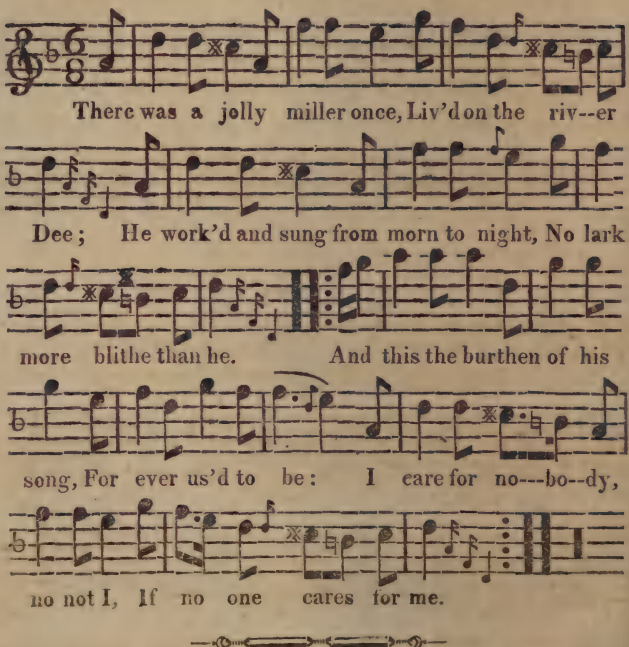
2 Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
saying nothing do 't?
Prythee why so mute?

3 Quit, quit, for shame: this will not move,
this cannot take her;
if, of herself, she will not love,
nothing can make her;
the devil take her!

Transposed to the Treble Key of E, Minor.

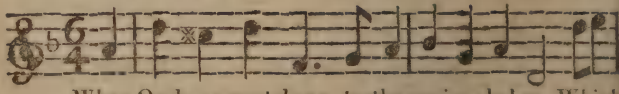


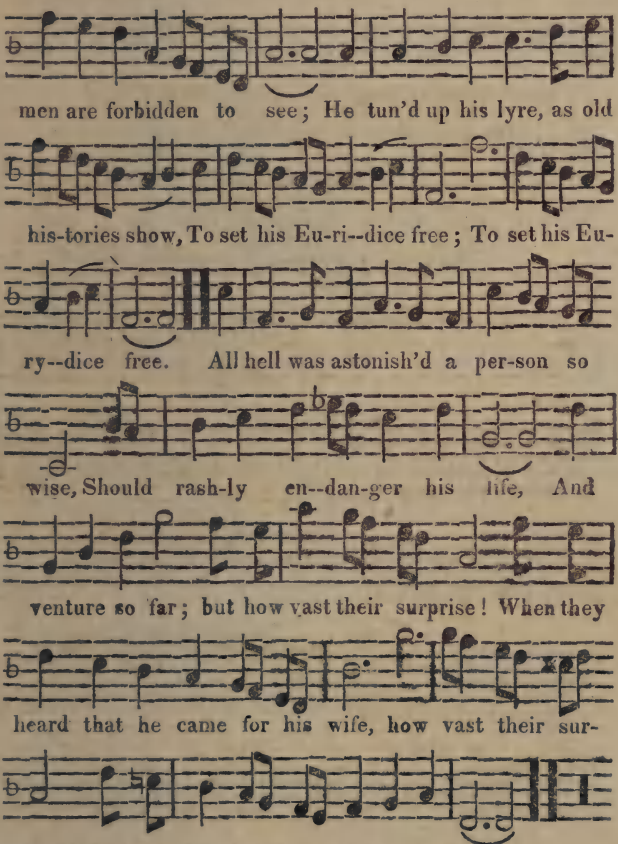
THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



THE POWER OF MUSIC.

The Words by Dr. Lisle. The Music by Dr. Boyce.



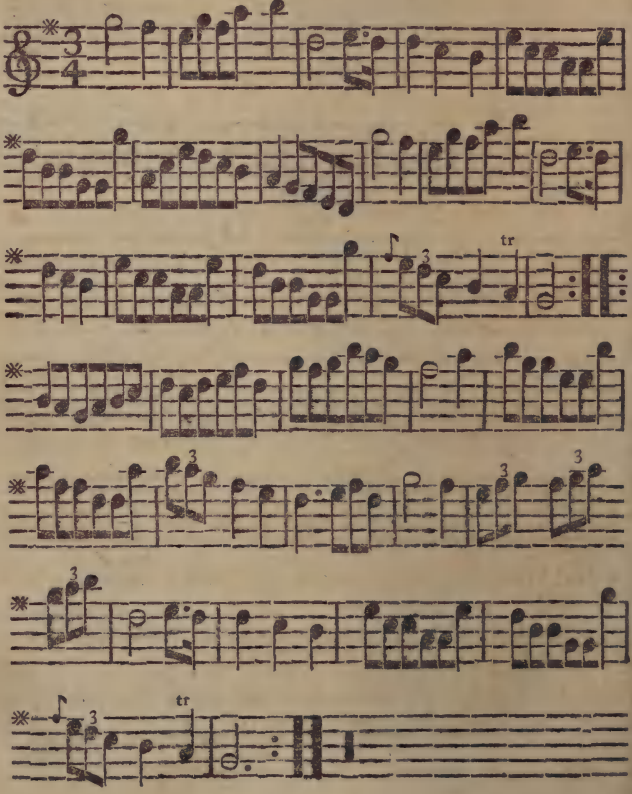


3 To find out a punishment due to his fault,
old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
but hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
so he gave him his wife back again.

4 But

4 But pity succeeding, found place in his heart,
and pleas'd with his playing so well,
he took her again in reward of his art,
such merit had music in hell!

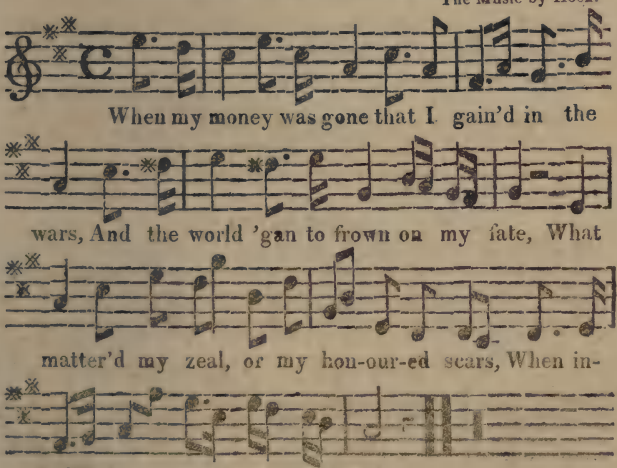
MISS BROWN'S MINUET.



SEA SONGS.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

The Music by Hook.



2 The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
shew'd a different aspect to me;
and when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

3 I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
or to stay, with cold looks, on the shore,
so I pack'd up the trifling remnants I 'd got,
and a trifle, alas! was my store.

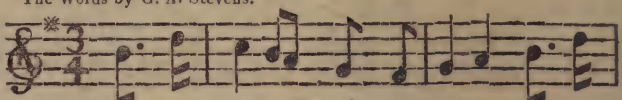
4 A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
which over my shoulder I threw,
away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
to join with some jolly ship's crew.

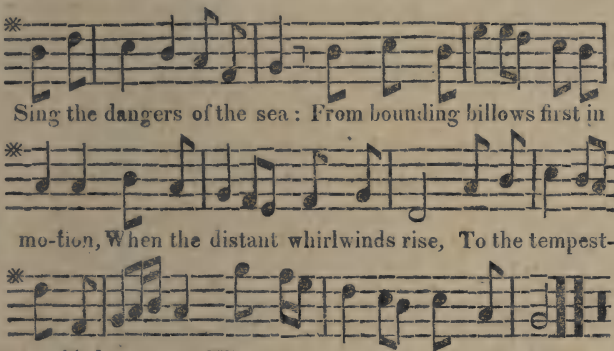
5 The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,
for when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
and Fortune a slippery jade.

6 And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
I 'd let the ungrateful ones see,
that the turbulent winds and the billows could shew
more kindness than they did to me.

THE STORM.

The Words by G. A. Stevens.





2 Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
"By top-sail sheets, and haulyards stand;
down top-gallants quick be hauling,
down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
the top-sail sheets now let go;
luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
up your topsails nimbly clew."

3 Now all you on down-beds sporting,
fondly lock'd in Beauty's arms;
fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
safe from all but love's alarms;
round us roars the tempest louder;
think what fears our mind inthral;
harder yet, it yet blows harder,
now again the boatswain calls!

4 "The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
see all clear to reef each course;
let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
though the weather should be worse.

Fore

Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
reef the mizen, see all clear;
hands up, each preventure-brace set,
man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!"

5 Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
peal on peal contending clash;
on our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
in our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
all above us one black sky,
different deaths at once surround us,
hark! what means that dreadful cry?

6 "The foremast 's gone, (cries every tongue out)
o'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
a leak beneath the chest-tree 's sprung out,
call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
plumb the well—the leak increases,
four feet water in the hold."

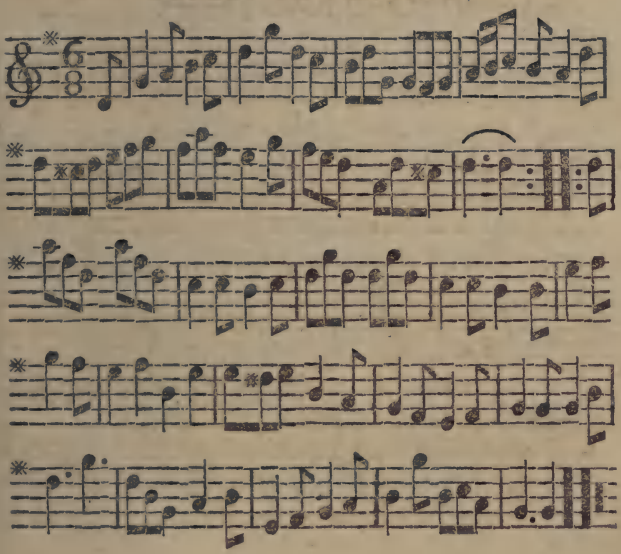
7 While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
we for wives or children mourn;
alas! from hence there 's no retreating,
alas! to them there 's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
both chain-pumps are chok'd below.
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
for only that can save us now."

8 "O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
to the pump come every hand, boys,
see! our mizen-mast is gone.

The leak we 've found, it cannot pour fast,
we 've lighten'd her a foot or more;
up, and rig a jury foremast,
she rights, she rights, boys, we 're off shore."

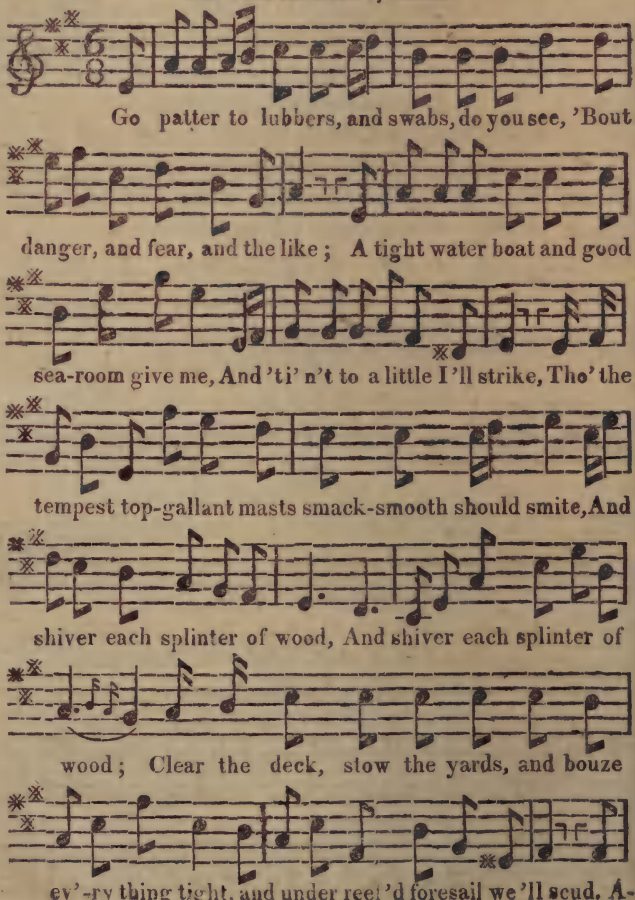
9 Now, once more, on joys we 're thinking,
since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives;
come, the can, boys? let 's be drinking
to our sweethearts, and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
close to our lips a brimmer join;
where 's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger 's drown'd in wine.

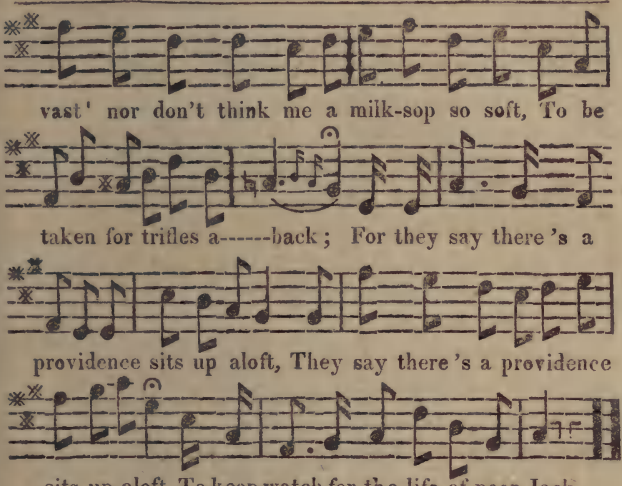
JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.



POOR JACK.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.





2 Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
about souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
and, my timbers! what lingo he 'd coil and belay,
why 't was just all as one as high Dutch;
but he said, as how a sparrow cann't founder, d' ye see,
without orders that come down below,
and many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
that providence takes us in tow;
for, says he, "Do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
take the top-lifts of sailors aback,
there 's a sweet little cherub sits pearch'd up aloft,
to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

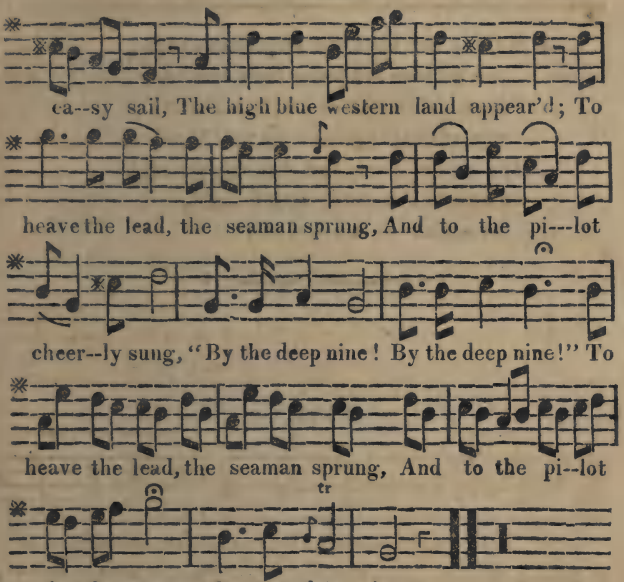
3 I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
when last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
"What argufies suiv'ling and piping your eye?
why what a sad fool you must be,
cann't you see the world 's wide, and there 's room for
us all, both

both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
and if to old Davy I should go, my friend Poll,
why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? all 's a hazard, come, do n't be so soft,
perhaps I may laughing come back;
for, d' ye see? there 's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
to keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

4 Do you mind me? a sailor should be every inch
all as one, as a piece of a ship,
and with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
from the moment the anchor 's a-trip;
as to me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
nought 's a trouble from duty that springs;
my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
and as for my life 't is the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
as with grief to be taken aback:
that same little cherub that sits up aloft,
will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

The Words by W. Pearce.



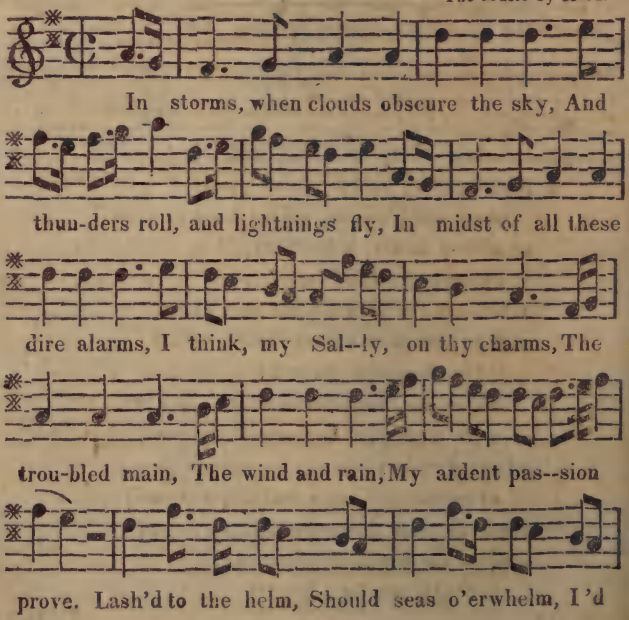
2 And bearing up to gain the port,
some well-known object kept in view,
an abbey tow'r, a harbour, fort,
or beacon to the vessel true;
while oft the lead the seaman flung,
and to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark seven!"

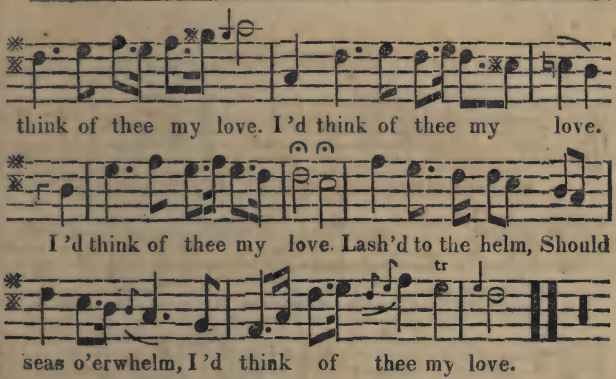
3 And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
with transport we behold the roof,
where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
of faith and love a matchless proof;
the lead once more the seaman flung,
and to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less five!"

4 Now to her birth the ship draws nigh ;
we shorten sail—she feels the tide :
"Stand, clear the cable !" is the cry ;
the anchor 's gone ! we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
we hear the seaman, with delight,
proclaim—"All 's well !"

SALLY.

The Music by Hook.



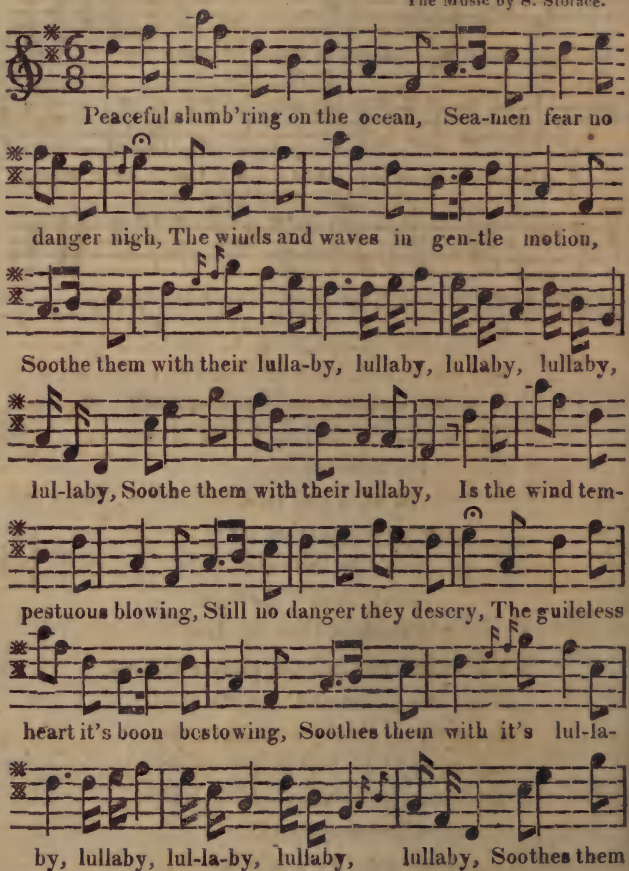


2 When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
and art is vain the ship to guide,
in varied shapes when death appears,
the thoughts of thee my bosom cheers:
the troubled main,
the wind and rain,
my ardent passion prove;
lash'd to the helm,
should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think of thee, my love!

3 But should the gracious powers be kind,
dispel the gloom and still the wind,
and waft me to thy arms once more,
safe to my long-lost native shore:
no more the main
I'd tempt again,
but tender joys improve;
I then with thee,
should happy be,
and think on nought but love.

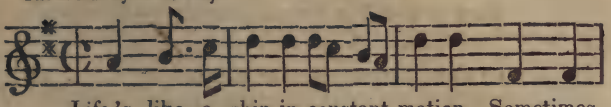
LULLABY.

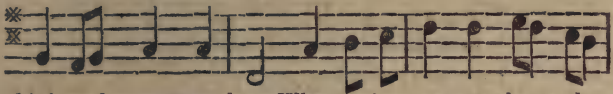
The Music by S. Storace.

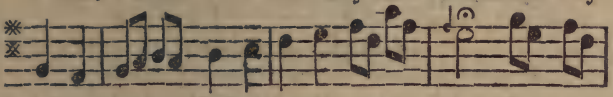


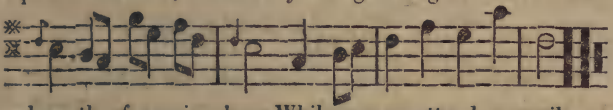
THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

The Words by G. S. Cary.









2 Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
let us not give way to fear;
but let us all our patience muster,
and learn by reason how to steer:
let judgment keep you ever steady,
't is a ballast never fails;
should dangers rise, be ever ready,
to manage well the swelling sails.

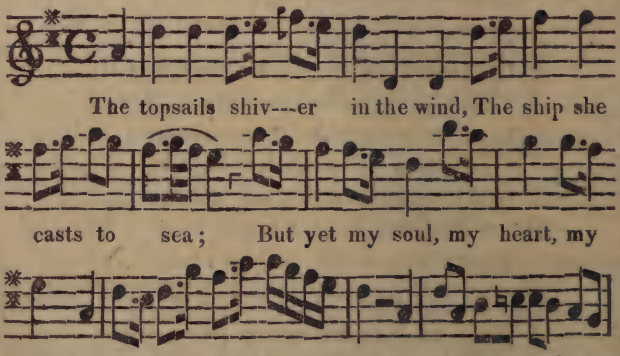
3 Trust not, too much, your own opinion,
while your vessel 's under way;

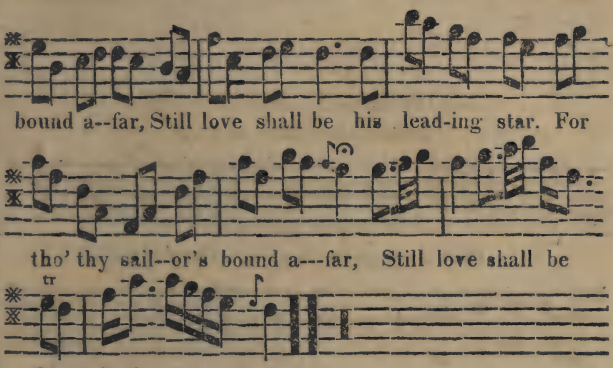
let good example bear dominion,
that 's a compass will not stray:
when thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
or Boreas on the surface rails,
let good Discretion take the rudder,
and Providence attend the sails.

4 Then, when you 're safe from danger, riding
in some welcome port or bay;
hope be the anchor you confide in,
and care, awhile, enslumber'd lay,
or when each can with liquor flowing,
and good fellowship prevails;
let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
drink, "Success unto our sails."

THE TOPSAILS SHIVER.

The Words by Capt. Thomson. The Music by Michael Arne.





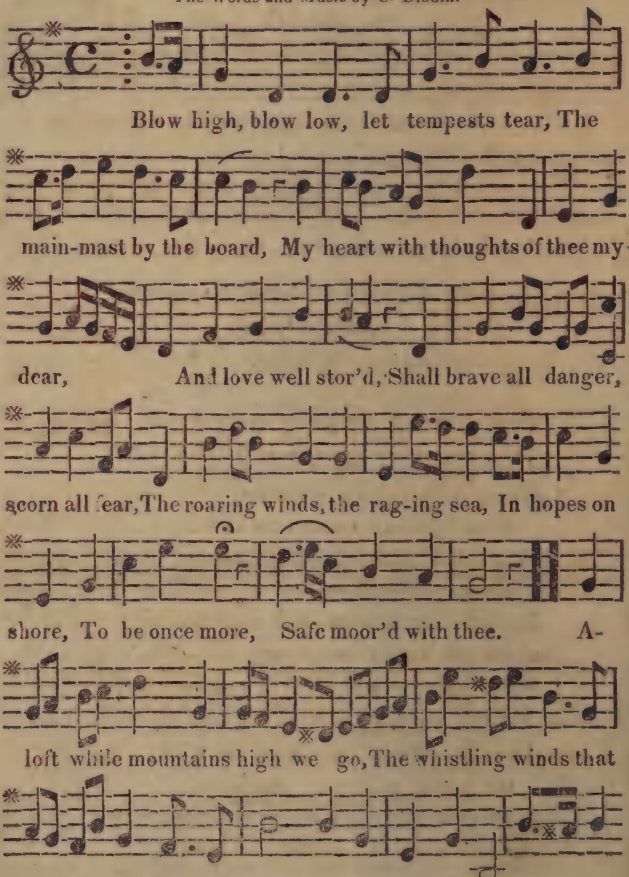
2 Should landmen flatter when we 're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
no gallant sailor ever fail'd,
if love breath'd constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul,
which steers my heart from pole to pole.

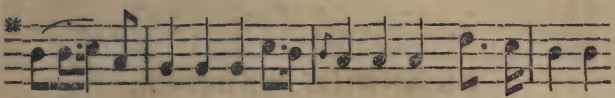
3 Sirens in every port we meet,
more fell than rocks or waves;
but such as grace the British fleet,
are lovers and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
altho' we 've left our hearts with you.

4 These are our cares; but if you 're kind,
we 'll scorn the dashing main,
the rocks, the billows, and the wind,
the power of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
our sails are full—sweet girls! adieu!

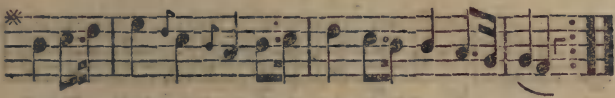
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

The Words and Music by C. Dibdin.

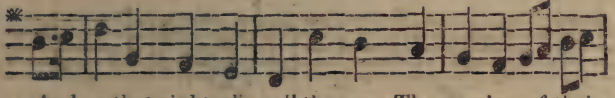




Shall my signal be To think on thee, Shall my signal

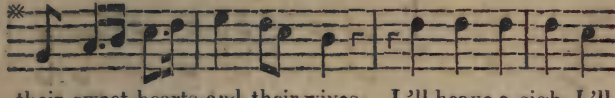


be To think on thee, And this shall be my song.

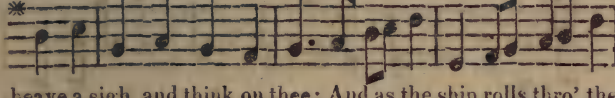


And on that night when all the crew The mem'ry of their

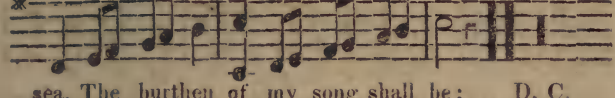
former lives O'er flow-ing cans of flip renew, And drink



their sweet-hearts and their wives, I 'll heave a sigh, I 'll



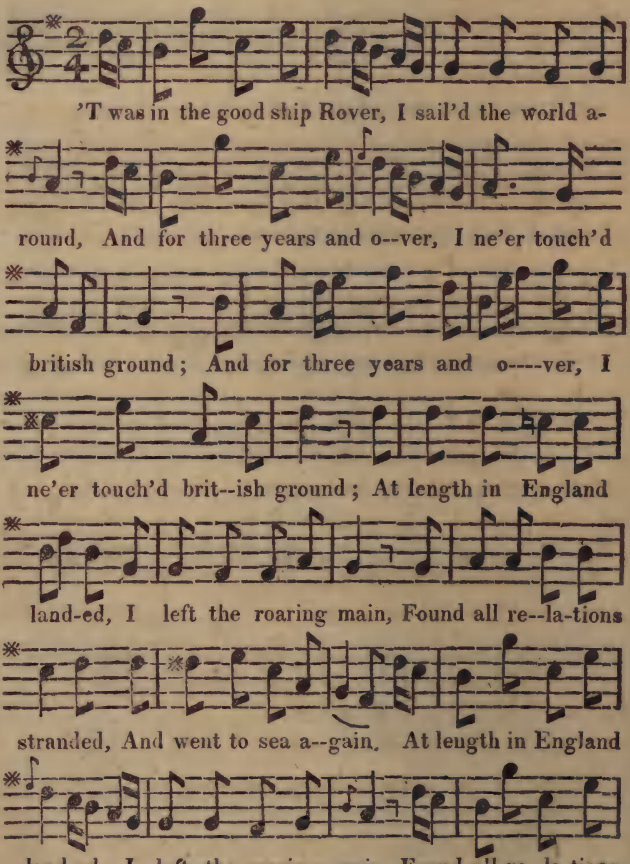
heave a sigh, and think on thee; And as the ship rolls thro' the

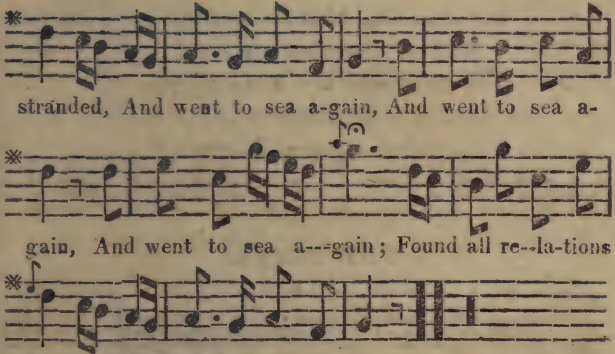


sea, The burthen of my song shall be: D. C.

GREENWICH PENSIONER.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.





2 That time bound straight to Portugal,
right fore and aft we bore;
but when we 'd made Cape Ortugal,
a gale blew off the shore:
she lay, so did it shock her,
a log upon the main,
till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
we stood to sea again.

3 Next in a frigate sailing,
upon a squally night,
thunder and lightning hailing,
the horrors of the fight;
my precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they eas'd me of my pain,
thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
and went to sea again.

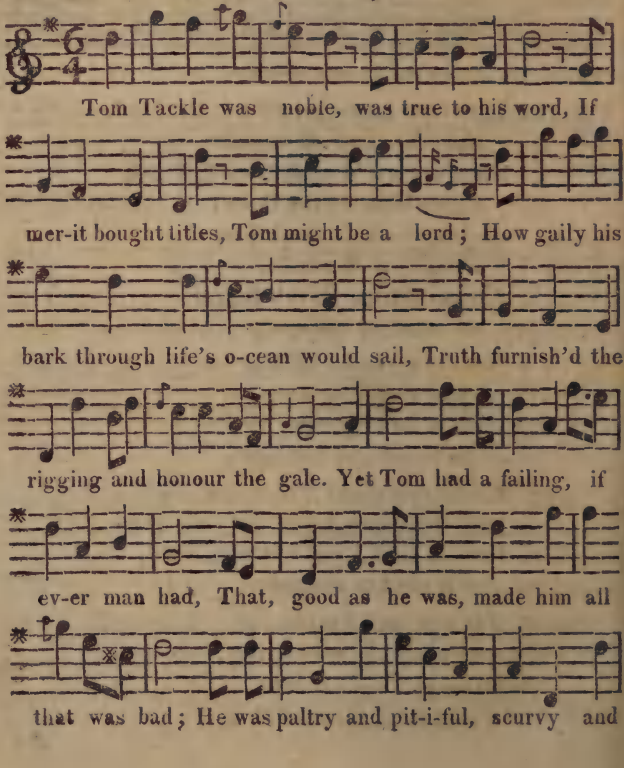
4 Yet still am I enabled,
to bring up in life's rear,
although I am disabled,
and lie in Greenwich tier:

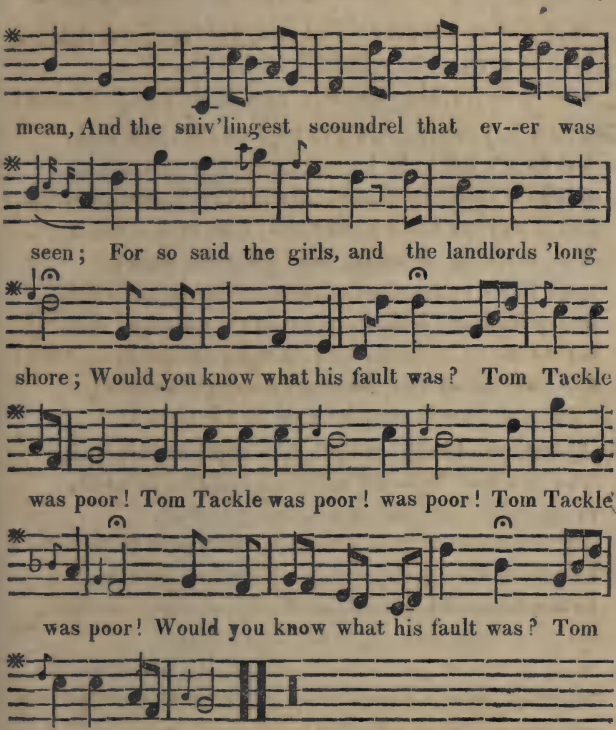
the

the king, God bless his royalty,
who sav'd me from the main,
I 'll praise with love and loyalty,
but ne'er to sea again.

TOM TACKLE.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.





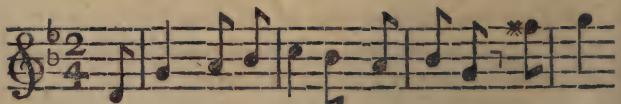
2 'T was once on a time when we took a galleon,
and the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,
Tom a trip took to jail, an old messmate to free,
and four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee:
then Tom was an angel, downright, from heaven sent!
while they 'd hands, he his goodness should never repent;
return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,
to find his dear friend shut the door in his face!

Why, d' ye wonder? cried one, you 're serv'd right, to be sure,
once Tom Tackle was rich; now Tom Tackle is poor!

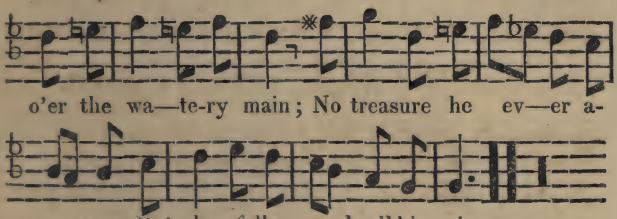
3 I be n 't, you see, vers'd in high maxims and sitch,
but do n 't this same honour concern poor and rich?
if it do n 't come from good hearts, I can 't see where from,
and if e'er tar had a good heart, I 'm sure it was Tom.
Yet, somehow or other, Tom never did right;
none knew better the time when to spare or to fight,
he, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,
sav'd the commodore's life; then he made such rare flip!
and yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure;
I fancy as how 't was, because he was poor!

4 At last, an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
in the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in the wind;
he gave him enough through life's ocean to steer,
be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no-near;
his pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
what he can to his friends; and may all honest hearts,
like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door,
just enough to be generous; too much to be poor.

HOW PLEASANT A SAILOR'S LIFE PASSES.



How pleas-ant a sailor's life passes, Who roams



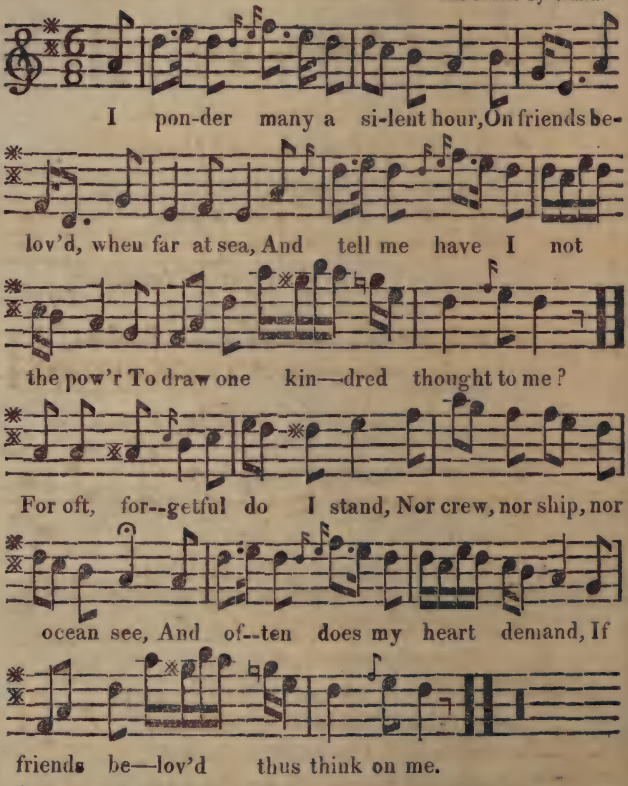
We 're strangers to party and faction,
to honour and honesty true;
and would not commit a bad action
for power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
or any such glittering toy?
A light heart, and thin pair of breeches,
goes through the wide world, my brave boy.

2 The world is a beautiful garden,
enrich'd with the blessings of life,
the toiler with plenty rewarding,
where plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
and mountainous billows affright;
no grandeur or wealth can avail us,
but skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

3 The courtier 's more subject to dangers,
who rules at the helm of the state,
than we who 're to politics strangers,
escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
in different nations we try:
no mortal than us can be greater,
who merrily live till we die.
Then why should, &c.

I PONDER MANY A SILENT HOUR.

The Music by Walsh.

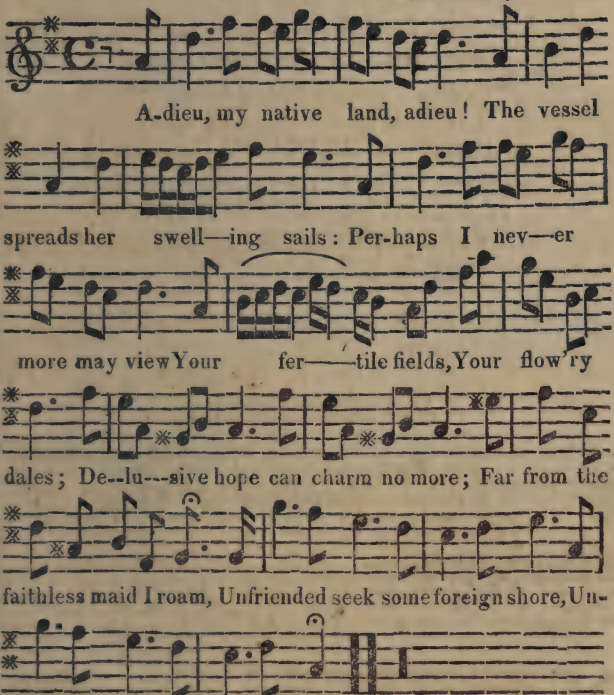


2 And when to England bound once more,
I shall with fond impatience burn;
will not some others, on the shore,
as fondly look for my return?

O, let me of your kindness hear,
repeat the strain as I depart;
it falls like music on my ear,
like balm upon my grateful heart.

ADIEU! MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!

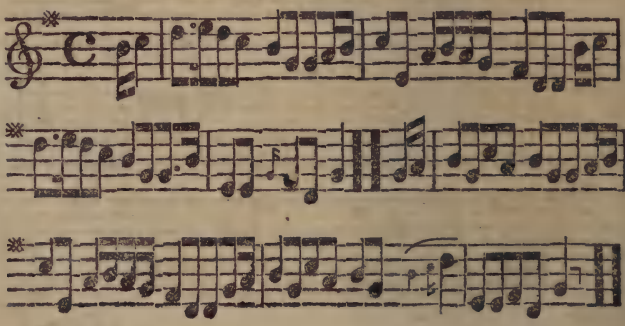
The Music by Chandler.



2 Farewell, dear village, Oh! farewell!
soft on the gale thy murmur dies;
I hear thy solemn ev'ning bell,
thy spires yet glad mine aching eyes.
Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink from Fate's decree,
and think not, cruel maid! that e'er
I 'll breathe another sigh for thee.
Adieu, &c.

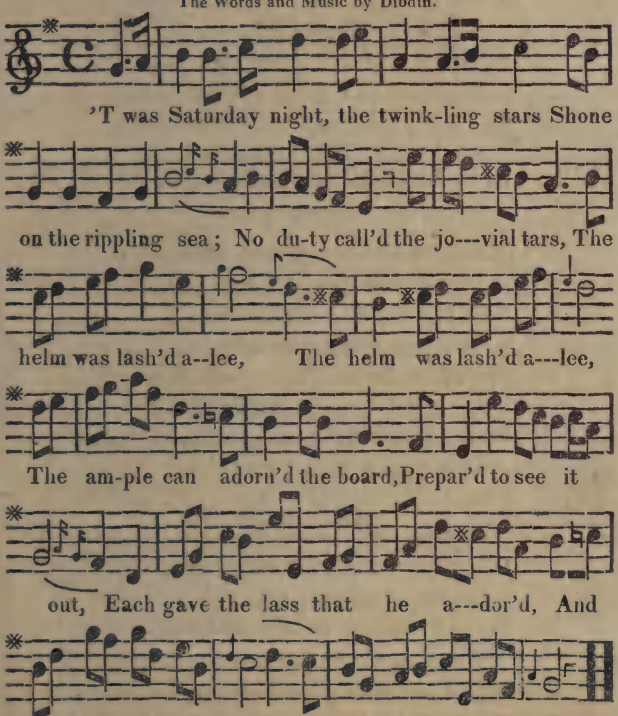
3 In vain, thro' shades of frowning night,
mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;
deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
I view thy beacons now no more.
Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
(nor night, nor storms, nor death, I fear;)
ye, friendly, bear me hence to find
that peace, which fate denies me here.
Adieu, &c.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.



SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.



2 Cried honest Tom, my Peg I 'll toast,
a frigate neat and trim,
all jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast:
I 'd venture life and limb;
sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
with dauntless heart and stout,

so tight a vessel to command,
then push the grog about.

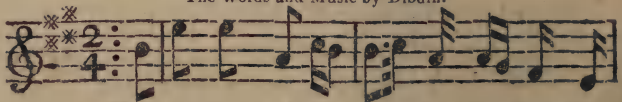
3 I 'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
sailing in comely state,
top-ga'nt sails, she is so tall,
she looks like a first rate:
ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
a voyage for life throughout,
no better birth I 'd wish to know,
then push the grog about.

4 I 'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
trim, handsome, neat, and tight;
what joy so fine a ship to man,
she is my heart's delight!
so well she bears the storms of life,
I 'd sail the world throughout,
brave every toil for such a wife,
then push the grog about.

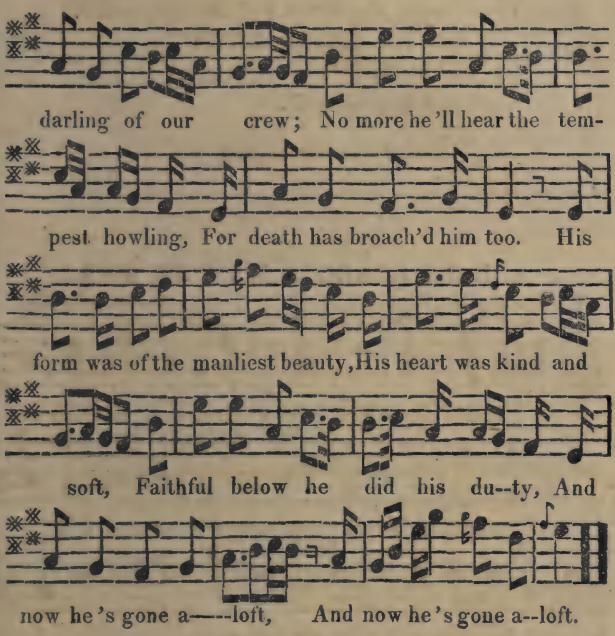
5 Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
each his best manner tried;
till, summoned by the empty can,
they to their hammocks hied:
yet still did they their vigils keep,
though the huge can was out;
for, in soft visions gentle sleep,
still push'd the grog about.

TOM BOWLING.

The Words and Music by Dibdin.



Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The



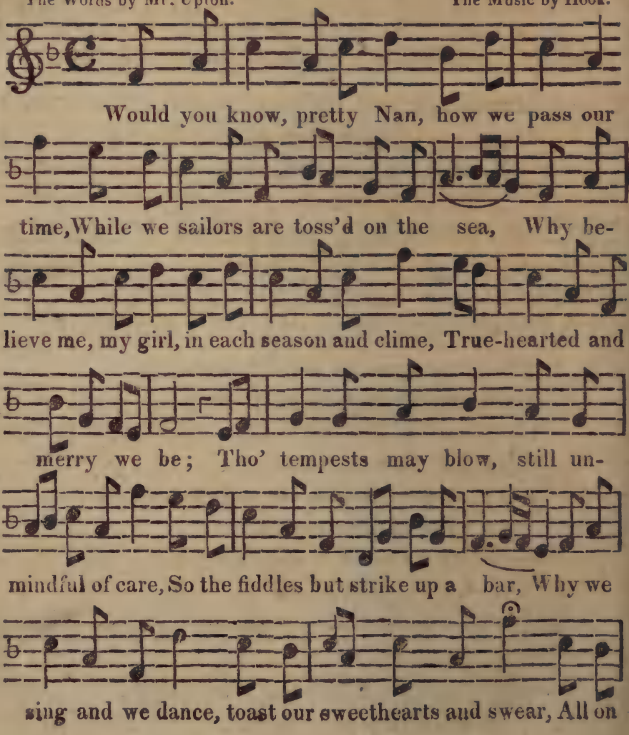
2 Tom never from his word departed,
his virtues were so rare,
his friends were many and true-hearted,
his Poll was kind and fair:
and then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
ah, many 's the time and oft!
but mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
for Tom is gone aloft.

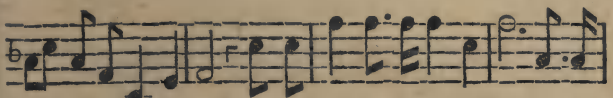
3 Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
when he who all commands,
shall give, to call life's crew together,
the word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
in vain Tom's life has doff'd;
for, tho' his body 's under hatches,
his soul is gone aloft.

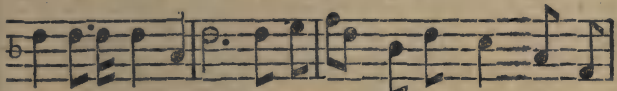
ALL ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR.

The Words by Mr. Upton. The Music by Hook.

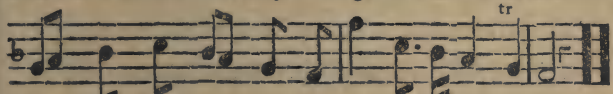




board of a man of war. All on board of a man of war, All on



board of a man of war. Why we sing, and we dance, toast our

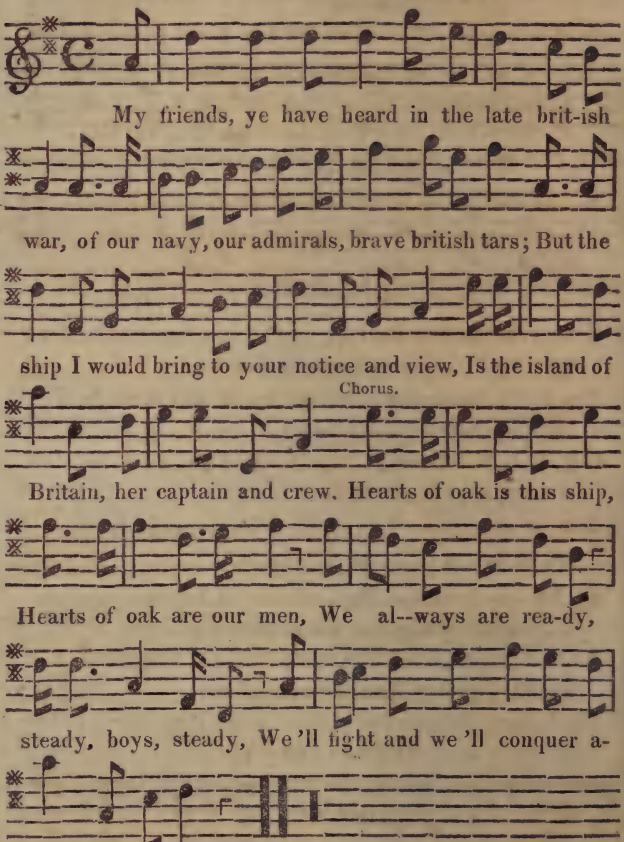


sweethearts and swear, All on board of a man of war.

2 Should the foe bear in sight, and all hands call'd on deck,
do n't think jolly sailors are cow'd;
No, we 'll teach them the old british flag to respect,
and bid them defiance aloud;
then to it like lions perhaps we may go,
what then, do we whine at a scar?
No, we sing and we fight till we take her in tow,
all on board of a man of war.

3 As for this thing and that, which the lubbers on shore
would fain make our lasses believe;
why, d' ye see, it's palaver my girl, nothing more;
so Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve.
No danger can ever our courage affright,
or shake the true love of a tar;
and wherever steering, we still feel delight,
all on board of a man of war.

THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN.



2 For ages, safe moor'd in the channel she 's laid,
made fast to a rock, of no danger afraid;

but now she is threaten'd to stay there no more,
to be boarded, and plunder'd, or driven on shore.
Heart of oak, &c.

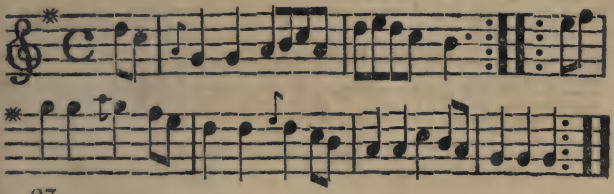
3 Her captain, God bless him ! is lov'd by us all,
with him we 're determined to stand or to fall ;
united in hand and in heart, we await
the lot which great Providence seals as our fate.
Heart of oak, &c.

4 But the means in our hands we will ardently use,
we 'll fight, and no danger or hazard refuse ;
for our lives, for our property, children and wives,
we 'll fight, for the old british spirit survives.
Heart of oak, &c.

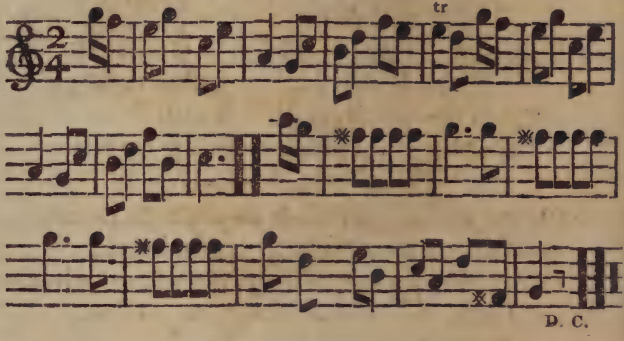
5 The ship is staunch good, and her timbers are sound,
still fast to a rock we trust she 'll be found ;
her hull, stores, and rigging, all malice defy ;
I name not her sails, for she do n't mean to fly.
Heart of oak, &c.

6 Then clear ship, my boys, and each man to his gun,
if they board us, unite, and we 'll soon make them run ;
and ages to come shall still have in view,
the island of Britain, her captain and crew.
Heart of oak, &c.

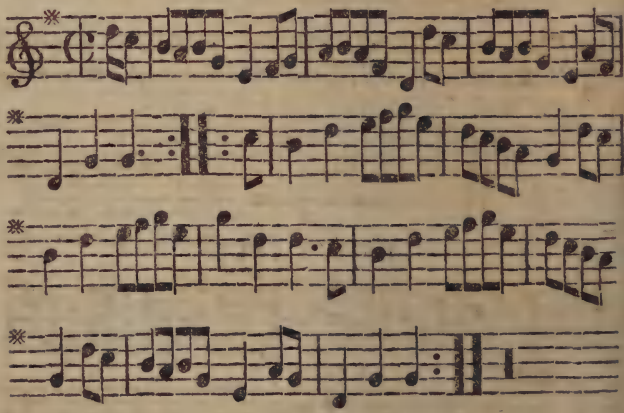
BLACK DANCE.



THE PLOUGH-BOY.

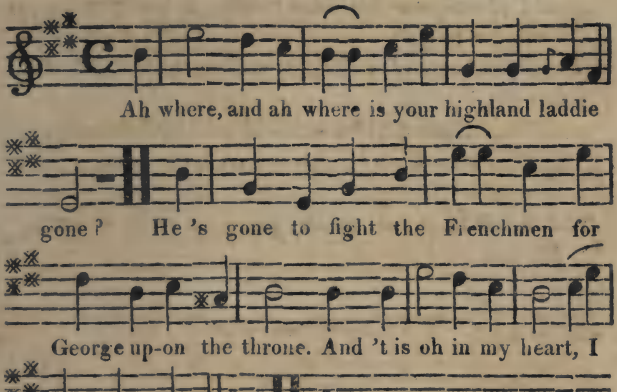


MORNING STAR.



PATRIOTIC SONGS.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.



2 O where, tell me where is your highland laddie gone?
O where, &c.
He is gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
and my sad heart will tremble till his safe return.
He is gone, &c.

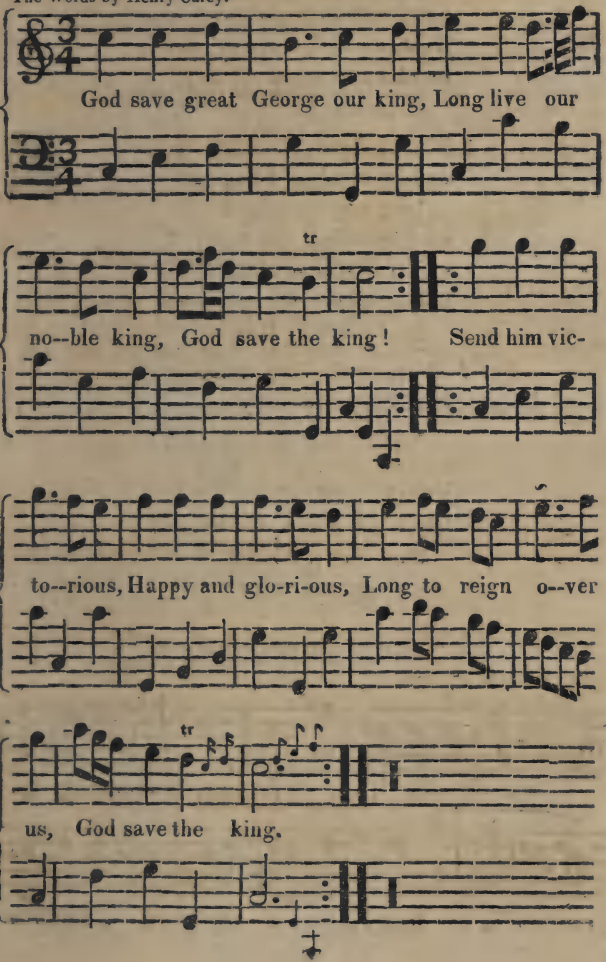
3 O where, tell me where did your highland laddie dwell?
O where, &c.
He dwelt beneath the holy oak, by the rapid running spray,
and many a blessing followed him the day he went away.
He dwelt, &c.

4 O what, tell me what did your highland laddie wear?
O what, &c.
A bonnet, with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
and a plaid across that manly breast that yet will wear a star.
A bonnet, &c.

5 Suppose, yes suppose, that a cruel cruel wound
should pierce your highland laddie, and all your hopes confound?
The pipes should play a cheery march, the banners round him fly,
and the spirit of a highland chief should lighten in his eye;
The pipes should play a cheery march, the banners round him fly,
and for his king and country dear, the youth would nobly die.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Words by Henry Carey.



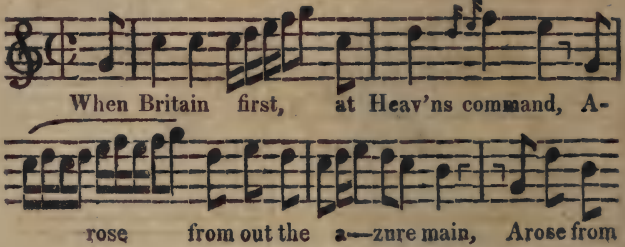
2 O Lord our God, arise,
scatter his enemies,
and make them fall!
Confound their politics,
frustrate their knavish tricks;
on him our hearts we fix,
O save us all.

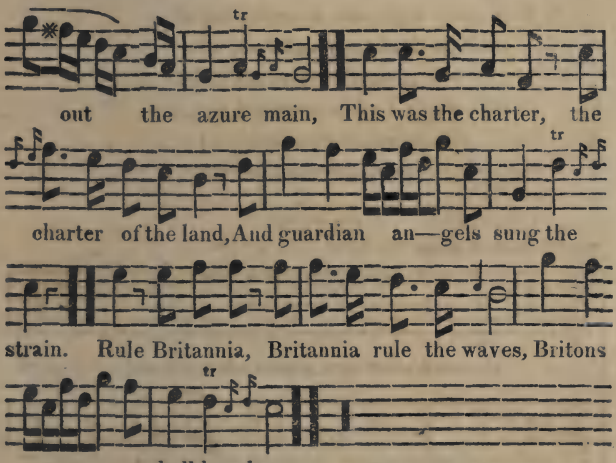
3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
on him be pleas'd to pour,
long may he reign!
may he defend our laws,
and ever give us cause
to sing with heart and voice,
God save our King.

4 O grant him long to see
friendship and unity
always increase!
may he his sceptre sway,
all loyal souls obey,
join heart and voice, huzza!
God save the King.

RULE BRITANNIA.

The Words by Thomson.





2 The nations, not so blest as thee,
must in their turns to tyrants fall;
while thou shalt flourish great and free,
the dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
more dreadful from each foreign stroke,
as the loud blast that tears the skies,
serves but to root thy native oak.

4 Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
all their attempts to bend thee down
will but arouse thy generous flame,
but work their woe, and thy renown.

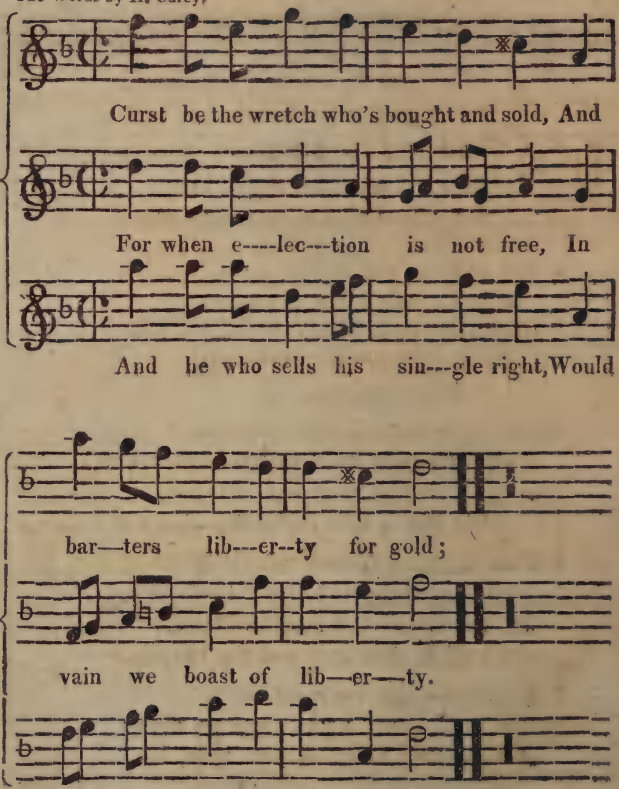
5 To thee belongs the rural reign,
thy cities shall with commerce shine;
all thine shall be the subject main,
and every shore it circles thine.

6 The

6 The muses still with freedom found,
shall to thy happy coast repair;
bless'd isle! with beauty, matchless crown'd,
and manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

CATCH.

The Words by H. Carey.

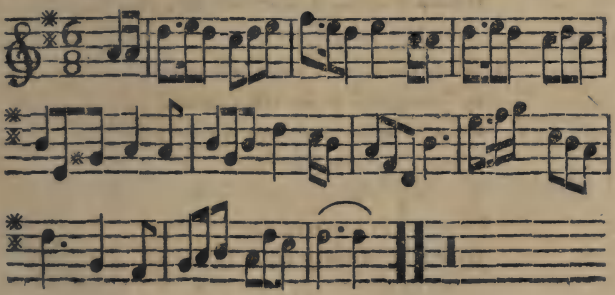


2 When liberty is put to sale,
for wine, for money, or for ale,
the sellers are most abject slaves,
the buyers vile designing knaves,
and 't has a proverb been of old,
"The Devil 's bought, but to be sold."

3 This maxim, in the stateman's school,
is always taught, "Divide and Rule!"
All parties are to him a joke;
while zealots foam, he fits the yoke,
where men their reason once resume,
't is then the statesman's turn to rule.

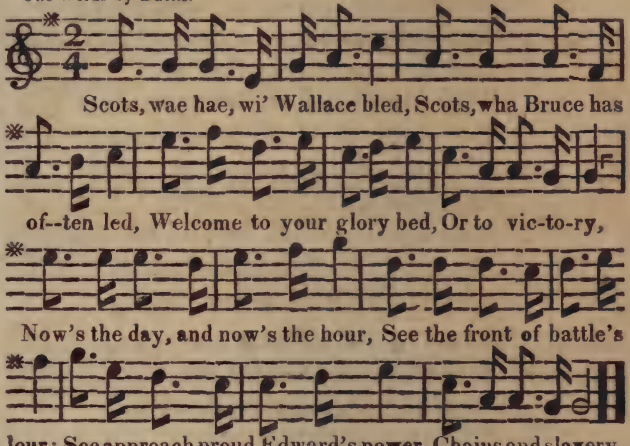
4 Learn, learn, ye Britons! to unite;
leave off the old exploded bite;
henceforth let whig and tory cease,
and turn all party-rage to peace;
then shall we see a glorious scene,
and so, God save the King and Queen.

KAIL BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.



BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

The Words by Burns.

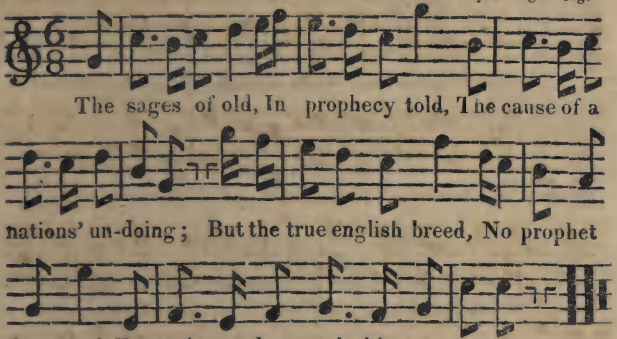


4 Wha will be a traitor knave?
wha can fill a coward's grave?
wha sae base as be a slave?
let him turn and flee?
wha for Scotland's king and law,
freedom's sword will strongly draw,
freeman stand, or freeman fa',
let him follow me!

3 By oppression's woes and pains!
by your sons in servile chains!
we will drain our dearest veins,
but they shall be free!
lay the proud usurpers low!
tyrants fall in every foe!
liberty 's in every blow!
let us do, or die!

THE TRUE-HEARTED ENGLISHMAN.

The Music by George Berg.

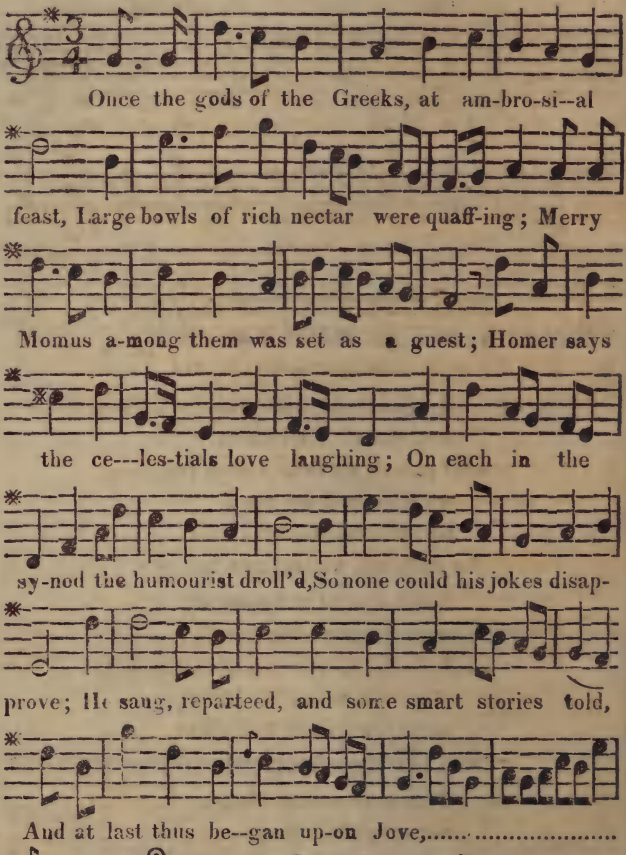


2 By grumbling and jars,
we promote civil wars,
and preach up false tenets too many,
we snarl and we bite,
we rail and we fight
for religion, yet no man has any.

3 Then him let 's commend,
that 's true to his friend,
and his miss, who can wittily prattle;
who delights not in blood,
but draws when he should,
and bravely ne'er shrinks from a battle.

4 That rails not at kings,
nor at politic things,
nor treason does speak when he 's mellow,
but takes a full glass,
to king George's success,
this, this is the honest brave fellow.

THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH LIBERTY.

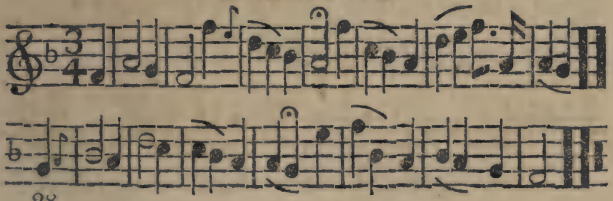


2 "Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
grows grievously tir'd of late;
he says, that mankind are much worse than before,
so he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
from his shoulders commanded the ball;
gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the world,
and she hung it up high in his hall.

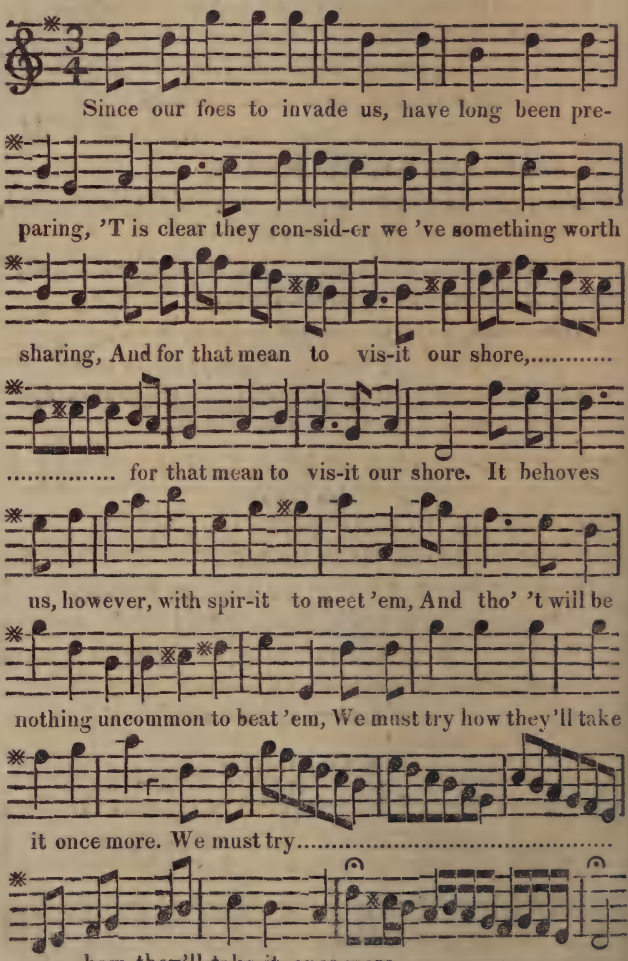
3 Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
to see what each climate was worth;
like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,
and she variously planted the earth.
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
what suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
and Freedom she found flourish'd here.

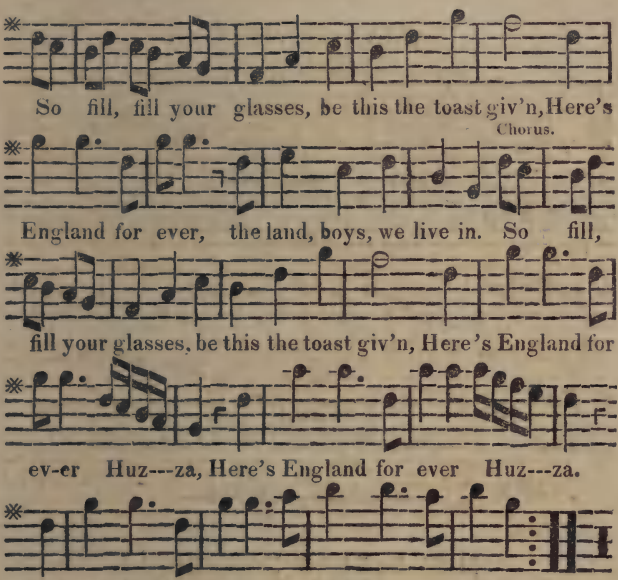
4 Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
as guardians to cherish the root;
the blossoms of Liberty 'gan for to smile,
and Englishmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 't was given!
We will, while we've breath: nay, we'll grasp it in death,
and return it, untainted, to heaven.

CHARMOUTH.



THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

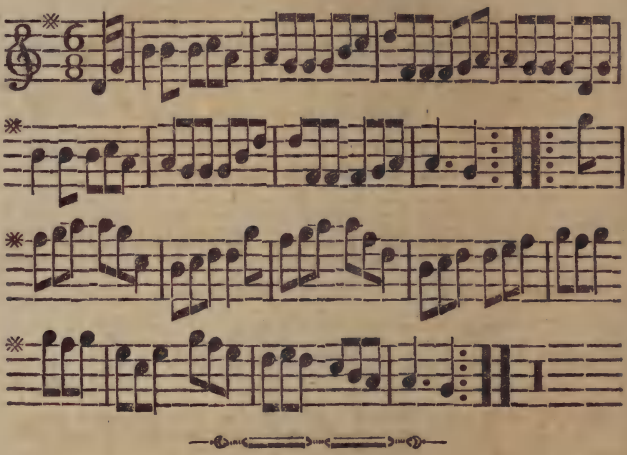




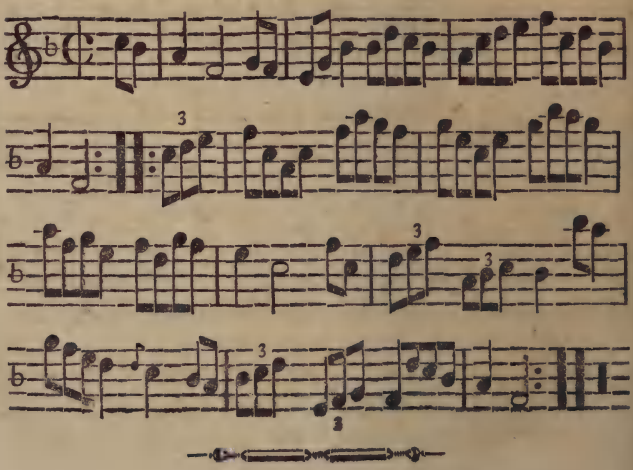
2 Here's a health to our tars on the wild ocean ranging,
perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,
we 'll on shipboard, and join in the fight;
and when with the foe we are fiercely engaging,
'till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
on our country we 'll think with delight.
So fill, &c.

3 On that throne, where once Alfred in glory was seated,
long, long may our king by his people be greeted,
oh! to guard him we 'll be of one mind;
may religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
and continue the blessings they first were intended,
in union the nation to bind.
So fill, &c.

ITALIAN MONFREDA.



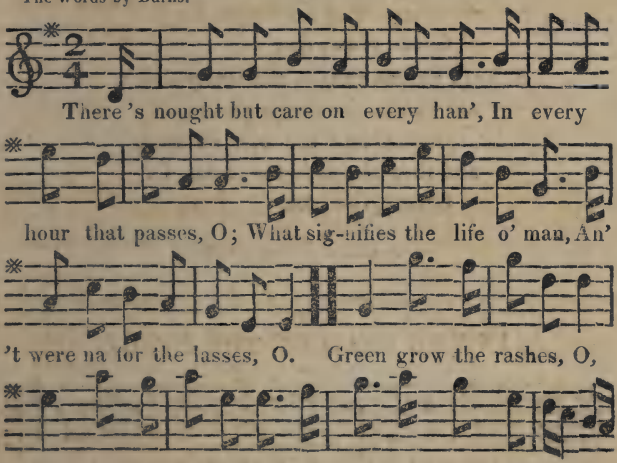
MISS BAKER'S HORNPIPE.



MISCELLANEOUS.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

The Words by Burns.



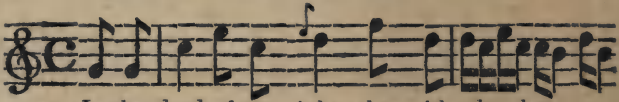
2 The war'ly race may riches chase,
and riches still may fly them, O,
and though at last they catch them fast,
their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

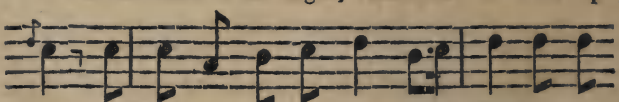
3 Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
my arms about my dearie, O,
and war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
may a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

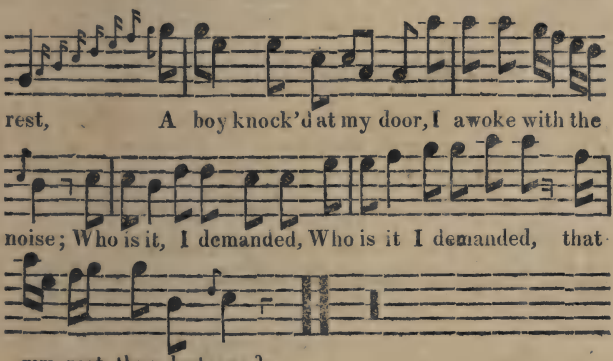
4 For you, sae douce, ye sneer at this,
ye 're nought but senseless asses, O;
the wisest man the warld e'er saw,
he dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

5 Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
her noblest work she classes, O;
her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
and then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.







2 He answered so softly, so gently, so mild,
"I 'm a wandering little unfortunate child,
the night, it is rainy, I am wet to the skin,
I 've far lost my way, and I pray let me in."

3 In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
I opened the door, when a boy stood in sight:
he had wings on his shoulders, the rain from them dripp'd,
and with bow, and with arrows, the boy was equipp'd.

4 I stirr'd up the fire, set him down by my side,
and with a warm napkin the wet from him dried;
I chaff'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
and I wrung, with my hands, the wet from his hair.

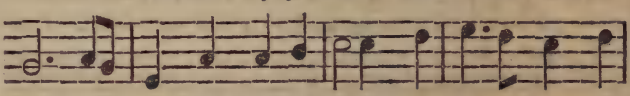
5 No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
than he took up his bow, and said, "ma'am, if you please,
I would fain, with your leave, by experiment know,
if the rain has much damaged the string on my bow.

6 Then strait from his quiver an arrow he drew,
which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the yew;
"My bow is undamaged, and so is my dart,
but, alas! I have caus'd you both trouble and smart."

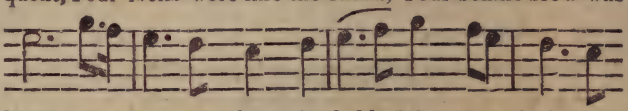
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

The Words by Burns.

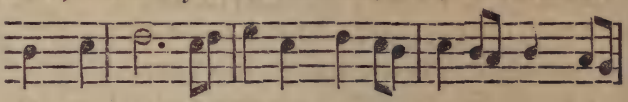
John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first ac-



quent, Your locks were like the raven, Your bonnie brow was



brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are



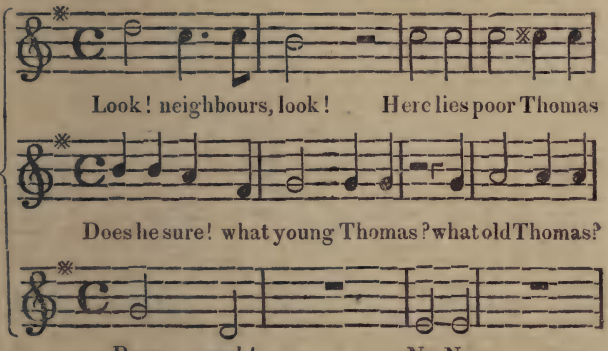
like the snaw, But blessing on your fros-ty pow, John

Anderson, my jo.

2 John Anderson, my jo, John,
we clamb the hill, thegither,
and mony a canty day, John,
we 've had wi' ane anither;
now we maun totter down, John;
but hand in hand we 'll go,
and sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

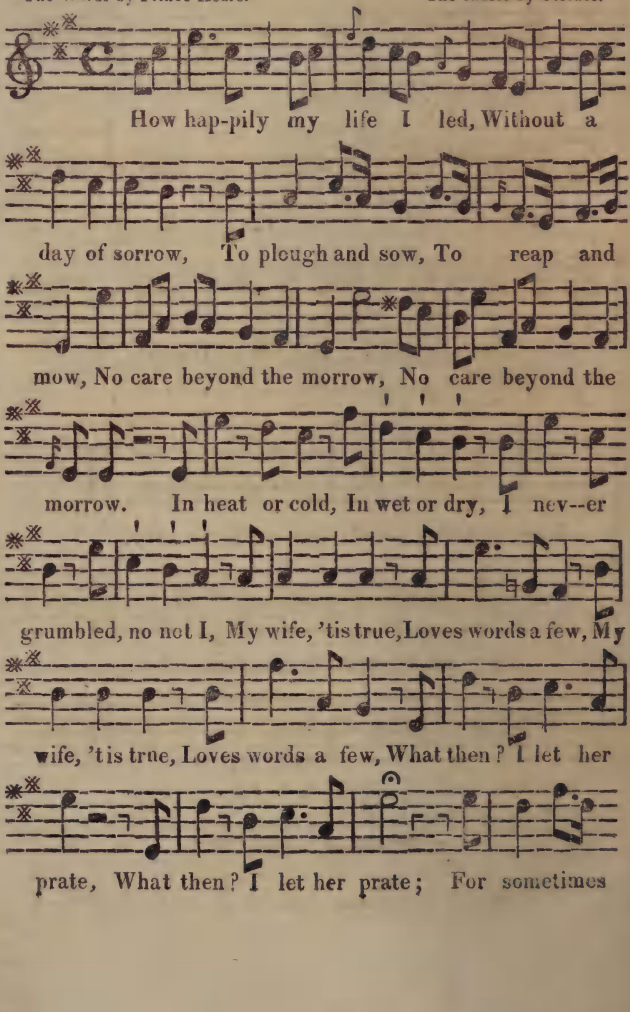
POOR THOMAS DAY.

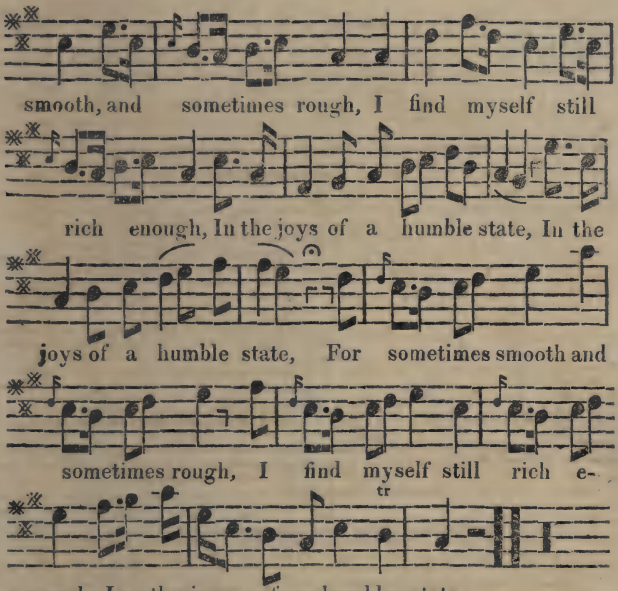
The Music by Harrington.



HOW HAPPILY MY LIFE I LED.

The Words by Prince Hoare. The Music by Storace.

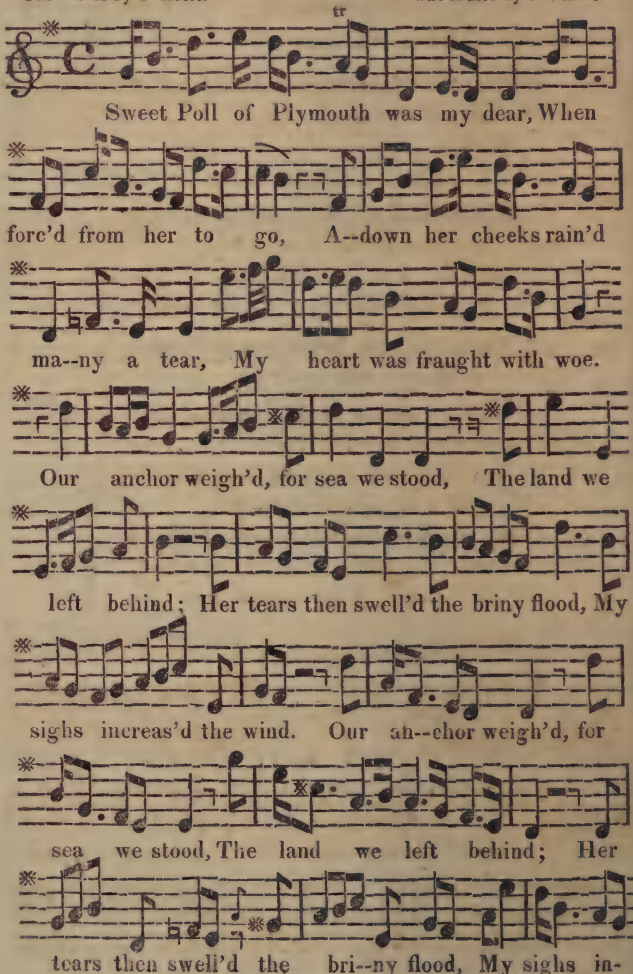


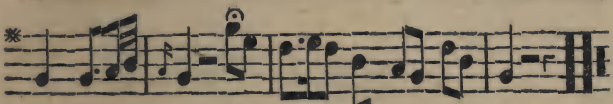


2 But when with law I craz'd my head,
I lost both peace and pleasure;
long says to hear,
to search and swear,
and plague beyond all measure.
One grievance brought another on,
my debts increase, my stock is gone;
my wife she says,
our means 't will raise,
what then, 't is idle prate;
For sometimes smooth, &c.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

The Words by O' Keefe. The Music by Dr. Arne.



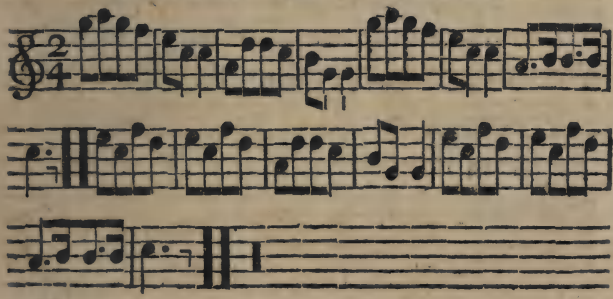


creas'd the wind, My sighs increas'd the wind.

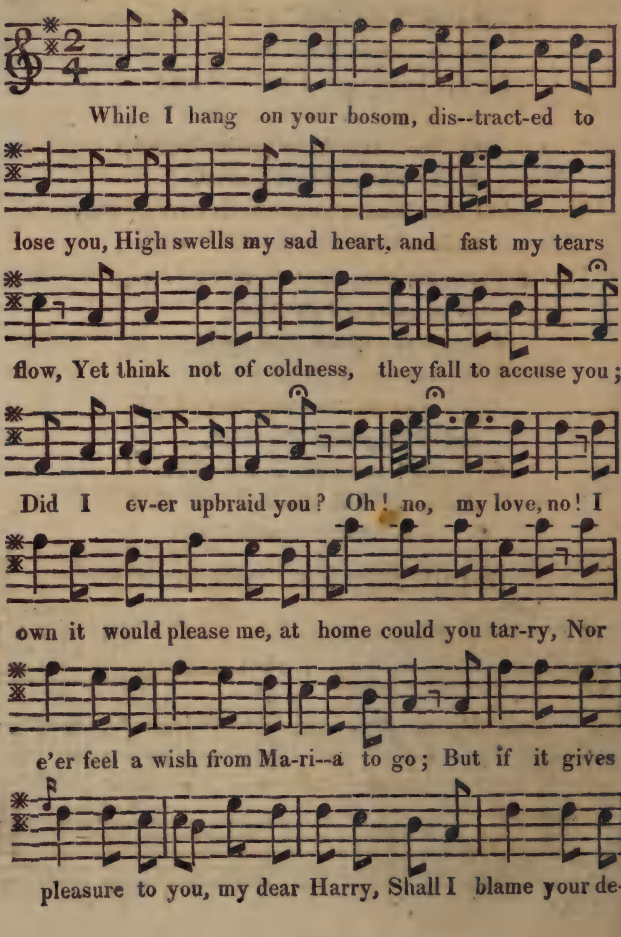
2 We plow'd the deep, and now between
us lay the ocean wide,
for five long years I had not seen
my sweet, my bonny bride.
That time I sail'd the world around,
all for my true love's sake,
but press'd as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

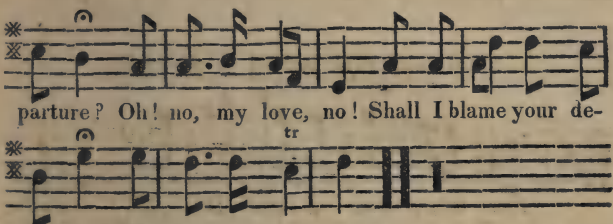
3 The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,
to let me once on shore,
I long'd to see my Poll again,
but saw my Poll no more.
And have they torn my love away?
and is he gone? she cried,
my Polly! sweetest flower of May!
she languish'd, droop'd, and died.

POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON.



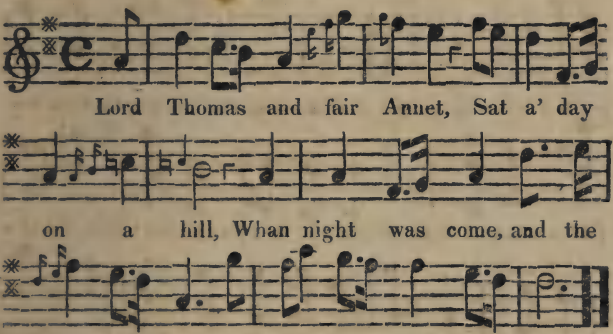
PARTING MOMENTS.



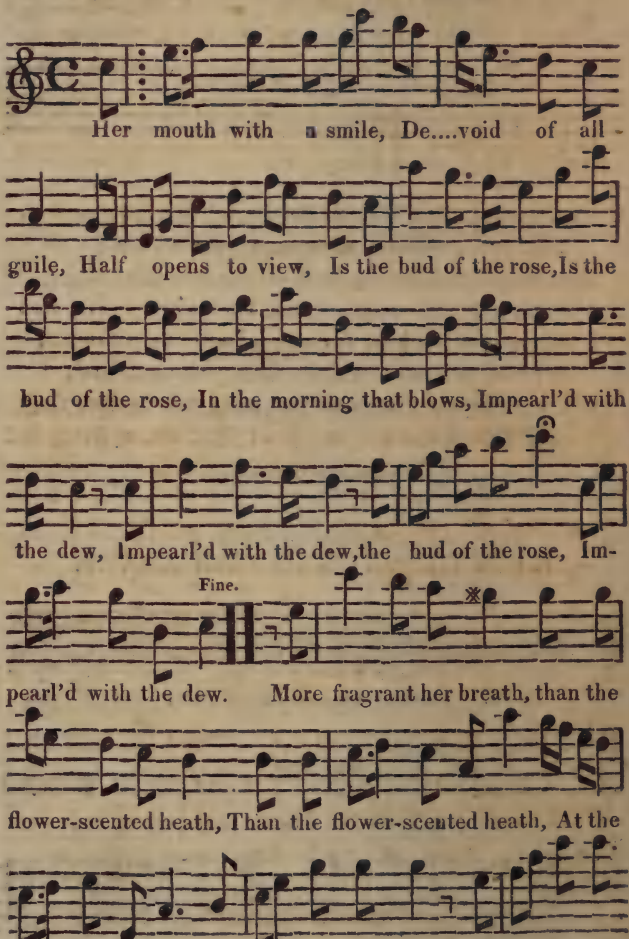


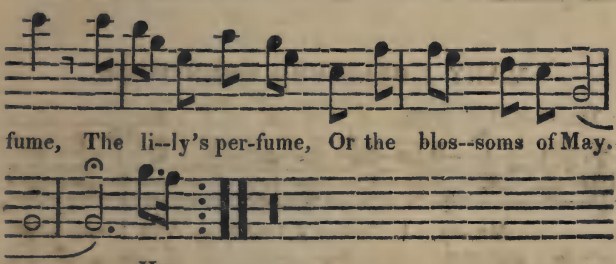
Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no!
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
yet, should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
should I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my love, no!

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

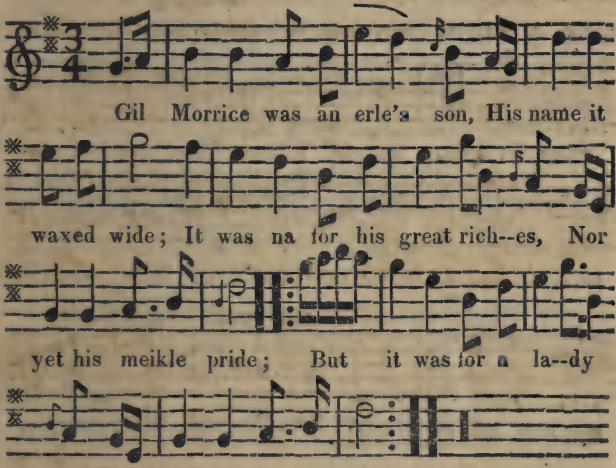


HER MOUTH WITH A SMILE.



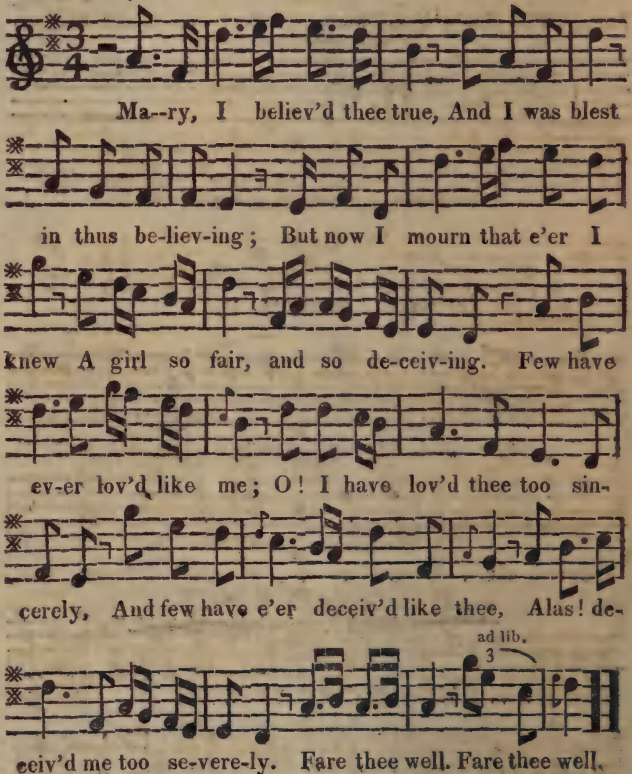

fume, The li--ly's per-fume, Or the blos--soms of May.
..... Her

GIL MORRICE.


Gil Morrice was an erle's son, His name it
waxed wide; It was na for his great rich--es, Nor
yet his meikle pride; But it was for a la--dy
gay, That liv'd on Carron side.

MARY I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

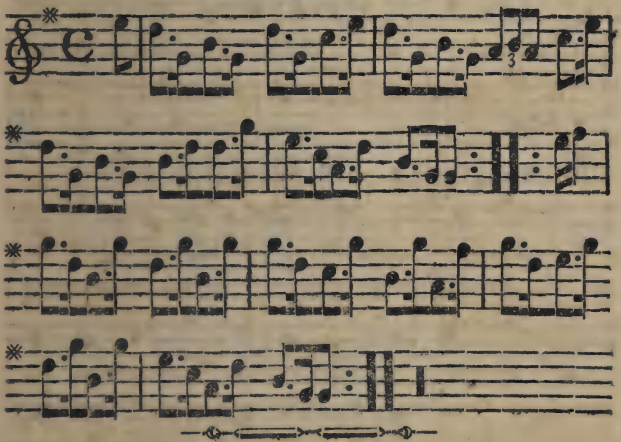
The Words by T. Moore.



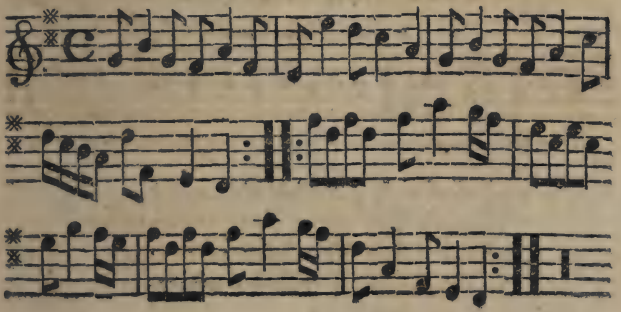
2 Fare thee well, yet think awhile,
on one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
who now would rather trust that smile,
and die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well, I 'll think of thee,
thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
for see, distracting woman, see,
my peace is gone, my heart is broken.
Fare thee well.

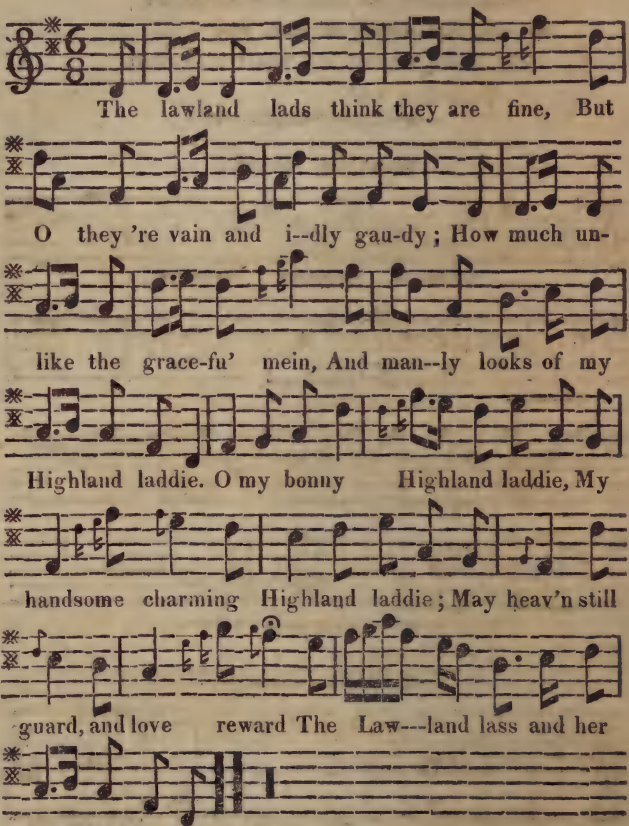
MONEY MUSK.



THE BREAST-KNOTT.



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



2 If I were free at will to chuse,
to be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I 'd tak young Donald without trews,
with bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

3 The brawest beau in Burrow's town,
in a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
compar'd to him, he 's but a clown,
he 's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

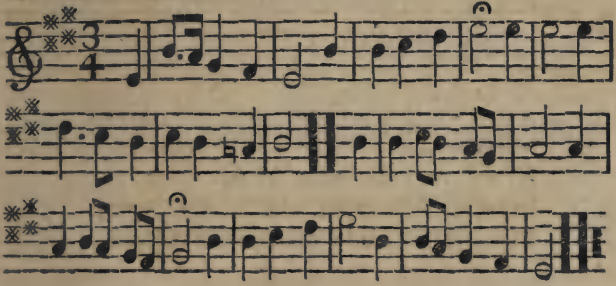
4 O'er benty hill wi' him I 'll run,
and leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,
he 'll screen me wi' his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

5 A painted room, and silken bed,
may please a Lawland laird and lady;
but I can kiss, and be as glad,
behind a bush in 's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

6 Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
and he ca 's me his Lawland lass,
syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

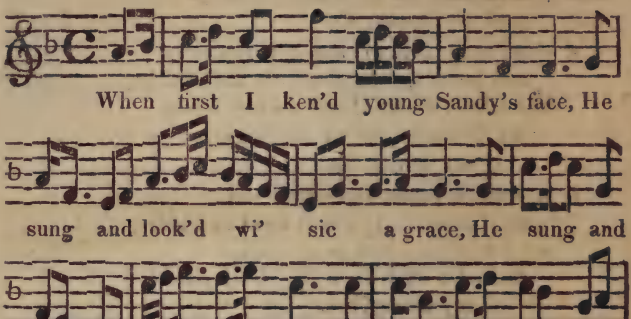
7 Nae greater joy I 'll e'er pretend,
than that his love prove true and steady,
like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
while heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

DOVERSDALE.



HOW SWEET 'S THE LOVE.

The Music by Hook.



2 He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,
was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind;
which made the love-sick laddie rue:
for she was cauld when he was true:
he mourn'd and sung, o'er brae and burn,
how sweet 's the love that meets return!

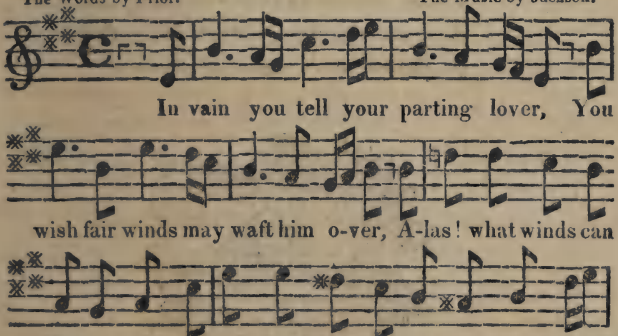
3 One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
where lilachs with sweet cowslips join'd,
to make a garland for her hair;
but she refus'd a gift so fair.
'This scorn,' he cry'd, 'can ne'er be borne;
more sweet 's the love that meets return.'

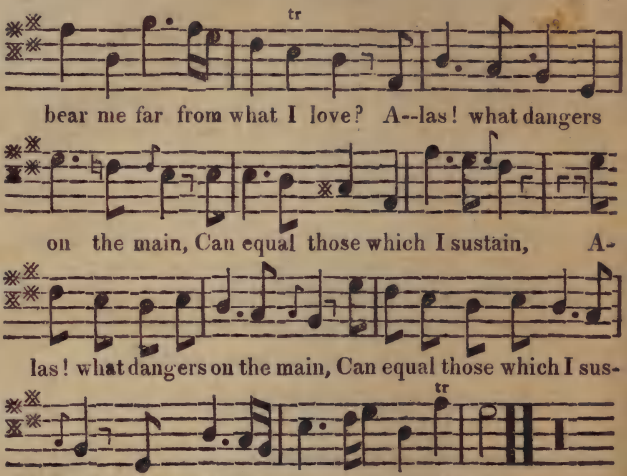
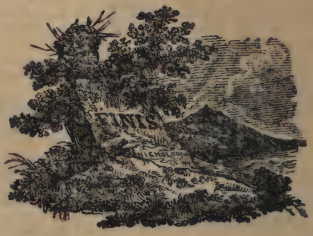
4 Just then he met my tell-tale een,
and love so true is soonest seen:
'Dear lass!' said he, 'my heart is thine;
for thy soft wishes are like mine:
now Jenny in her turn, may mourn,
how sweet 's the love that meets return!'

5 My answer was both frank and kind;
I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind:
to kirk we went wi' hearty glee;
and wha sae blest as he and me!
now blithe we sing, o'er brae and burn,
how sweet 's the love that meets return!

IN VAIN YOU TELL.

The Words by Prior. The Music by Jackson.





2 Be gentle, and in pity chose
to wish the wildest tempest loose,
that, thrown again upon the coast,
where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
once more in dying notes complain
of slighted vows, and cold disdain.